



## Cheating Craft

Author : Gemini (星罗)

Cheating Craft (作弊艺术) is young adult adventure genre Chinese light novel written by Gemini (星罗).

It is complete with 12 volumes and a total of 616405 characters. It also has a manhua adaptation.

### Synopsis :

Zhuge Meng Ming has been overseas his whole life, privately learning the cheating technique of casino tricks. Because of an unforeseen incident one day caused by a certain reason, he is forced to return to China to attend high school, and prepare for the national college entrance exam. However, he has never gone to school before, and doesn't know how to do homework or take exams, and he hasn't even learned any school subjects!

In order to get good enough scores on the exams, he must use his own technique to cheat on the tests. The various examination sites he enters become battles of wit and bravery against proctoring teachers,

monitoring equipment, and a whole ton of strong and formidable cheating examinees.

Manhua Raws :

<http://www.u17.com/comic/60118.html>

Manhua Translations :

<http://www.demonicscans.com/cheating-craft-manhua/>

Warning:

The manhua is an adaption, and does not follow the novel exactly. It skips certain parts, and changes many details as well. Major spoilers alert. Reading the manhua may enhance or ruin your LN reading experience.

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Info :

<http://www.novelupdates.com/series/cheating-craft/>

LN Raws :

<http://book.sfacg.com/Novel/2924/MainIndex/>

Translator :

<https://taffygirl13.wordpress.com/cheating-craft/>



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Character's Info :



Zhuge Meng Ming

"I'll prove it to you during the exam!"

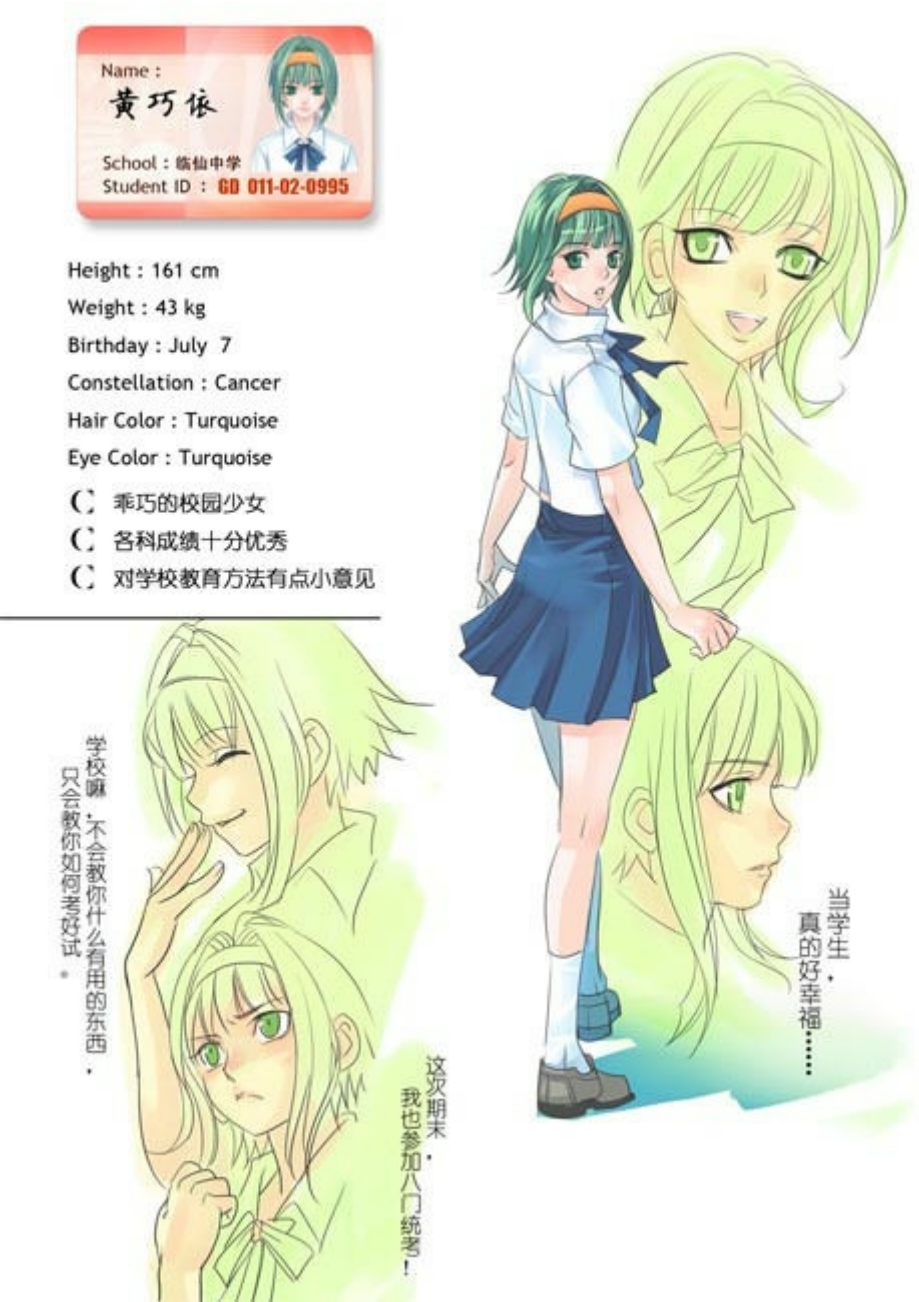
"That's too uncreative...I want to invent my own, new skills!"

"Calm down, focus...think over it carefully...there must be a loophole!"

Description:

Successor of Zhuge Style Cheating Technique.  
Intelligent; has a solid foundation in the basics of Cheating Techniques.  
Pretty much knows nothing about school.

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Huang Qiao Yi

"I feel so happy to be a student..."  
"I'll definitely take all eight exams on this final!"



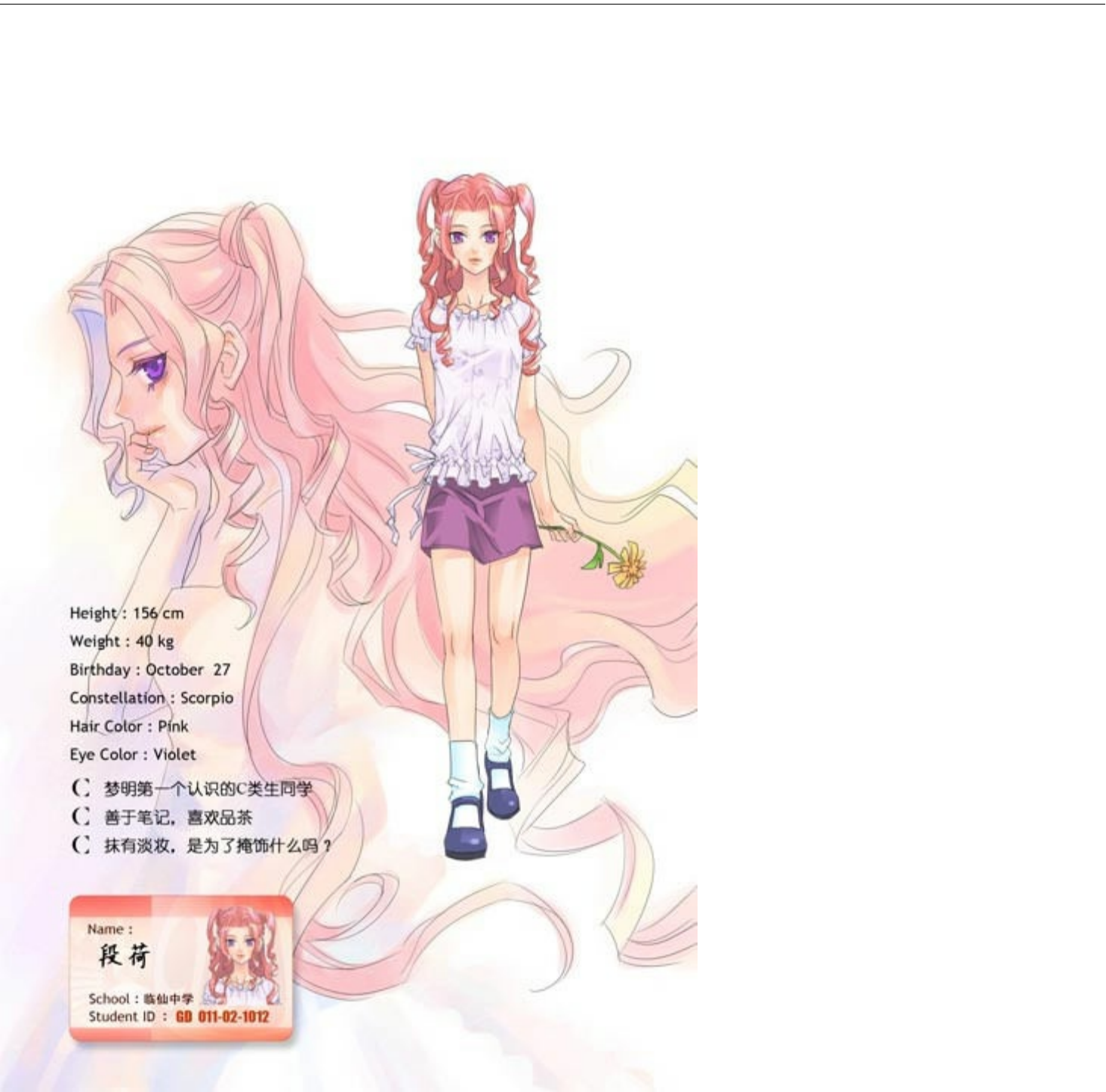
“The school doesn’t teach you anything useful, just how to take exams.”

Description:

Clever young schoolgirl.

Extremely outstanding grades in all subjects.

Somewhat opinionated against the school’s education system.



Description:

The first C-type Meng Ming gets acquainted with.

Adept at taking notes; likes to drink tea.

Wears light makeup, but for what reason?



## Description:

An extremely hard-working student.

Has pretty good grades, but is never satisfied with herself.

Meeting her is like confronting academic pressure.



Qiu Min Ke

China has an examination.

If one doesn't pass this examination, they'll never be able to advance: this is the college entrance examination.

It is like an axiom or a faith, a problem deeply rooted in everyone's hearts.

Everyone believes that if they don't pass the examination and fail to get into a college, they will have no other path in life to take. Everyone has to take the college entrance examination, and pour their entire heart and mind into learning in school and taking tests. Parents always pressure their children, and schools give the students the burden of increasing their reputation. Oftentimes, this college entrance examination oriented system of education leads to issues in households and schools; suicide, homicide, and criminal offenses are all common occurrences. During the last 100 years this college entrance examination system has been in place, many people have lost everything because of this test.

Gradually, China's students split into two types in order to adapt to the severe education and examination system:

The first type, is the majority of the population that possesses the traditional mentality. They choose to live 10 years of strenuous academics, studying assiduously and tirelessly to try their hardest in school. In order to gain exceptionally high grades, they attend regular and supplementary classes for tests, starting from primary school. All their time, youth, and energy is completely spent on learning subjects and taking tests.

The second type, slowly came into existence after constant examinations, and this development represents the minority of the population. In order to gain exceptionally high grades, they choose to practice skills to oppose monitoring, challenging the strictest proctor teachers and the first science of monitoring techniques. By using secret skills and brilliant tricks, they produce perfect cheating methods that are undetectable during examinations.

## Quiz 0: Death Penalty

Manila, Philippines. In some casino.

A large gambling table in the center was currently surrounded by attendants and police. Two immaculately dressed, middle-aged men sat at the table, currently locked in a final showdown.

At the moment, the atmosphere was heavy and harsh.

Pretty much all the casino tokens were being held in question. Both sides tightly gripped their playing cards, their gazes trying to pressure each other as they attempted to see through each other's minds.

"He used sleight of hand\*!!"

A loud shout was suddenly heard, interrupting the faceoff.

An alarm suddenly rang, and the two policemen immediately sprung into action, arresting one of the gamblers at the table.

This uproar drew everyone's attentions toward the center of the casino.

Everyone had seen that the cards the middle-aged gambler had had in his hands violated the rules! —This person was Zhuge Dong Ming, arrested today for sleight of hand.

Sleight of hand was the act of cheating in a casino, and a type of cheating technique\*\*. Anyone caught cheating in a casino would be given the death penalty in this age.

“Mr. Zhuge Dong Ming,” his opponent sneered, “I hadn’t imagined that you’d actually brave death and use sleight of hand!”

Hmph...Zhuge Dong Ming thought, You’re also using sleight of hand, I just haven’t seen through it. Yet you’re beside yourself with joy!

That’s right. The gamble was really just a competition of cheating techniques. The victor was the party with the more superior cheating technique; the loser would have to pay with their life if they were the slightest bit inattentive—this was the rule of the casino.

The instant the two policemen dragged Zhuge Dong Ming away from the table and forced him into a police car, everyone erupted.

Some of them secretly smirked, some were dejected, and others were completely indifferent. However, they all knew that today was probably the last time they’d ever see this regular customer again.

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TL Notes:

\*The raws here say chu qian (出千), which is an exclusive term that refers to the act of cheating in casinos. As there is no direct translation, I decided to use the term ‘sleight of hand’ for this series because it was the closest term I could come up with to describe how one cheats at a casino.

Think of it more as magic tricks rather than complicated schemes.

\*\*Here, the raws say qian shu (千術). The 'qian' (千) in qian shu is the same 'qian' as the one in chu qian. Qian shu is simply the noun version of chu qian; in other words, the method of 'chu qian'-ing is called Qian Shu. Once again, this has no English equivalent, so I left it as 'cheating technique'. Please bear in mind that it is not actually referring to general cheating techniques, but is a specific method directly derived from the chu qian term described as 'sleight of hand' above; the relationship just cannot be shown in English.

Thank you Zen for your suggestions on the terms!



## Quiz 1: An Unforeseen Event!

It was afternoon. A light, comfortable breeze swept through the beautiful landscape of a street in the Philippines. The sun's rays scattered onto the back gardens. A lone boy was currently grasping a playing card. With a mysterious tone, he said, "Watch closely. I only have a single card in my hand."

His next-door neighbor, a girl, sat across from him, her suspicious eyes wide open as she stared unblinkingly at his two hands. A few minutes later, she confidently confirmed the fact, and nodded her head in satisfaction.

Start!

The boy closed his eyes and recited, "Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Brilliant Blossom!"

In an instant, the playing card began to spin around on his finger. The boy suddenly stopped it, and extended all five of his fingers. In his palm, seven playing cards had somehow appeared, combined perfectly in the shape of a fan.

"Wow...! Meng Ming, you're really amazing!" The girl-next-door said in astonishment with round eyes.

The boy—Zhuge Meng Ming, couldn't help but give a proud smile. Just as he was about to say something to show off some more, a laid-back, female voice called out from the first floor porch, "Little girl, don't

fall for his tricks!”

Zhuge Qing was Zhuge Meng Ming’s sister. She was currently standing there, with a book in her hands. Smiling at the two people in the garden, she said, “What ‘Brilliant Blossom’? It’s a fancy name, but it’s just one of introductory skills of the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique. Even those people from those weaker sects have similar tricks, let alone the famous Zhuge Style.”

Seeing the girl’s doubtful expression, Zhuge Qing continued to explain—

“In reality, he had seven cards in his hand from the beginning. He simply used the shape of his hand and the angle of your line of sight to cleverly hide them up. It’s extremely easy to do. I say, Meng Ming, no matter what, you’re still a successor of the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique. You’re almost 16 years old now, yet you still only know how to use these minor games to trick young girls. Mother keeps saying that you’re smart, but when Father was your age, he was already starting to make a name for himself.”

When Meng Ming heard this, he muttered in discontent, “What...I’ve already said countless times that learning all those out-of-date Zhuge Style is too uncreative. I want to invent my own, new cheating technique, a new Zhuge Style...”

As soon as he said this, Meng Ming’s and Zhuge Qing’s mother, Mrs. Zhuge, hurriedly ran in from the main entrance and shouted, “Bad news!”

Hearing this, Meng Ming and Zhuge Qing quickly rushed into the room

from the back door and asked her what had happened.

Mrs. Zhuge leaned against the wall for support as she gasped for breath, "Little Qing, Meng Ming, your father...was caught for sleight of hand...!"

As soon as she finished speaking, Meng Ming dropped the cards in his hand in panic. Both brother and sister stood there, staring at their mother in shock.

"How, how is that possible..."

"With Father's level, how could he possibly get caught for sleight of hand?!"

"...It's true." Mrs. Zhuge paused, and choked out with emotion, "He...met a mishap, and is currently..."

"NO!!" Zhuge Meng Ming cut off his mother's words with a loud shout. "That's impossible...it's definitely an enemy that played some kind of trick...that's right, Father was definitely framed by someone else!" Meng Ming unconsciously curled his hands into fists. "I want to go save..."

"Run..." Mrs. Zhuge said extremely anxiously, "Meng Ming, hurry up and run..."

Run?

“Why?!”

“The people from the casino are currently looking for us. They want to capture you, Meng Ming!”

Meng Ming didn't understand. Why did the people at the casino want to capture him as well?!

“Meng Ming, listen to me.” Seeing that Meng Ming still refused to believe it, Mrs. Zhuge's expression turned stern, “Your father was framed by someone else. He now owes a large amount of money. Moreover, because he was caught for sleight of hand, so he's been sentenced to death.”

From what Meng Ming could recall, this was the first time his mother had ever spoken in such a tone!

The unsettling feeling he had grew larger.

Meng Ming thought to himself: Is all of this...real?

The atmosphere surrounding the three people had grown heavy. It felt as if something terrifying was happening.

Zhuge Meng Ming was Zhuge Dong Ming's sole son, the successor of the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique!

“Meng Ming, the people from the casino want to capture you and force

you to repay the debt!" Mrs. Zhuge raised her head and firmly said, "They're currently searching the entire city for you, and will soon find our home. You need to hurry up and escape."

Escape!

Father had been framed, and his whole family was now in danger, yet Meng Ming was...running?!

"Hurry up and leave. I've already arranged everything," Mrs. Zhuge said. "Meng Ming, there's a car waiting for you in the back. Listen to me, you have to return to China."

A rough knocking sound could be heard, cutting off the last thread of hesitation.

"Hurry up, the people from the casino are already here!" Mrs. Zhuge unyieldingly pulled Meng Ming as they raced out the back door.

Meng Ming refused to comply, "No!! I don't want to return to China! On what basis do I have to make up for Father's debt!"

"Meng Ming! If you're caught, then everything's over! You definitely cannot remain here any longer! Listen closely—First, you'll board a plane to Hong Kong, and then you'll return to China to attend a high school there. You must participate in the national college entrance exam! Only by taking the exam can you safely return to the Philippines with the identity of a college student. At that time, you can consider revenge again."

Why? Because in this age, everyone knew how terrifying China's college entrance exam was. All students that had passed China's strict college exam would be difficult for the casino's people to seize. Only the college exam would be able to protect Meng Ming! Mrs. Zhuge explained every word loud and clear; the limited time only allowed her to say them once.

"You have to protect our Zhuge Style Cheating Technique!" These were his mother's last words to him as she pushed him into the car.

The car began to move.

Zhuge Meng Ming was getting further and further from his home, all alone.

In the future, Meng Ming would have to completely rely on only himself!

.....

His mind hadn't been very clear; he only remembered that before leaving, that girl-next-door had caught up with him and passed him a farewell gift.

As he stared at the scenery quickly flashing by as the car raced away, he angrily slammed his fist against the window.

Right now, Meng Ming just hoped that his father was safe. He only

wanted to defeat those people that had framed his father.

What China, what entrance exam, what college?!

When the master of the family had encountered a mishap, the 15 year old child had been sent away by himself, while the two females faced the terrifying enemies. What would happen to the rest of the Zhuge family in the Philippines in the future would remain unknown to Meng Ming.

There were only two words that faintly remained in his heart: Get... revenge?

## Quiz 2: The Young Girl at the Airport

The hall in the Philippines airport didn't have many people. Meng Ming quickly ran through with only a small bag in hand.

Just now, even the car that Meng Ming rode had been pursued by a large number of enemy cars. After a lot of difficulty, they had managed to shake their pursuers off. Afterwards, Meng Ming cautiously finished the various procedures to board, and he quickly ran through the airport.

Meng Ming let out a breath. When he turned around, he unexpectedly saw a dozen men wearing sunglasses and black suits appear outside the security check. His heart jumped as he thought, Damn!

While he had yet to be discovered, Meng Ming hurriedly fled to a gate. When he turned back around, he saw that the dozens of men behind him had reduced to only two.

Meng Ming thought: The dozen men split up to search for me? That means the people from the casino still don't know where I'm flying to.

This was the gate to board the flight to Hong Kong. There weren't many people, so Meng Ming couldn't find any place to hide!

No, I can't be caught! Meng Ming's mother's words were still deeply engraved in his mind—If you're caught, then everything's over. You have to protect our Zhuge Style Cheating Technique!



He anxiously searched his surroundings for a place to hide.

Meng Ming suddenly saw the bathroom sign, and immediately rushed over there with his bag in hand. He believed that there would be a while before the two men in black found this place, so he could temporarily hide there.

This was the front of the bathrooms. The male and female bathrooms were split left and right. In front of the area was a mirror. In front of the mirror was an Asian girl currently washing her hands with her back facing Meng Ming.

Just as Meng Ming wanted to push open the door to the male bathrooms, he was stopped in his tracks by the young girl's voice!

"Are you hiding from someone."

Meng Ming was startled, and immediately locked his gaze onto the young girl.

She was dressed lightly and simply, but her face was extremely dazzling. She turned around to smile at Meng Ming.

Meng Ming hugged his bag, and nodded furiously, wanting to ask for help.

Thus, the beautiful girl pointed to the left, gesturing for Meng Ming to hide in there.

"The female bathroom?!" Meng Ming wouldn't do it. He had never entered the female bathroom before in his life.

"Relax, there's nobody in there." The girl laughed in a taunting manner and walked closer to Meng Ming. "I'll help keep watch for you?"

For a moment, Meng Ming seemed to be speechless.

The thought suddenly flashed through his mind: There's something amiss! This girl shouldn't be someone from the casino....but how...?!

Helping Meng Ming for no reason was fine, but based on this girl's actions, she seemed to have some ulterior motives!

Meng Ming looked at her finger again, and suddenly came to his senses. This girl is definitely not an ordinary person. She's....a thief?!

The girl had already successfully neared Meng Ming. Her next target would be the bag in Meng Ming's hands.

She secretly laughed to herself.

Ever since she first saw Meng Ming fly over, she had analyzed him as a habit from her profession. Looking at that person's clothes, he definitely has money. Judging from his expression that seems to be extremely strained and frightened, he's definitely dropped all caution at the moment. In terms of appearance, he's quite good-looking....I have to steal from him!

His money is definitely in that small bag.

Seeing how the small bag in Meng Ming's hands was stuffed, she had reached out her slim hands as she enticed Meng Ming with her words. Just at the moment where their bodies had crossed, the bag had instantly entered the girl's hands.

Too easy. The girl was delighted now that the bag was in her hands. She began to think of how to break away from Meng Ming, but suddenly realized that the weight of the bag she had just stolen wasn't quite right. When she opened her hands, she realized that the bag in her hands was actually empty. The young girl immediately turned around, and saw that Meng Ming was prepared to leave, with absolutely nothing in his hands.

The bag just now had clearly been full!

What, what, how is this possible!! She was shocked, and couldn't help but cry out, "You, how did you see through me?!"

"Ah?" Meng Ming had originally thought she'd obediently leave, but he hadn't expected that she'd have such a large reaction, which shocked him instead.

"Hey, where did the stuff in your bag go?!" She raised the empty cloth bag in the air, and was clearly discontent as she waved it in front of Meng Ming.

Meng Ming could only tell her, "After you stole them from me, I took them back..."

The young girl's mouth dropped open, her mind in utter chaos. She had never been defeated like this before. The bag in her hand had clearly been tightly bundled up in her hands just now, yet he had managed to steal its contents back!

"This is Zhuge Style Cheating Technique: Secret Exchange!" Meng Ming introduced.

"Where are the bag's contents right now?!"

"They're here." Meng Ming stretched out his hands, "Zhuge Style Cheating Technique: Brilliant Blossom!" In an instant, the bag's contents reappeared. There were only two things: an old book and a small gift-like item.

"You, what kind of person are you..."

The men in black searched for him outside as the two of them hid in this corner and began to talk.

The young girl said to Meng Ming, "Oh, your name is Zhuge Meng Ming? Preparing to return to China? ...That's right, I haven't introduced myself yet." She puffed out her chest as she introduced herself, "My name is Abby, and I'm from Hong Kong. Abby is my English name, spelled A-B-B-Y, Abby. My whole name is Abbia. I'm a Sky Kaito!"

Meng Ming thought: Kaito? Based on that level of skill, a single glance is enough to see that she's just a dumb girl...

Nobody expected that this would invoke Abby's talkativeness. She and Meng Ming talked a lot—

Abby claimed to be the youngest daughter of the Sky Kaito, Rabbi. All the girls in her family had learned stealing techniques since they were young. When nearing the age of 16, they had to pass a final Kaito examination alone before their debut. Abby's four sisters had all passed already. This year it was just her that remained...

"I just flew in from Hong Kong today, and I'm prepared to fly back now. I have to steal enough money or items of value during this round trip to bring home." Abby said, "This is the Kaito examination that I'm currently taking. If I'm successful, I can graduate...but before that, don't you need to hide?" Abby pointed around the corner.

The two men in black were still searching the area. They had looked in every corner of the gate already, and would soon find this place!

Meng Ming hadn't paid much attention to Abby's self introduction, but was actually thinking about how to hide this whole time. Should he get up and run away? That would immediately catch their attentions. The entire gate was a dead end. In addition, Abby was still in front of him. But...

For a thief, her nature is surprisingly flashy....she'll definitely cause trouble....

Meng Ming's situation became more and more dangerous, and he began to panic.

"Why don't you go in?" Abby said to him as she pointed at the female bathroom.

Meng Ming furiously shook his head. "Don't you have any better ideas?!"

"Of course I do." Abby smiled evilly, "However, you have to agree to help me." She inwardly thought to herself, since Zhuge Meng Ming came from China, that meant he was probably an expert in tests. In addition, his skills had even managed to trick her eyes just now! "You have to help me complete my examination!"

"Examination?" Meng Ming didn't understand at all, why an exam?

"Hurry up and agree!" Abby sniggered, "Or else I'll shout for those two men to come over."

"Don't!!!" Meng Ming quickly held her back, "I'll just listen to you! I'll take the exam!"

The two men in black were already extremely close by the time Meng Ming and Abby had already finished talking.

"Just watch, this is Kaito Abby's Master Disguise Technique!" Abby stood in front of Meng Ming, and pulled out some disguise tools. She used her finger to quickly color in Meng Ming's face so that he looked like a girl. She then pulled him in front of the mirror. "Look, what do you think!"

When Meng Ming saw himself, he jumped from the sight of his own face.

“Hehe, even gods and demons would be surprised by my superior disguise technique!” Abby said confidently.

When Meng Ming looked, he felt that his own face was a lost cause.

The eyebrow had been drawn underneath his eyelid—this was a mistake that only a beginner would make!

“Ahhh my mistake!” Even Abby was shocked. “Wait, let me redraw it!”

At that moment, the two men in black appeared in the corner! There was no longer any time to even remove the makeup!

“Get in!” In panic, Abby pulled Meng Ming with her, and the two of them entered the female bathroom.

The bathroom was empty, but there was no other way out.

They heard the men outside decide to split up and each enter a bathroom to look.

Abby hurriedly redrew the makeup on Meng Ming’s face. When he looked back at the mirror, his face was now perfect.

When he saw his reflection, Meng Ming relaxed. But just then, he discovered another major problem!

"What's wrong?" Abby asked.

"Clothes!" Meng Ming realized that aside from recognizing his face, the people from the casino also recognized his clothes!

One of the men in black was entering the female bathroom! Abby hurriedly pulled out some clothes from her bag and tossed them at Meng Ming. At the same time, she pushed Meng Ming into one of the stalls, and closed the door with a bang.

She wanted to let Meng Ming change his clothes inside as she stalled the man in black outside.

As soon as the man entered, Abby immediately shouted at him, "Hey, this is the female bathroom!"

However, the man in black completely ignored her ruckus, and searched every corner of the bathroom without restraint. When he discovered there was another person, he wanted to open the door of the stall that Meng Ming was hiding in.

"What exactly are you trying to do!!" Abby quickly rushed to block the door, "My sister's in there, pervert!"



The man in black said, "Move, I need to check for someone."

"I won't let you!"

"Move aside." The man showed no signs of negotiation.

Seeing that she was unable to obstruct him, Abby could only say, "You, if you want to look for someone, at least wait a bit! Wait for my sister to come out! You're being too shameless right now!" At the same time, she inwardly thought to herself: Zhuge Meng Ming, hurry up and change your clothes...

Seeing how mad Abby had become, the man in black decided that waiting for a bit wouldn't make a difference.

Meng Ming was still inside, hurriedly changing his clothes. But he had never worn girl's clothes before, and he was getting a headache from trying to figure out how to put them on.

The man's other companion had already finished searching the male bathroom. He walked out and began to call out to his companion.

The man in the female bathroom said, "I'm waiting here, there's someone in the cubicle."

His companion urged, "Don't wait! Either barge in, or just come out! If you don't hurry up, the Boss will get mad at us!"

"Wu...." The man in black hesitated for a bit. He wanted to try to force the door open, but he also wanted to urgently leave.

"No way! Barging into a girl toilet is too shameless!" Abby shouted in anger.

The man in black suddenly thought of an idea that would save time.

He said to Abby, "Young girl, how about we make a bet? If you win, I'll leave; but if you lose, I'll immediately go in and see your svelte sister. How about it?"

"Make a bet?" Abby began to panic. Why hasn't Meng Ming finished changing clothes yet!

Nothing could be done; at the moment, Meng Ming didn't know how to wear any of the female clothing! When he heard the voice outside, he was also shocked. Bet?!

"If you don't agree, I'll kick the door open and charge in!" The man in black said.

Abby paused for a bit, but could only reply, "Ok, ok! How are we betting?"

Meng Ming was a bit worried. A bet....can Abby win?!

### Quiz 3: 10 Million HKD

Abby stood there in front of the door, refusing to move. The man in black in front of her took out two cards and showed them to Abby, "Look closely. One of the cards is the Big Joker, and the other is the Small Joker."

There was a colorful Big Joker and a black and white Small Joker in his hands. After Abby had verified that there was no mistake, he flipped the cards back and forth. He then displayed them face down and said, "If you choose the Big Joker, it's your win. Otherwise, I win. How about it?"

Abby swallowed. She didn't see anything wrong with it, "Alright, let's do that."

Meng Ming thought to himself behind the door: No, you can't! That guy is from a casino, he'll definitely cheat! Abby doesn't know this...what do I do..."

Meng Ming was separated from Abby by a door, so communicating with her was a bit difficult. He looked out from the crack between the door, and saw that Abby's ear was near it. It was then that he realized that Abby was waiting for him to speak.

"Abby, can you hear me? He's going to cheat!" [Meng Ming]

"Cheat? How will he cheat?" [Abby]

"For that type of bet, he'll most likely change both cards to Small Jokers

while shuffling. Abby, you have to concentrate your attention. If you see him cheat in any way, you have to take the opportunity to grab his hand!" [Meng Ming]

He believed that doing this would be easiest and most feasible option for Abby.

The man in black began to shuffle. Although there were only two cards in his hands, his technique was still exquisite. After many confusing rounds, the two cards had already shifted positions countless times.

Finally, he held the shuffled cards up with a single hand, the back of the cards facing Abby. "Come, choose one."

"He already finished shuffling?!" [Meng Ming]

"Wu, I didn't see him cheat at all..." [Abby]

Could it be that his skill is just too fast...or he didn't cheat at all? What if Abby chooses the Small Joker...!

"Then I'll draw one!" Abby said.

Meng Ming was feeling both anxious and powerless. Before he had the time to stop her, Abby had already quickly arrived in front of the cards and chosen one of the two. Her fingers pinched the corner of a card, the card's back still facing her.

Which card was it?

Meng Ming saw it from the crack. Crap, Abby drew...the Small Joker...

Before a single second had passed, Abby's finger moved, and flipped the card over. The face was suddenly revealed!

"Wow! It's the Big Joker. I won." Abby happily smiled. The colorful Big Joker was tightly grasped in her hand!

Ah? How... [Meng Ming]

"Ah, I guess it's your win." With a sneer, the man in black turned around, prepared to leave the female bathroom. "I'll leave now. Do your best...if you're constipated, remember to eat more fruits."

After confirming that the man in black had gone far away, Abby opened the stall door.

Meng Ming was still holding the clothes. He was still stunned as he thought: Why...why was it a Big Joker...?

"Hey, they've already left! Hurry up and give back my clothes, and get out!" Abby kicked Meng Ming out of the female bathroom. This action scared the woman that was just about to enter.

There was only a few minutes left before boarding time. As they sat at the gate, Abby said to him, "You owe me a lot of favors! You have to help

me with this exam.”

After confirming that there were no more people from the casino around, Meng Ming pulled out a wallet and tossed it at Abby, “Here, when you said you wanted me to help you with the exam, you meant this, right?”

“This, where did you get this...” Abby took it, but she could tell that it wasn’t Meng Ming’s.

Meng Ming replied, “I stole this wallet from the man in black that you made a bet with earlier.”

“What?! You stole...?” Abby was completely shocked. “Just now, you stood behind the door, and were even separated from me...yet you were still able to steal that person’s wallet?!”

Meng Ming explained, “This is one of the amazing points of Zhuge Style Cheating Technique: Secret Exchange! Since I believed that the man in black had switched the cards, I took advantage of when he showed the cards to you to secretly open the door and reach a hand out from your waist to search his pockets. The Secret Exchange’s finger method is extremely fast, so there’s no way anyone can see it. However, I hadn’t imagined that he wouldn’t switch cards...”

Meng Ming had originally thought that if the Big Joker was swapped, then he’d steal the Big Joker back. But in the end, Meng Ming had only stolen a wallet. Because of Abby’s bad luck, she had chosen the Small Joker.

He earnestly asked, "However, I clearly saw that the card you had was a Small Joker. How did it suddenly become a Big Joker?"

"Huhu, I knew from the beginning that I'd win." Abby said confidently. Laughing, she extended her hands towards Meng Ming and said, "Watch my hands!"

He watched as the color from the makeup on Meng Ming's face suddenly appeared on Abby's finger.

"Kaito Abby's Master Disguise Technique. I colored the Small Joker to transform it into a Big Joker—! Haha!" Abby gleefully laughed. This was the happiest smile that Abby had ever shown a stranger.

Abby had begun to feel more and more confident that the boy next to her wasn't simple. After they boarded the plane, she listened to Meng Ming tell her everything that had happened that day, and found it quite difficult to believe.

She asked, "The thing you used just now, that whatever Zhuge Cheating Style Technique, what exactly is it?"

Meng Ming told her that it was "Zhuge Style Cheating Technique". It had been created by Zhuge Liang\* 2000 years ago during the Three Kingdoms period. This method made the minority able to defeat the majority, the weak able to defeat the strong, and its name spread even outside China. It's an extremely precise and cautious type of cheating technique; a quintessence of its type. No matter how good or bad a situation was, it could never be treated lightly!

That year, when Zhuge Liang was called Wo Long and joined the Shu Army, his wisdom fell short of Zhou Yu\*\*, and his experience fell short of Sima Yi\*\*\*. Yet how had he led them to victory over and over again? There was only one answer—all's fair in love and war; Zhuge Liang had used sleight of hand.

Meng Ming's father had been sentenced to death. But even if he still owed a debt, there was no reason to pass it to his son. The people at the casino wanted to capture Meng Ming to force him to "repay the debt", but it was possible that they wanted to completely obtain, and maybe even eradicate, the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique. When he thought about it, Meng Ming's mother's last words had been: You have to protect our Zhuge Style Cheating Technique!

This was the first time Abby had ever seen this type of Cheating Technique. Just the two moves that Meng Ming had already displayed were enough to make her sigh in admiration.

Thanks to Abby, Meng Ming had calmed quite a bit. He stopped his apprehensions about what had happened to the Zhuge family, and began to think: Since there is a path that I have to take in front of me, I'll just walk it and see where it goes.

The plane took off, and Meng Ming was safe.

As for Meng Ming's journey, the only thing he remembered was his mother's parting words about returning to China for the college entrance exam. However, he hadn't realized exactly what this "entrance exam" really was.



"So you don't even know about the exam..." Abby helplessly explained the concept of the exam to Meng Ming, "The so-called examination tests your ability to take exams...the college entrance exam is the uniform exam taken by any high school student or other person in China that wants to attend college."

"Then, how...how does one take the exam?" Meng Ming was still very puzzled.

You really don't know anything... Abby could only continue explaining, "Basically, the content of the exam is high school knowledge. One must get a specific score in order to attend college! There's literature, maths, foreign language, physics, chemistry, biology, history, philosophy, geography, etc...."

"What are all those things?" Meng Ming was even more confused.

"Things you need to learn."

"No way! I've never learned those things before...!"

Aside from learning how to read and write, the children from the Zhuge family had only learned skills in their trade since they were young, and had rarely come into contact with the profound knowledge of academic discipline. China's terrifying college entrance exam was particularly difficult to Meng Ming, a level of difficulty that he couldn't even describe in words.

"With that college entrance exam, they can select the best and most

talented people." Abby began to talk non-stop once more, "Historically, it was an imperial examination system, which lasted for 1300 years. Only afterwards did it evolve into the college entrance exam. For the past many years, China's people have all believed that if one doesn't participate in the college entrance exam and attend college, there is no point in living! Failing the exam means that one's future is like suffering through hell. Because of this, people have to start studying for this exam starting from primary school, all the way up until high school."

As she said this, Abby fished out the wallet that Meng Ming had stolen earlier and counted the money.

"There's only 103.50 RMB!!" Abby threw the wallet onto the ground, "So poor!"

Abby had finally regained her senses. After talking so much about examinations, she realized that her own examination had yet to end! —— While speaking for song long, she had completely forgotten the time!

Abby's feeling of urgency was almost burning.

Her examination was stealing! Before the plane landed, she had to steal something that was of high enough value and bring it back home with her. Only then would she be able to pass the test.

Abby grabbed Meng Ming's clothes and began to shake him as she vented, "It's all your fault for wasting my time! Aren't you about to take the college entrance exam? Hurry up and help me take my test!"

"Hey, what exactly is going on? And what exam is this?"

Abby could only repeat once more, "I'm currently taking an exam. If I don't pass, I can't graduate! The condition of the test is that I have to steal a large amount of money during this flight home!"

"Then how much money have you stolen as of now?" Meng Ming asked."

"Only 103.50 RMB!"

"How much more do you need? Hurry up and continue stealing!!"

Abby said, "You make it sound so easy...as a Kaito, I need to first use the ability to judge an item's value, and then watch it closely before I steal it."

She told Meng Ming that because the Kaito exam required her to steal a large amount of items, she had to first find items that were of high enough value. In other words, Abby thought that the examiner had surely arranged the flight so that there were enough things for her to find and steal to reach the quota. It was even possible that the examiner was disguising himself and was on the plane, defending these items. But she was already on the way back, and had yet to discover any traces of this.

There were only 30 some passengers on the flight. Every person was muddled with sleep.

"There must be something!" Abby believed her judgment wasn't wrong. "No matter if it's money or goods, the examiner and those items

are definitely on this flight. Hurry up and help me think! If you can't even pass this kind of test, don't even think of passing the college entrance exam!"

Meng Ming understood. I must pass this test to have the qualifications to attend the examination in China.

Meng Ming carefully inspected every passenger, but he didn't discover any sign of suspicious people. The stewardesses walking back and forth didn't show any abnormal behavior either.

Abby pretty much searched everyone's belongings, but she wasn't able to find any items of worth.

She couldn't act brazenly, but she couldn't do nothing either. As they neared their destination. Abby began to panic more.

"Crap, we'll arrive in Hong Kong in 30 minutes..." Abby said sullenly as she looked at the time.

Although he hadn't gained any intelligence on the matter, Meng Ming remained calm. This was the result of his years of training in the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique. Although this was his first experience with a test, he still remembered the essence of the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique: Even if it's the last minute, there is still a chance of success; concentrate, and concentrate some more. You must consider every possibility!

The sky was beginning to darken, and the sun's rays poured through

the window, lighting up every corner of the cabin.

Meng Ming said, "You don't have to necessarily steal items from luggage, right?"

"I've considered that before. Human organs are worth quite a lot too..." Abby said. "But everyone knows that Kaitos absolutely cannot kill people. That's why injuring people to remove their organs to obtain 10 million HKD isn't allowed..."

10 million? Meng Ming suddenly thought of something.

"Meng Ming!" Abby abruptly pointed outside the window, "Look, that's my home!"

The view outside the window was a boundless sea, and one could just faintly see the coast of Hong Kong along the water.

She introduced, "Our Sky Kaito Rabbi's school is right underneath that part of the sea. It's a few dozen kilometers away from the coast."

Meng Ming didn't seem to be paying any attention to her words, "What did you mean just now when you said 10 million HKD?"

Abby said, "I have to steal that much money!"

"Why didn't you say that earlier! I get it now!" Meng Ming said, "10 million HKD is right here!"

"Here? Where?" Abby asked.

"This plane! It's worth more than 10 million HKD!"

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TL Notes:

\*[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zhuge\\_Liang](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zhuge_Liang)

\*\*[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zhou\\_Yu](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zhou_Yu)

\*\*\*[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sima\\_Yi](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sima_Yi)

## Quiz 4: Abby's Determination

Abby naturally knew how to pilot a plane. She even had some weapons and knock-out drugs that she had easily gotten past security. Time wasn't going to wait for her, so she quickly stood up to leave her seat, and momentarily sneaked into the cockpit.

After prying open the lock, a drugged fog permeated the air. Soon after, everyone on the plane fell unconscious. Abby immediately sat in the main pilot's seat, and before the people in the airport below had reacted, cut off the communications.

I still have enough time. I just need to land this plane on that part of the sea, and it should be fine.

Abby began to maneuver the plane, changing its route.

This Kaito examination was indeed testing how to "discover value". As for stealing something on this large of a scale, it was merely an appetizer for her.

Abby's heart was currently extremely grateful for the boy named Zhuge Meng Ming.

It looks like I'm inferior to a gambler...in not only foresight... Although she was operating the plane, her thoughts didn't cease. Even though he was separated by a door, he was still able to steal that man in black's possessions.

"Beep beep"

A new signal came from the radio, arousing Abby from her thoughts.

"Abby, well done!"

A signal from Rabbi's house came from the radio.

"Ah, Sister!" You've already..." Abby began to speak to them.

"Abby, the exam hasn't ended yet. You have to force the plane to land on the sea. We'll be responsible for retrieving it later."

Abby was already trying her best to control the plane. One person controlling something that was supposed to have two people was indeed quite difficult.

It's not just forcing the plane to land, but also making sure none of the other passengers realize.

The radio transmitted another message, "Abby, don't worry too much. Just land the plane quickly, and we'll allow the plane to submerge underneath the sea. Don't worry about the passengers, we'll deal with all of them as quickly as possible."

Abby's heart skipped a beat: Deal with them?!



"What does that mean?" She asked.

"Of course we're going to have to get rid of them! If the plane falls into the sea, they'll definitely attempt to make contact with the outside. If we spare their lives and let them leave, the location of Kaito Rabbi's home will be exposed!!"

"No!" Abby slammed her hand against the control panel and shouted, "Sister! This kind of examination...why, why I haven't I heard of it before!"

"Abby, if we told you the situation first, would you have taken the examination? A few years ago, your other sisters and I all did the same. Everyone all successfully hijacked the plane. Moreover, the location of Rabbi's home was never made public!"

"No! Didn't you say before that we can't kill people..." Abby's heart was in turmoil.

"That's just the seniors tricking young children." The voice through the radio said mildly, "Only after the Kaito has reached the age of 16 and has completed the final examination do the seniors tell the truth of Rabbi's family to the children—any measures can be taken as long as the objective is met. Only by completing this task can you really mature."

Abby fell silent. She had never imagined the situation would be like this. The lives of all the passengers? No, what she cared more about was that boy.

"Abby! Did you hear me, Abby? You don't need to harm anyone. All you

need to do is land the plane. Hurry up!"

The sky continued to darken. Abby's hand remained motionless.

It had been 10 years. All the girls from Rabbi's family had begun training at the age of 6, and Abby was no exception.

Among the sisters, some wanted to become heroic thieves that stole from the rich to help the poor. Some wanted to become famous thieves that stole major works of art from the Louvre. Others wanted to become Kaitos that stole various family treasures.

They had trained hard for over a dozen years, constantly striving to achieve their dreams.

But Abby had never had such great dreams.

Abby wanted to become a star.

She wanted to master various impressive talents, realistic performance skills, and have an outstanding appearance. She had always waited for the moment when all cameras in the world would be aimed at her.

"I'm not doing it for the sake of stealing! I just want to make the whole world notice me the moment I steal something. I want to show a smile to everyone in the world!"

Nobody in her family had ever opposed her. They only laughed at her

immature thoughts.

—Was there any point in going in such a direction?

However, her father had always found her dream extremely interesting.

Study hard and pass Rabbi's family examination. Your dream is greater than your sisters'. —These were her father's words.

Abby hadn't pondered it deeply before. She simply hoped that she'd be able to catch the attention of thousands of people. But no matter what, if she couldn't pass the Sky Kaito Rabbi's family examination, her dream was just empty words.

For the past 10 years, she had always worked hard for her dream. She had been diligently learning and training.

She wanted to be herself. She wanted to go out and wander around, creating her own cause. Only then would she be able to become known far and wide.

However, she hadn't ever imagined that the Rabbi's final family examination would be like this.

It required harming people's lives—?!

Homicide...

If she killed people, how was she supposed to face the rest of the world in the future...

If she killed people, how would she be able to show a carefree smile in front of the camera!

But if she didn't...

Abby's eyes reddened. As the plane wasn't being controlled, it began to descend from a few thousand meters in the air.

Simply giving up on her dreams like this was something that she couldn't do no matter what.

It was just an examination....

She gritted her teeth; she'd just do it! What were human lives....

Ah... Abby's mind buzzed as she realized—...Zhuge Meng Ming is still on the plane!

Although they had only known each other for a short period of time, Abby would've never discovered that the objective was to steal the plane if it weren't for him.

Even if Abby could force herself to forget harming the others, forgetting the fact that she harmed Meng Ming.....was definitely not something she could do!

She had originally saved Meng Ming. If Meng Ming died, wouldn't that mean she had helped him for no reason?!

The color in Abby's face began to fade. She recalled the scenes when she had put makeup on him, as well as when they had hid together in the bathroom.

Since Abby had started training, her relationships with others had always been fake. For the sake of her objective to steal, she would always be acting. Perhaps it was because Meng Ming had been able to see through her act and recognize that she was a thief at first glance, and had instantly ruined her plans, that she had been able to talk to a boy with absolutely no defenses for the first time.

She narrowed her eyes.

The plane was now at a height of 900 meters above the sea. Abby made her decision.

She turned on the radio and the radar, and took control of the airplane once more.

Not long after, night fell.

Zhuge Meng Ming slowly walked through the passageway in the airport. He was currently feeling doubtful and confused.

Abby appeared behind him and called out to him.

"Why didn't you fly the plane into the ocean?" Meng Ming turned around to ask.

"I didn't know to pilot it." She said.

Meng Ming wanted to immediately expose the truth, but then he saw how exhausted she looked. The energetic look in her eyes that she had when they first met had faded. Seeing this, Meng Ming shut up, and instead asked her if it was okay that she had failed the examination.

"No, it's fine. I'll take it again later." Abby thought to herself that the boy in front of her obviously wouldn't understand. But if it wasn't for him, she wouldn't have had the chance to pass this examination. —That's why we're even now.

Abby needed to go home, and Meng Ming needed to head out to China.

"Zhuge Meng Ming, we'll meet again later?" Although her heart slightly ached, she still said these words with a smile.

"Of course." Meng Ming smiled back. Although he still didn't know where he would go or what he was going to do, he knew that the two of them would surely meet again.

"Knowing you...eh, ah....was quite exciting!" Abby seemed to want to say something, but was unable to do so. She was afraid that delaying the

farewell would make it even more awkward, so she said, "...Meng Ming, I, I'll be leaving first. My family is still waiting for me! Goodbye."

She waved and turned around, tears falling from her eyes as she left.

Abby watched Meng Ming's figure leave from the distance, while still feeling turmoil and regret in her heart.

— Ah, I really should've just thrown myself onto him and cried!

— That's right, why didn't I do that?!

— Aiya, I'm embarrassed. To be precise...how can I cry with my kind of character! Besides...I still need to mentally prepare myself first; I wonder how they'll punish me when I go home for failing the examination.

Abby's examination had ended, and she began to walk towards the sea. But to Zhuge Meng Ming, the real examination had yet to begin.

## Quiz 5: The Route Home

It was nighttime when Meng Ming walked out of the arrival gate. He saw flickers of strangers' faces around him.

His mother had told him that someone would provide him support in Hong Kong. After waiting for a while, he seemed to vaguely hear someone calling his name.

Meng Ming began to head towards the sound, and he saw a delicate body run towards him.

"Brother Meng Ming....aiya, I'm so tired, my throat is already sore..." As she ran closer, her voice faded out.

No way...the support...is just her? Meng Ming recognized her.

This girl looked extremely proper. With a single glance, one could tell that the headband in her medium-length hair suited her delicate and pretty face. It made her look intelligent and composed.

"Little Qiao, is your voice still that small..." Meng Ming sighed.

Her name was Huang Qiao Yi, Zhuge Meng Ming's cousin from his mother's side. Her voice had always been small, and her lung capacity wasn't large either. She had always had this representative trait. He had heard that being the slightest bit hard-pressed for oxygen would make it difficult for her to breathe.



Huang Qiao Yi said, "No, I....huff....I'm much louder, at least compared to before..."

But to Meng Ming, it sounded like the buzz of a mosquito.

He then said that they could skip the reminiscing part; it was best to leave first.

The tiring journey had made Meng Ming feel slightly exhausted. With the addition of the pressure of running away, he really wanted to just hurry up and settle down. As for where, Meng Ming had no clue. Huang Qiao Yi would lead the way.

Thus, he was pushed into a car.

Meng Ming asked who had driven it here. Huang Qiao Yi then sat in the driver's seat—"Me."

You...

He hadn't even secured his seat belt properly before the car began to move. The speed was moderate, and her driving skills were adept. Meng Ming's eyes had become as round as car tires.

"Did Brother Meng Ming not know I could drive?" Huang Qiao Yi asked.

"No, I didn't...and we haven't seen each other for 8, 9 years now, right..."

After counting a bit, he realized it had really been 8 years. Now that Meng Ming had suddenly come back, Huang Qiao Yi was extremely happy.

Meng Ming never got the chance to ask her something like, "Why did only Little Qiao come to pick me up, aren't you afraid something will go wrong", and instead listened to her speak. He noticed how much she had changed the past 8 years. —She had grown up quite a bit in not only height, but figure as well. She had already changed from a small girl to a well-mannered young lady, aside from her voice.

Huang Qiao Yi drove the car through the long and narrow roads in Hong Kong as she said to Meng Ming, "Only I was allowed to come because our actions need to stay low-key."

Low-key...

It was indeed appropriate to send her to come, as there was absolutely no way she could be high-profile.

The many skyscrapers and the colorful ports all rushed past. As he was seated in the rushing car, it was admittedly impossible to truly appreciate the city's night scenery. The trip wasn't short, and the two began to talk.

Huang Qiao Yi said, "I'm still not quite sure what happened...but Brother Meng Ming will soon be attending the same senior high school as me!"

“Senior high...I know.” Actually, Meng Ming still didn’t completely understand school. He only knew that school was a place where teachers and students went to classes.

“We’re about to leave Hong Kong now, and return to China. Our home is right outside the boundary between the two cities, in a place called Lin Xian. Although it’s in the suburbs, Lin Xian’s scenery is extremely beautiful.”

Meng Ming remembered that his own family had a villa in China. However, Huang Qiao Yi told him that the villa had suddenly been blockaded off today.

“Then, then where do I stay...?” Meng Ming asked in concern.

“Brother Meng Ming will live at my place.”

Meng Ming felt like he was burdening them, but Huang Qiao Yi said he wouldn’t. “Don’t worry, Brother Meng Ming will live above us. Mother has already arranged for a home on that floor.”

He remembered that Huang Qiao Yi lived on the 19th floor, which meant that he’d live on the 20th.

“Mother also said that Brother Meng Ming must come over every day to eat.” Huang Qiao Yi happily said.

After all, Meng Ming hadn’t seen her family in ages.

He asked, "Then, how is Uncle?"

"My dad?" Huang Qiao Yi replied, "His work is extremely busy, and often stays outside the country. Mom is always lonely. Now that Brother Meng Ming is here, Mom has another child, and she's beyond delighted!"

When he heard the word "delighted", Meng Ming realized that they probably didn't know what had happened with his family. They were willing to do all of this just because of a few words from Meng Ming's mother over the phone.

They had gradually left the city already, and entered a mountain road. However, the road was extremely smooth and easy to follow; there were no bumps.

It had been a while since he had returned to China. These past 8 years, Meng Ming had just been continuously training in the Zhuge family's Cheating Technique, and had made some success. Everyone in the family knew that Meng Ming was extremely gifted. This was the main reason why Zhuge Dong Ming had trained him so much.

However, in a place like China that strictly forbid gambling, Meng Ming felt that everything about it was wrong. He didn't know what path to take in the future.

As the car passed through the border, they reached China, with their destination being—Lin Xian.

It was different from Hong Kong. Although China had some tall skyscrapers, the city had been planted with quite a bit of greenery. Even in the nighttime, one could still feel the green shade of the plants under the neon lamps.

Huang Qiao Yi had introduced this place as having quite good atmosphere and environment. Even though the city had quite a bit of scenery, it was an idle city. In addition, the place had gathered a lot of people from various places in China to work and study. Whenever he lost concentration, he'd discover yet another handsome man, or beautiful lady, especially within the school's yard. There, many classmates with mixed blood from various places existed. By combining these people together, the school was like a garden.

School?

"Can you discuss some of the school matters?" Meng Ming asked.

Huang Qiao Yi finally stopped her talk and sighed.

"An exam-oriented education is really meaningless." She said.

The so-called exam-oriented education was a teaching method conducted for the sake of dealing with the college entrance exam. This exam was once a year, and was called "College and University Enrollment National Integrated Exam". Aside from labs, all the exams were written tests.

"Basically, the school doesn't teach you anything useful. It only teaches

you how to take exams well. What students seek are grades!" Huang Qiao Yi said, "Actually, it's still break right now, so I haven't attended school yet either. After enrolling, Brother Meng Ming and I will both be high school first years."

Afterwards, Huang Qiao Yi explained to Meng Ming what was to be learned in high school, including the subjects, classroom discipline, exam room discipline, textbooks, etc. These were rules that anyone that had attended school before knew.

"Taking exams is really hard, right?" Meng Ming asked.

This was a given. If it wasn't hard, then there'd be no need for everyone to spend so much time and effort to deal with it.

"That's right, the competition between students is extremely intense." Huang Qiao Yi said, "Starting from primary school knowledge, to junior high school knowledge, all the way up to senior high school knowledge....in addition, the exam room discipline gets stricter and stricter every year. Also, the exam room location, proctoring method, and facilities change every time. There's often new systems or special regulations! These are only told to us just before the exam."

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi both knew that Meng Ming had never gone to primary school or junior high.

"What do I do..." Meng Ming didn't have any basic knowledge. He couldn't even deal with a normal test, so how was he supposed to take the college entrance exam?

Huang Qiao Yi smiled and said, "Brother Meng Ming, don't worry! Even though you've never learned anything before, you definitely won't have a problem in either the college entrance exam or any other exam."

—What kind of conclusion was that?

At that moment, Huang Qiao Yi finally told him the most crucial point—

The college entrance exam system had already been established for hundreds of years. The whole time, it had always been a survival of the fittest! For the sake of overcoming this harsh education and testing system, two types of students formed in China:

The first type was the majority of the people, who followed the traditional ideology; they chose to live a life of strenuous studies, learning assiduously and tirelessly as they strived to learn. For the sake of obtaining exceptional scores on the college entrance exam, they would wholeheartedly attend classes and cram schools since primary school. Thus, they would spend all of their time, youth, and energy entirely into preparing for the exam.

The second type had slowly emerged as the exams continued to be passed year after year. This was the minority. For the sake of obtaining outstanding scores on the college entrance exam, they chose to train in monitoring techniques, skills that challenged the strict proctors and the advanced scientific monitoring technologies. With secretive techniques and brilliant tricks, they would use perfect, undetectable cheating methods during the examinations.

## Quiz 6: Preparation Before the Exam

"Entrance exam?!" Meng Ming was shocked.

It was the second day. The three of them were currently talking while eating lunch at Huang Qiao Yi's home on the 19th floor. Her mother had told Meng Ming that their senior high school was Lin Xian Central High. Huang Qiao Yi and Meng Ming would have to attend the entrance exam two days from now.

Meng Ming asked, "But didn't Little Qiao say she had already enrolled?"

"That's because Little Qiao's grades are good," her mother said confidently. "Before she's even taken the exam, she already knows that she will definitely pass it."

But what about Meng Ming?

As soon as I get back I have to take an exam...if I get 0 points, then everyone will know I don't know anything. Does that mean I'll have to relearn from primary school?! Meng Ming was getting goosebumps just from the thought.

Huang Qiao Yi said, "Don't worry. Although Brother Meng Ming doesn't know anything, I believe that you will definitely get in. Let's begin a special training for the next two days!"

Does that mean...Little Qiao really wants me to cheat on the exam? I've



never taken a test before... Meng Ming thought to himself.

Huang Qiao Yi knew that if Meng Ming was to make it into the school without a problem, then he had to first learn the answering method of the test, as well as the proctor system. Once he managed to completely grasp the ways of the examination area, Meng Ming's skills would be enough to cheat his way through.

All the examinees were split into two types.

Among the people, the diligent students were normally called the L-types, or the Learning-types; the cheating students were normally called the C-types, or the Cheating-types. Huang Qiao Yi said she didn't know much about C-type students; she only knew that C-types didn't know how to answer the test questions, and instead cheated their way through the exams.

"Don't worry. Typically speaking, an entrance exam is quite simple."

Huang Qiao Yi made sure her mother stopped worrying about their grades, and then dragged Meng Ming up to where he was living on the 20th floor. This home had already been tidied up so it was clean and refreshing.

She first said, "The exam will be 2 days from now, and it's an exam that doesn't differentiate between subjects, a synthesis of all. It's quite easy. In terms of question type, it's all multiple choice."

"Multiple choice?" Meng Ming still didn't understand the concept.

"Multiple choice means that there will be a question presented on the examination paper, and then it will offer you 4 choices: A, B, C, D. You choose the answer you think is right."

Simply explaining it this way wasn't enough for Meng Ming to understand, so Huang Qiao Yi wrote an example on a sheet of paper.

[How many cards does a new pack of poker cards have in total? A. 22 cards. B. 54 cards. C. 64 cards. D. 78 cards.]

"Choice B!" Meng Ming immediately responded.

"That's right, the exam question type is just like that."

"What...if it's like that, then do I still need to cheat?"

"But the question topics won't be the same..."

Huang Qiao Yi wasn't really sure if Meng Ming really understood, so she went through the trouble of thoroughly explaining the multiple choice style to him. She also said that because they had only stated that this exam was multiple choice, but hadn't stated they were "single-answer questions", there might be multiple choice questions that didn't have a specific answer (more than one correct choice).

"As for proctors," Huang Qiao Yi chewed her pen and thought for a bit before saying, "They aren't very strict here. To C-type examinees, there

are probably many loopholes to take advantage of.”

Although Huang Qiao Yi didn’t know exactly how C-type students cheated, it was a bit obvious that the more lax the proctors were, the easier it was to cheat. It was merely an entrance exam, so it naturally wouldn’t be very strict. Meng Ming only needed to know some of the basic regulations for an examination site.

Huang Qiao Yi also knew that there were a total of 8 rooms at this examination site. One could freely choose their seat. Each room had two proctors that would collect electronics and communications equipments upon the student’s entry. Thus, it was impossible to cheat on the exam using any electronic tools.

It was just a normal classroom; it didn’t even have security cameras. Thus, one only had to avoid getting caught by the proctors’ gazes, and their cheating would go smoothly.

This entrance examination could be counted as a warm-up for the more ruthless exams in the future.

Huang Qiao Yi said, “That’s why, as long we’re in the same room, I can sit next to Brother Meng Ming. You can then take advantage of when the proctors aren’t paying attention, and copy my answers!”

When Meng Ming heard how simple it was, he felt that there was absolutely no need to even use any special skills, since his eyesight definitely wouldn’t have a problem. “Then isn’t that really easy...I can just crane my hand to copy you. As long as this minor movement isn’t discovered by the teachers, it’s fine!”

"But we have to consider the possibility of not being able to find adjacent seats. Thus, let's run a test!"

"What letter is this?"

"B!"

The two stood in a hallway about 5 meters apart from each other. When Huang Qiao Yi heard Meng Ming give the correct answer, she backed up a step, and wrote another letter on the paper.

"S!"

.....

Meng Ming wasn't really sure why they were doing this test. He felt that although it seemed like an eye examination, it was actually a hearing test. Before Huang Qiao Yi had gotten very far, he was only able to see her movements, and was completely unable to hear her voice.

They then moved two seats over. The two sat side by side so that Meng Ming would try to look at Huang Qiao Yi's small writing from the corner of his eyes.

Soon after, they finished the tests.

In conclusion, if they sat separated by a single seat, Meng Ming could

still pretty much read the words on the examinee's test.

Realizing that the size of the words, as well as the visibility of them, might be an issue, Huang Qiao Yi also considered the answer sheet method.

She said to Meng Ming, "Another thing is the scantron."

Huang Qiao Yi explained the idea of the scantron method to Meng Ming—simply put, the multiple choice questions were completely graded with a computer, so one had to use a pencil to answer all the questions on the scantron. Normally, students first chose their answers on the exam paper, and then later, slowly filled the choices in on the scantron. "That's why, Brother Meng Ming can just copy the answers on my paper. However, you have to remember that you must fill in the answers on your own scantron. When you submit the exam, you only need to hand in the scantron."

This was a simple thing that Meng Ming understood as soon as he heard it, "In other words, the final grade depends on the computer, which only recognizes the scantron?"

"Right!"

.....

It was already quite late. Meng Ming more or less understood how to conduct the examination, but he still hadn't quite grasped how to cheat. Huang Qiao Yi had high expectations for him. Meng Ming later realized

that cheating on a test was basically the same as gambling. As long as he used his strengths, he'd be able to think of a method to address any situation he encountered in the exam room whenever it came up.

Huang Qiao Yi wanted to bring Meng Ming to a nearby stationary store to look around, because Meng Ming wasn't very familiar with the stationary. The exam site, for the sake of preventing cheating, didn't allow students to prepare their own stationary. Instead, specific staff distributed regular stationary on every examinee's desk. Thus, going to first understand the types of stationary was bound to have advantages.

The pencils were still the standard drawing pencils; those with a thickness of 2B were best.

In regards to blades, seeing as many people that used square blades to sharpen their pencils got their hands dirty, the exam site made use of a single designer blade. It was the type where if it rusted or broke, one could break off that specific spoiled section and continue using the blade.

The erasers were the type that didn't leave any traces of lead on them. There was no way of writing on the surface. They could only be used to erase traces of pencil, and were extremely rubbery.

Draft paper was extremely light, and one couldn't break through it with their pencils. However...

"But if Brother Meng Ming wants to secretly toss the draft paper to someone else, that's definitely impossible. In order to prevent cheating, the exam papers are extremely tense, and have absolutely no way of

overcoming atmospheric drag. Even if you crumpled it up into a ball..." Huang Qiao Yi took a sheet of draft paper from a pile being sold at the stationary shop and crumpled it with all her might. She then threw it hard in front of her. However, the paper ball didn't even travel half a meter before it stopped in its advance and slowly fell to the ground. "That's why..."

"Young miss, you still haven't paid." The stationary store personnel that had been standing next to Huang Qiao Yi said with a smile.

Ah! Crap, I forgot about that... Huang Qiao Yi had been too immersed in her explanation at the stationary store that she had accidentally used the draft paper being sold to show an example!

Although the draft paper wasn't expensive, doing something like that was quite impolite.

"...Ai, how about I just buy this whole pack of paper?" Huang Qiao Yi asked Meng Ming.

"It's no big deal, it's only one sheet of paper..." Meng Ming said.

The staff personnel earnestly said, "I apologize, but although it's just one sheet of paper, each pack has a set standard and number." She held up the qualification mark on the pack of paper for Meng Ming to see.

"In other words, as long as there's the right amount of paper, it's fine?" Meng Ming asked.

Although she felt that Meng Ming had worded it strangely, the staff personnel still nodded.

Eh, what is Brother Meng Ming thinking...the paper from just now is already creased, it's no good anymore... Huang Qiao Yi thought.

Meng Ming took out a new sheet of paper from that pack of draft paper, and gently rubbed it between his fingers.

Seeing Meng Ming's movements, Huang Qiao Yi seemed to recall watching Meng Ming train before. Could it be that Brother Meng Ming plans on using that move? No way, that type of paper is too thin, how is that possible...

Meng Ming finished his preparations. Both his hands pinched the same corner of the paper, and he announced, "Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Water Splitting Blade Draw!"

With a shua, the draft paper tore into two halves. However, it wasn't simply two halves; what Meng Ming held in his hands were two sheets of paper that were the exact same dimensions as the original. However, the thickness of the paper had halved!

One sheet of paper, had become two.

Huang Qiao Yi's and the staff personnel's eyes grew round as they stared at the sheets of paper Zhuge Meng Ming was holding.

"This way, the amount is enough, right?"



“Hehe,” The staff personnel seemed to have seen through Meng Ming’s act, “You originally took out two sheets, and then put on a magic show, right?”

Thus, the staff personnel took the pack of draft paper, and after re-adding the two sheets in Meng Ming’s hand, she seriously counted the number of sheets from beginning to end multiple times.

.....

“The amount...is perfect...”

“I remember Brother Meng Ming could only tear apart toilet paper a long time ago. Now you’re so much more amazing...”

“It’s no big deal,” Meng Ming laughed. “For any Cheating Technique, one must go through strict training for their fingers.”

The two of them elegantly strode out of the stationary shop. The small matter of the draft paper had made Huang Qiao Yi really respect Meng Ming’s adept skills, and also increased her confidence in his ability to pass this minor exam.

## Quiz 7: The First Exam (1/2)

Afternoon. Lin Xian Central High's entrance was unusually lively.

Many junior high graduate students that had gathered outside the school slowly began to walk through the gates. They were prepared to participate in the entrance examination today from 9-11am.

This was the school!

There were perhaps some hidden talents among the crowd, but it was impossible to discern strengths judging from outer appearances alone. At first glance, one could tell that there were definitely quite a few studious L-type students, as well as some C-type students, that had secretly mingled in. Regardless of their type, they both made sure to conceal their strengths to avoid being seen through by others.

The most eye-catching was a large boy blocking the school entrance. He was taller than everyone else by two heads, and his body was slightly chubby. His thick lips and small eyes were crestfallen as he slowly entered the school.

He thought gloomily: I'm screwed...the L-type student that was originally going to cooperate with me got sick, and can't attend the exam...

This large boy was a C-type student. If a C-type didn't have 100% confidence in their cheating techniques, they'd sometimes find L-types to cooperate with them for multiple choice type exams. It was just like

Zhuge Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi. They didn't actually understand these types of exam cheating methods, but had simply chosen this method by coincidence.

Ai, I'll just have to check the papers around me. It's not trustworthy though... Although the tall boy didn't have any traits that surpassed others, his upper body was much taller than a normal person's, and his vision was extremely good, so he could easily check the exam papers around him. Because the L-type student that he was going to cooperate with couldn't come, he could only prepare to use this scheme—copying the exams of strangers.

However, he hadn't yet completely lost hope. He believed that as long as he was able to find some L-type students on the spot, exploiting them would be good too.

Thus, the big guy plastered a silly smile on his face and asked a girl, "Fellow student, may I inquire how good your grades are?"

"Pervert!" The girl turned around to leave, thinking that he was trying to hit on her.

He found another person, a boy wearing thick glasses.

"May I ask if I can sit next to you during the exam?"

"Sh, don't disturb me," the glasses boy said. "I'm currently preparing my cheating methods!"

The large boy couldn't be sure whether these words were true or false. In general, one was unable to determine what type of student a person was based on only outer appearance.

The boy found quite a few people, but all of them ignored him. He seemed to lose heart once more.

There were some other people to take note of. There was a boy wearing clothes with tons of pockets, and a girl wearing light makeup next to him. They also seemed to be students, but they seemed to have planned for the exam in advance. When they saw the big guy, they secretly laughed at him in the shadows, thinking that he was foolish.

Although it was just a very minor entrance exam, there was no lack of evil people with various intentions.

There were still 5 minutes before the exam began. Almost all of the examinees had already quietly taken their seats in the examination rooms.

But when one looked closer, there were still two empty seats in the exam room.

Two male proctors that had long since waited at the desk with exam papers ready, declared, "This examination will be two hours long! All of the same stationary have been placed on your desks for you to use. Please comply with the exam room discipline..."

Suddenly, a male and female examinee charged through the door.

"Sorry! Are we late?" One of them asked.

"..." The other one was gasping hard, but wasn't making any audible sounds.

"There are still three minutes. Please enter." One of the proctors let them in to sit down.

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi had arrived late. Although there was only a kilometer's distance between their home and the school, nor had they woken up late, they had seemingly eaten something weird last night. Thus, their stomachs hadn't felt well that morning, and this had delayed them for quite a while.

Meng Ming swept a glance across the exam site, and saw that there were only two seats left. He hurriedly asked Huang Qiao Yi what to do.

"It's fine...huff..." Huang Qiao Yi said. The distance between the two seats wasn't a problem.

The two seats were in the same column, but the seat in between had been occupied.

Huang Qiao Yi saw this and said, "No problem. We've already tested it, this kind of distance should be fine."

Meng Ming thought that test couldn't possibly count as a proper test...

but it was true that even if there was a person in between them, Meng Ming's eyesight was still good enough to see Huang Qiao Yi's paper.

Thus, Meng Ming sat in the back seat, and Huang Qiao Yi sat in the front one.

After sitting down, the two by chance discovered at the same time an extremely serious obstacle! —The one sitting between them was the taller-and-fatter-than-normal big guy!

Meng Ming's heart lurched. What...how is there someone with such a physique here...!

Crap, how will Brother Meng Ming see my test paper...

The two began to panic. Seeing their expressions, the big guy spoke first, "I seem to blocking you two. Could it be that you two are a pair? A C-type and an L-type?"

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi said they were.

"Then how about this? I'm also a C-type student, so why don't we all cooperate?"

Cooperate?!

Meng Ming thought that wasn't a bad suggestion! The big guy could copy Huang Qiao Yi's test paper, and then he could crane his head to see

the big guy's paper—that way, there wouldn't be a problem!

The exam was going to begin soon; there was no more time for hesitation.

"Then let's just do that!" The big guy was very fortunate to have encountered these two.

The three of them reached an agreement.

Originally, the matter could've smoothly progressed. However, in a corner of the exam room, there were still some people secretly scheming—

The two who just entered are a pair of LC? They revealed it so easily...

They must be beginning students...

They're really lucky there doesn't seem to be any formidable C-type students here...

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi thought that cheating on exams was simply doing it behind the proctor; they had absolutely no idea that C-type students had to do other actions while cheating as well. Experienced C-types not only wanted to obtain high marks, but they typically wanted to decrease their number of competitors as well. Thus, they'd used scheming tricks to attempt to interfere with others' test-taking, and lower others' points!

The exam room had a total of 40 seats. The three of them sat right in the middle column, near the back. The proctors were two middle-aged men. The only exam stationary that could be used were on the desks. The desks all had a pencil, eraser, draft paper, a small blade, and a scantron.

There were still two minutes. The students that had all taken their seats began to prepare for the exam—by sharpening their pencils.

Like the majority of the students, Huang Qiao Yi took out the small blade and smoothly carved the wood off the pencil so that it formed a sharp end. However, there were some students in the exam room that didn't do this at all. Some seemed to be provocative; they directly used their finger nails to shave off the wood and make it form a point. Others used their teeth to grind it down. There were also some that spun the pencil on the desk, and then reached out with the blade and let the wood naturally shave off like an automatic pencil sharpener. There were even some students that just stuck the pencils into their ears, and after twisting it back and forth, would pull it back out to reveal a beautiful point.

The big guy sitting in front of Meng Ming slammed his hand hard onto one end of the pencil, causing the lead to break through the other end. Although it was extremely ugly, it was usable.

What kind of situation is this... Meng Ming watched, bewildered.

During this period, only Zhuge Meng Ming hadn't yet sharpened his pencil. After seeing everyone complete their shows, he felt provocative stares on him, making him feel the urge to do something special.



Meng Ming thought about it, then decided: Alright, I'll just put on a show. He lightly lifted the pencil, pinching one end between three of his fingers, with the other end left lying on the table...

### Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Igniting Flames!

Meng Ming moved extremely quickly—like he was striking a match, he used the pencil as a matchstick, and the table as the matchbox, and quickly swiped the pencil across the surface. The originally normal pencil instantly ignited! Meng Ming held the pencil in his hand and slowly adjusted the flame's strength. Soon after, the flame was extinguished, exposing a beautiful pencil tip!

Many examinees were stunned.

"The student over there, please don't smoke!" A mistaken proctor said.

Laughs could be heard throughout the exam room, and Meng Ming felt slightly embarrassed. However, following his actions, the students in the corner became amazed—

So amazing, he's surely a frightening opponent...! It's best if I don't provoke him.

He can't be a beginning student, he has such powerful skills.

It seems like it's best if I just properly take my own exam...

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## Quiz 7: The First Exam (2/2)

There was one minute left until the exam papers would be handed out. Meng Ming stared at the blank scantron in front of him.

So this is a scantron. This was his first time seeing one.

On the upper right corner, there was a box for the exam number. There was a total of 9 columns, and each row had the numbers 0-9. This exam only required one to write down the rightmost 3 numbers.

1-0-2. Meng Ming used his pencil to fill in his exam number.

There was a space below for answers with a total of 140 answer spaces, but it was possible that the exam wouldn't need all of them. There were 4 columns, each column had 35 problems, and each row had 4 blank choices. For the sake of decreasing the frequency of copying, these scantrons were different from previous ones. Each question was equally spaced from each other, and the spaces were the same size as those between the numbers from the exam number box in the upper right corner.

The rows on the scantron...are so densely packed together. If anyone wants to copy the answers, it'll be quite difficult to match the correct question numbers. Meng Ming quickly discovered the ingenuity of the scantron's design.

Just then, a bell rang out. The first exam had officially started!

It was just an entrance exam, and Meng Ming's imposing display just now had already scared off some people. The C-type students naturally didn't dare to have any malicious intent. However, one still needed to guard against enemies....

The test papers had already been distributed. There was a total of 80 questions. Zhuge Meng Ming skimmed the black and white exam paper.

As expected, I don't understand what the questions are saying at all...

The questions written on the exam paper were all based on academic knowledge.

However, in regards to the points distribution of the exam questions, Huang Qiao Yi had already taught Meng Ming the method of calculation. There were a total of 80 questions on this exam. The first 60 were single-answer questions, and were each worth 1 point. The last 20 had an indeterminate number of answers, and were each worth 2 points, giving a total of 100 points.

In other words, the last 20 questions are a bit more valuable. Meng Ming thought to himself. These things were pretty much all Meng Ming could tell in terms of the exam's content. Meng Ming didn't bother doing anything else, and just leaned back in his chair, simply waiting for the big guy to show the answers to him.

The sun continued to rise as time passed minute by minute, second by

second. The rumble of the streets could be heard from the window of the bright room. The two proctors didn't show the slightest signs of being tired, and kept a sharp watch over the exam room. Many students were the same. Huang Qiao Yi also completely ignored any outside disturbances, and had long since concentrated on moving her pencil. Only the big guy sitting behind her, Meng Ming sitting behind the big guy, and a few others, had yet to move their hands...

I can tell that the headband girl and the two guys behind her are working together. The guy that used fire to burn his pencil is particularly worth watching out for. —In some random corner, the boy wearing pocket-covered clothes that had been seen previously outside the school entrance was also not immersed in writing down answers. Instead, he continuously analyzed his surroundings. They foolishly revealed themselves in the beginning. I really wonder if they're beginner students or C-type experts. Disregarding how strong they are, if they're an LC combo, the L-type student must have some type of defense.

The pockets guy subtly reached his hand into one of his many pockets and murmured, "No matter how formidable that guy is, I just need to use an attack that can deter the L-type student..."

Special mosquitoes that had gone through training could not only understand its master's commands, but were also particularly nimble. It was said that there was no way these mosquitoes would be caught by a person's palms. Go, the target is that girl. He waved his hand, releasing a small mosquito to go disturb the vanguard first.

Nobody sensed the single mosquito flying around. It circled Huang Qiao Yi, incessantly using its wings to make buzzing sounds next to her ears. Occasionally, it'd stop on Huang Qiao Yi's body and tickle her body.

The pockets guy thought: The typical person would feel agitated and impatient with this type of disturbance. Let's see how she reacts...

Three minutes later, Huang Qiao Yi was still completely concentrated on writing down the answers despite the mosquito's harassment, as if nothing was going on at all.

What, is this girl thick-skinned?! Seeing the situation, the pockets guy's lips curled up. In that case....how about this!

He fished out all the mosquitoes he had brought from his pockets. There were still six left in his hands. Even if they all surrounded a single person, they still wouldn't alert the other students or the teachers. He thought: Originally, I was going to attack 7 different people, but I haven't yet seen any other rivals in this exam room...so I'll just deal with you first!

He instructed the other 6 mosquitoes to charge at Huang Qiao Yi.

The mosquitoes' fierce attacks finally distracted Huang Qiao Yi. The annoying buzzing sound forced her to stop her pencil, and intentionally or otherwise, she slapped at some of the mosquitoes.

She began to feel vexed, but the mosquitoes were extremely quick, and there was no way she could strike them down.

How could these mosquitoes, which have gone through special training, be so easily hit by you? The pockets guy sneered to himself.

Huang Qiao Yi was already no longer able to answer the questions.

The big guy sitting behind her had been smoothly copying her answers. However, he suddenly realized that Huang Qiao Yi had stopped writing, and he was momentarily at a loss on what to do.

As for Zhuge Meng Ming, his line of vision was currently being blocked by the big guy, so he couldn't see what was going on with Huang Qiao Yi at all.

As soon as they started the exam, they had already encountered some danger?!

Hehe, just keep struggling like this until the end of the exam...while I start writing my answers. The pocket guy picked up his pencil.

The situation was quite troublesome, and the big guy could do nothing about it. He wriggled his body, allowing Meng Ming to see part of his test.

When he saw the big guy's movements, Meng Ming knew the answers. In the situation where the proctor had no way of noticing him, he immediately locked his gaze onto the exam paper in front of him. If it's just copying the exam while hiding from the professor's eyes, it's a piece of cake!.... But what confused Meng Ming was that aside from the answers, the big guy had also written a striking note indicating for help on top of his paper!

Because the big guy had noticed that the situation was dire, and was

personally unable to help, he had immediately written on the paper to notify Meng Ming that something had happened. He was looking at Meng Ming for any possible countermeasures.

That....isn't that asking for help?! What happened in the front? Meng Ming thought to himself.

The big guy only slightly shifted his body, so Meng Ming couldn't completely see Huang Qiao Yi; all he could see some of her movements. Weird, Little Qiao isn't actually doing the exam! Meng Ming straightened his back, and grew more alert.

He suddenly discovered that there were some black bugs circling Huang Qiao Yi at high speeds.

Hm? What's with those bugs? Are they disturbing her?

Meng Ming thought deeply. Among the Cheating Techniques, there was a type of move that was used especially to disturb opponents, making it impossible for the opposite party to concentrate and unsettle them. For example, for interfering with one's vision, you could use some extremely vibrant colors to dazzle the opponent's vision; to interfere with one's hearing, you could use an ear-piercing sound to cause a commotion; there was also interference with temperature, etc...Of course, interference with touch was also possible by using things like mosquitoes. In addition, bugs generated buzzing sounds that made people extremely impatient and uneasy.

5, 6...7 of them. There's a total of 7! Although there was someone obstructing his vision, and Meng Ming couldn't fully see Huang Qiao Yi's

seat, he was able to judge the number of mosquitoes based on their flight patterns.

Alright, let's get rid of them.

He took the small blade on the desk, and used the plastic on the back of the blade to break up the blade into 7-8 pieces.

Picking up one of the pieces with two of his fingers, he timed it perfectly so that just as the mosquito flew by, he strongly flicked his fingers and sent the piece spinning out through the air! The blade piece circled around the big guy's body, dancing around along a curved path, instantly lodging itself into Huang Qiao Yi's desk. At the same time, one of the speedy mosquitoes was sliced into halves in midair!

Six times. Six blade pieces flew out from various angles, striking down all of the other mosquitoes. The blade pieces then neatly landed in a line along Huang Qiao Yi's desk; the floor now had 14 pieces of mosquito bodies stuck to it!

No, no, no, that's impossible... The pockets guy's mouth shook as it dropped open at the scene. What is that guy...?!

Brother Meng Ming...? Huang Qiao Yi touched the blade pieces on her desk, then immediately picked up her pencil to continue writing. As expected, it was Brother Meng Ming that saved me.

The big guy was covered in sweat from the seven pieces of blade that had barely brushed his body as they had flown past. He thought to



himself: The fingers of the student behind me are really amazing; I definitely cannot ignore him. However...he probably hasn't seen through my scheme...

"Teacher!"

A girl in the back row raised her hand, and tried to speak in a tone that didn't disturb others, "There's not enough draft paper. Can you give me a few more sheets?"

This was the girl that wore light makeup. If one said she was a senior high schooler, people would probably think she was a third year.

Heh, that boy is quite interesting... She had already noticed Zhuge Meng Ming.

Hearing her call, one of the teachers walked over with a few sheets. However, the instant the teacher handed her the paper...

An electricity-like wave flashed between two people as they exchanged glances.

Sorry, Teacher, aside from draft paper, please let me borrow your mind to use as well!

## Quiz 8: Displacement Trick

Half of the examination time had passed already. The temperature in the room seemed to have risen slightly. In this exam site, there was yet a student that had handed in their exam early and left.

The middle-aged teacher handing the draft paper over stood there in front of the girl's seat. After a long while, he slowly turned around.

Let me see just how determined you are. The girl sneered. She was pulling some trick on the teacher!

The male teacher's eyes seemed to glaze over, as if he had received some type of suggestion. He then swayed a bit and circled the classroom to patrol, finally stopping behind Huang Qiao Yi with an unstable lilt.

Everyone else was still diligently writing their answers; nobody had discovered the teacher's abnormal behavior!

Mild Hypnotic Suggestion—this was the technique that people in their teens had extreme difficulty mastering!

It's a pity that I'm still not completely proficient... The girl's ability of suggestion was only to this extent. However, to a C-type student like that, this was enough at the moment.

Huang Qiao Yi was still writing her own answers, knowing that the big guy behind her could clearly see them. However, she suddenly felt

another gaze on her from behind.

She slightly turned around, and saw that the proctor was currently standing right behind her!

The male teacher was looking at Huang Qiao Yi with his head lowered, staring at her with an especially strange, dazed look.

What, what is he looking at... Huang Qiao Yi was slightly anxious.

She thought: Is he looking at my exam...? Is there something wrong with it...? Or did he discover our cheating plans?

Just him standing behind her made Huang Qiao Yi feel severely burdened. However, it wasn't just this.

Teacher's gaze seems a bit strange... Huang Qiao Yi noticed. She slightly raised her head. That expression...

It's like a pervert's!! Huang Qiao Yi's face flushed. He's looking down from up there...

She knew that the collar of her clothes was quite loose. As long as one was at an appropriate angle from above, it was easy to see inside...

The other proctor sat at the front desk. When he saw this scene, he thought: He's proctoring right now, why is he acting so lecherous...

What do I do...what do I do... Huang Qiao Yi tightly shut her eyes, and she began to sweat. Her thoughts were in completely disarray, and she was unable to continue writing.

As Meng Ming was copying the big guy's test, he suddenly noticed the situation.

He was completely shocked; never had he imagined that China would have a teacher like this! But an examination site and a casino were different; he couldn't just randomly yell out. In addition, if he stirred up trouble with the proctor like this, it'd be really easy for his cheating to be discovered.

This troublesome teacher... Seeing how the man was a proctor, and yet was running amok at the examination site, Meng Ming began to feel angry.—I have to tease him a bit.

Meng Ming held up a sheet of draft paper, flipping it back and forth. It was about A4 size.

Ok, I'll use Zhuge Style Cheating Technique's secretly transmitted folding method... This was the "Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Drawing Blade Splitting Water". It was a skill he could use to transform a single sheet of paper into countless pieces!

The teacher standing there was blocked by the big guy, so the other proctor at the front desk couldn't really see Meng Ming's seat. Meng Ming could do many things behind his back.

He used exquisite skill to split the paper into tons of strips, and then combined them together and stretched it out so that the originally A4 sized paper transformed into an extremely long shape. Its length was now around 2.5 meters long!

Just like this, I'll use the paper to tickle the back of his neck....if he turns the slightest bit around, I'll immediately untie the paper so that he won't find out I was the one who did it. That way, he won't be shameless enough to continue standing there and do weird things.

Thus, Meng Ming used three fingers to pinch the end of the paper, and let the head of it furtively reach out towards the back of the proctor's neck.

Most of the students were immersed in writing, so nobody noticed that a long piece of paper had appeared behind the teacher. Only the girl that had used mild hypnosis on him had discovered Meng Ming's actions. She inwardly thought to herself: That's no use. How could people that have fallen under my suggestion possibly wake up that easily? My technique isn't that weak.

Meng Ming tickled and tickled the proctor's neck, then tickled some more. His fingers had already started to move as fast as a machine. However, the teacher still didn't move at all!

What the, could it be that this teacher doesn't have any nerves in his neck? The teacher hadn't felt it at all, which was completely beyond Meng Ming's expectations! He's already stood there for nearly 5 minutes, what exactly is he doing...

5 minutes later, there was still no movement. A live person acting like this was really abnormal. The more Meng Ming thought about the situation, the more fishy it seemed.

Beads of sweat?!

He saw that there were beads of sweat dripping from the back of the teacher's neck. It was so hot, how could he not get tired standing still the whole time? In addition, considering how he was being disturbed by Meng Ming, he would normally have some sort of reaction.

.....

He, really fell asleep...

When Meng Ming discovered that the teacher had actually fallen asleep, his own forehead began to break out in sweat.

Hah... The girl in the back row was secretly delighted. Now let's see what you do.

Fine then. Since you're asleep, then I'll just wake you up.

Meng Ming retracted the piece of paper, then pinched the end of it to bend it into the shape of a hook. Meng Ming then repeated his previous actions. Using three fingers to control the tail of the paper, he stretched the hooked part to the back of the teacher's neck. Finally, he used the hook to attach it to the back of the teacher's collar!

The next step, Igniting Flames.

Meng Ming picked up his pencil and re-used his friction flame-inducing technique. He utilized the table to once again light the pencil, then brought the burning flames to the paper's tail. When the two came in contact, the paper began to burn!

The flames spread quickly. Soon after, the paper had been burned all the way up to the teacher's collar! His clothes were set on fire, and even the hair on his neck couldn't escape.

"Wa!" He shouted loudly as he was shocked awake. The entire exam site was stunned. All they saw was the teacher wildly patting down his back; it looked like his burns weren't light.

Was his immoral behavior burned...

In the end, lechers never end well.

Many of the examinees began to inwardly mock him. Meng Ming acted as if the matter was of no concern to him, and continued to copy the answers in front of him. Only this teacher was extremely puzzled: Why did I fall asleep?...

Time was almost up. It was unknown what else had occurred in the exam site, but the calamity seemed to have passed. Majority of the examinees were reaching the end of the questions.

Huang Qiao Yi had already finished answering all the questions. The two behind her also finished copying without a hitch. With these kinds of proctors, copying all of the questions was really too easy.

Haha, it seems like everything has gone according to plan... The big guy smirked. He was thinking about the boy behind him. As expected, he fell into my trap.

Huang Qiao Yi's grades were extremely good, so Meng Ming thought that he'd be able to smoothly enter the school as well. He hadn't guarded against the big guy in front of him at all!

If I just tell him that he matched the wrong answers himself, I can escape the blame. The big guy thought to himself.

As expected, the big guy had pulled a trick with his own exam paper!

There were still 30 seconds left before the exam submission.

The teacher reminded the students by announcing that the exam would soon end! The big guy was immeasurably satisfied with himself. He shifted his body, and purposely let Meng Ming behind him glance at his scantron.

Meng Ming saw it.

Hm? Weird, why are the answers on his scantron different from those on his exam paper? Meng Ming alertly straightened his body.



Haha, discovering now is already too late.

Meng Ming realized that all the answers filled in the big guy's scantron were off by one space from the ones on his exam paper! The answer to #2 originally marked on the exam paper was filled in as the answer to #1 on the scantron; the answer to #3 on the exam paper was filled in as the answer to #2 on the scantron....!

—Displacement trick?!

These words suddenly flashed in Meng Ming's mind. This was a ploy used to trick dealers in casinos! After the dealer finished shuffling cards, the arrangement of the cards would definitely be manipulated by the dealer so that the cards would be arranged in a specific order. But as long as someone managed to insert or remove one of the cards, it would be enough to mess up the entire sequence! This was the displacement trick.

The big guy had used this scheme during the exam. He had randomly circled an answer for #1 on the exam paper, then made it so that all the other answers were wrong! But when the big guy had filled in his own scantron, he had shifted the questions back to their correct places. That way, only the big guy's scantron would be correct....

But Meng Ming's answers would pretty much be completely wrong!

There were less than 30 seconds remaining. There was no way Meng Ming would be able to refill in the correct answers for all 80 questions!

Damn, I was duped! Meng Ming discovered too late!

And I'd thought that he sincerely wanted to cooperate. That despicable bastard... Meng Ming gathered his concentration to think harder. His scantron urgently needed to be fixed!

Seconds ticked by. If he failed this exam, he wouldn't be able to enter school! He definitely couldn't lose to this petty trick! Zhuge Style Cheating Technique, concentrate, concentrate harder...no matter how desperate the situation is, there will always be a chance to reverse the tables!

In that instant, Meng Ming's mind came up with many methods to break through the displacement trick.

Finally, he lifted up his eraser, and quickly began to correct his answers!

The big guy lightly flicked his own exam paper and thought to himself: Haha, in such short amount of time, he can at most change a couple questions. Compared to my near 100% scantron, he's absolutely no threat.

Time was up, and all the examinees stopped writing.

The big guy's thick lips tilted up into a smile as he told himself that he'd definitely be able to enter the school without a problem. In addition, this was his first time successfully harming another person. Zhuge Meng Ming let out a breath, and remained silent...

The entrance exam had finished. The two proctors began to walk down the rows and collect the scantrons one by one.

Quiz 9: Basic Cheating Knowledge

The following afternoon. It was finally time for Lin Xian Central High to post the lists. These lists were of the students that had passed the Lin Xian Central High entrance exam!

The lists were posted at the end of a building corridor. They had just gone up, but a lot of students were already gathered to check their scores. The corridor was packed with a crowd of people craning their necks. Meng Ming’s and Huang Qiao Yi’s figures were also among the crowd.

The list contained the enrolled students, their scores, and their rankings—

Rank	Exam #	Examinee Name		Score	Assigned Class
1	102	Zhuge Meng Ming		100	A
2	01	Zhang Mao Xiang		98	B
2	46	Jin Nai Nai	98	C	
2	98	Liu Song	98	D	
2	101	Huang Qiao Yi		98	A
6	12	Li Zhan Bei	97	B	
7	45	Li Lan	96	C	
8	57	Fang Ke	95	D	
9	09	Bai Jiu	95	A	

.....

“Wa!” After seeing the list, Huang Qiao Yi cheered excitedly, although her voice was still extremely soft. “Brother Meng Ming, we’re in the same class; we were both assigned to Class A! ...But...” She hesitated, and her expression changed, “I only got 98 points, so how did Brother Meng Ming get full points...?”

Full...points? Even Meng Ming felt that it was inconceivable. Why did I get 100 points?!

When Huang Qiao Yi asked again, Meng Ming told her everything that had happened that day—

“....That damn fatty actually moved all the answers down one to set me up! In the end, a brainwave struck me, and I managed to think of a solution in the last few seconds.”

Huang Qiao Yi immediately asked him what he did. Meng Ming said, “Because the questions were all off by one space, and I didn’t have time to change them all, I only erased my exam number. It was originally ‘102’, but I changed it to ‘213’. I then used the blade to cut off a chunk of the top part of the scantron so that the computer would read it as ‘102’. In addition, aside from a few of the questions, most of the answers were then in the correct place. Afterwards, I changed the topmost answer of every column—I erased #1 and moved #36 and #71 accordingly, thus moving all of the answers back. There was only the last indeterminate multiple choice question that I didn’t know the answer to. But I just decided that it wouldn’t matter, and didn’t fix it. After all, it was only 2 points...” \*

Within a few short seconds, he was able to think of a method that had turned the tables. Moreover, he was able to quickly complete the action.

As expected of the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique!

"Um, where did that fatty go anyways...?" Meng Ming looked around, unable to spot the fatty's figure.

Huang Qiao Yi found him instead. She pointed to a corner of the wall, where the fatty was bending over a spot on the ground and was dejectedly drawing circles on the dirt. He seemed to be muttering, "It seems that I filled in the wrong exam number..."

"Uwah?! A person that got 100 points appeared!" An ear-piercing, mature, female voice rang out from the other end of the corridor. Many examinees turned around towards the noise. It was a young, female teacher wearing beautiful clothes, glasses, and high heels flashily arrived at the scene.

When she appeared, the entire area suddenly fell silent.

The teacher elegantly neared the list, and looked at the writing on it, "Zhuge Meng Ming, what an adorable name. Ohoho..." She then turned around to say to the students, "I was the one that arranged the questions this time, for the sake of finding some self-confident students! Hoho, there are quite a few people that got 98 points, what a shame. Now let me tell you all a massive secret!" She raised her hands, displaying an authoritative pose at everyone. "The last question on the exam was an indeterminate question, and the correct answer was—to not choose anything!!"

"Aaaaahhhhh—?!"

The sounds of complaints arose from the crowd of people.

“Ohohohoho! You got scared, right? Everyone that chose an answer for the last question was wrong!” She brightly smiled in pride. Her meaning was, “indeterminate questions” meant that any choices can be chosen, so...one could also choose nothing!

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi were covered in sweat.

Huang Qiao Yi whispered to Meng Ming, “Ai, I was wondering why no matter how much I thought about it, the answers to the last question hadn’t seemed right...” She had finally given up on it, and in accordance to typical habits, randomly chose an answer.

The female teacher continued to brag, “It looks like the one that got full points is definitely that type of obedient, studious student that we teachers like. There’s no mistake!”

Faced with the teacher’s misunderstanding, Meng Ming felt helpless.

The female teacher looked at the crowd, unintentionally seeing the boy with the helpless expression.

“You!” She abruptly cried out. “I remembered that in your materials I read just now, your picture was included!” As she said this, she walked towards Meng Ming with her gaze locked onto him.

“You’re Zhuge Meng Ming, right?” She loudly declared as she pointed at Meng Ming.

—“Hua~hua~!

The entire crowd heated up once more. When the people heard the teacher's words, they all began to look at Meng Ming with gazes of worship.

He's Zhuge Meng Ming? So awesome!

I saw him at the exam site. He should be a C-type student, no? How...

He studies so well! He's quite good-looking too!

All the students only knew how to study, so anyone with extremely good grades was always popular.

“Teacher really likes children that love to study diligently.” The female teacher leaned in, very, very closely, and lifted up Meng Ming's chin. “My last name is Wang, and I will be the teacher in charge of Class A. From today onwards, we can exchange tons of advice!” Her eyes narrowed and she smiled for a brief second, “When school starts next week, you must work hard.” She said with a meaningful expression, then elegantly turned around and unrestrainedly walked away.

The commotion slowly passed. The name of Class A's Zhuge Meng Ming had already left a mark in all of the examinees' hearts.

The students dispersed. At that moment, the girl with light makeup,



who had been standing nearby, called out to Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi.

"Hello." She smiled and said calmly, "Zhuge Meng Ming, right? I saw you at the exam site. That Teacher Wang must've been mistaken. You're really a C-type student, right?"

Meng Ming looked at her. He tried to recall the exam site, but he really couldn't bring her to mind. He could only nod in shame.

"Hm? I'm sure your strength is quite amazing," she said. "My name is Duan He, a C-type student. I've been placed in the neighboring Class B."

It was said that because she had frequently used the hypnosis technique, the muscles around her eyes had become strained. The area around her eyes had colored, and the surrounding skin seemed to have aged. That's why although she was young, she had to wear light makeup to cover herself.

Duan He continued, "Based on what I saw at yesterday's exam, you two are an LC combination, right? That female classmate must have outstanding grades." She pointed at Huang Qiao Yi.

"LC combination? What's that?" Meng Ming asked.

Huang Qiao Yi was also puzzled about this.

"What?" Duan He felt incredulous, "You guys...don't know? It's a special method meant for multiple choice questions. It's the cooperation of an L-

type student and a C-type student!"

They shook their heads, indicating that they had never heard of the term before.

But, Duan He had clearly seen the two do it at the exam site! "You two... Zhuge Meng Ming, how long have you been part of the C-type student circle?"

Meng Ming thought about it, then replied, "Yesterday was probably the first time I've ever taken an exam..." His naivete and innocence made Duan He feel at loss.

"You, it's your first time taking an exam, yet you're so amazing! You aren't tricking me, right?" Duang He said. She closely examined Meng Ming's and Huang Qiao Yi's expressions, and it didn't seem like they were lying at all.

Huang Qiao Yi said to Duan He, "Brother Meng Ming only returned from overseas a few days ago. He doesn't know the culture here at all..."

Are you belittling me... [Meng Ming]

Thus, Huang Qiao Yi said she could only make him enter the C-type students' ring first.

Duan He sighed. For the time being, she believed their words. "Alright... then, you two probably don't know the things that happen in the C-type student circle."

Huang Qiao Yi had always been a clever L-type student, so she didn't know anything about C-type students. Meng Ming obviously knew even less.

When she saw how they had been acting recklessly, Duan He felt exasperation. She cleared her throat and said, "Alright, time is short, so I'll just tell you guys some stuff first! ...First, you need to know the school's attitude towards C-type students."

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi nodded.

"First of all, the school society in China unconditionally pursues exam scores. Students seek higher grades, and the school seeks a higher frequency of students advancing grade levels. These are absolute labels. Thus, both your scores and your rankings label a student's strength. Teachers and students all praise students that have good grades, as it means they're stronger. If your scores are bad, and you have a low ranking, you will be rejected by everyone."

"I understand that..." Meng Ming clearly understood this. If he wanted to mingle here, he had to work hard to get outstanding scores.

But among the students, the C-types would typically enter school with hidden tricks. The school originally wouldn't accept this type of students, but a single moment of carelessness was enough to allow those people get away! Duan He said, "Like you and me for example. There are also people who have poor cheating techniques that manage to get in by chance, such as..." She pointed at the big guy in the corner, "Oh, he seems to have written his exam number wrong, so he doesn't count..." She

turned to point at another male student not too far away. It was the pockets guy. "Him, for example."

This meant that many C-type students weren't discovered. The school naturally had no way of kicking out all the cheating students. In addition, as long as a C-type student was strong enough for their cheating to not be discovered, the school's face and frequency of grade promotion would still be maintained. Thus, the school wouldn't deliberately clear out C-type students. However, many schools would make the proctoring at each location very strict, and sometimes even be as harsh as the actual college entrance exam. If they caught a cheater, the student would immediately be urged to withdraw. This was because the school felt that C-type students who they could catch weren't skilled enough, and keeping them wouldn't be beneficial in any way. After all, if the students were caught during the college entrance exam, the school would lose face, and the cheating students would be heavily punished.

Meng Ming understood all this as well. Duan He said, "As for the teachers, majority of them don't really dislike the C-type students or anything. As long as they do well on the exams and earn high points, their methods didn't matter. But normally, a teacher wouldn't help a C-type student cheat. That's because helping wouldn't be possible during the college entrance exam. The cooperation of a teacher and a C-type student wouldn't help reach the objective of training the C-type student's cheating techniques. In addition, the stricter the teacher's proctoring, the better they can get rid of any of the C-student's flaws and draw out their best."

In other words, the school not only tested the L-type's ability to study and obtain good grades, it also tested the C-type's cheating techniques. C-types with good grades were just as formidable as L-types.

“Do you understand now? That’s why we C-types don’t have it any easier than L-types...” Duan He heavily sighed, then stressed, “You must watch out. C-type students will often try to harm each other.”

Harm?

When the two heard this, they couldn’t help but shiver.

Duan He told them to be more careful since in senior high school, whenever the students took exams with those outside the school, the other school’s C-types would do this. No matter what kind of exam it was, they would definitely try to harm the opposing school’s students for the sake of raising their school’s average or their own grades. Sometimes, even C-types from the same school and class would battle each other to make themselves stronger, and purposely force the weaker ones out of the school. “You guys can’t be as transparent as you were during the entrance exam. That’s extremely dangerous!”

Meng Ming asked if there was anything else to watch out for. Duan He thought about it for a bit, then said that there were a few ironclad rules in the realm of C-type students—— “Firstly, exam numbers are absolute secrets. Aside from the person you’re working with, you must never let anyone else know it. Otherwise, people can easily harm you with it. As long as they don’t know your exam number, they won’t be able to do anything to you in that respect.”

“——Secondly, the problem of your identities as L-type and C-type. Typically speaking, you and people you are close to will know what type you are. However, others are perhaps unsure of what your identity is, and so you should conceal it as well as possible. After all, the LC combination is a very simple and basic form of cheating. When most people see an LC

combination, they directly assume the L-type has no defenses, and will attack them. That's why you must protect the L-type from disturbances."

The two thought of Huang Qiao Yi being harassed by mosquitoes during the entrance exam.

"—The third point would be cheating techniques. If you can conceal how strong or weak you are at cheating from others, you should do so. In addition, you have to prevent others from using you to cheat. In general, C-types that don't have a certain level of cheating won't be able to survive, like that person..." Duan He pointed at the big guy in the corner.

Somehow, the big guy heard this. He stood up and charged over with a murderous aura.

"Normally, C-types all have cheating abilities that they are experts in. For example...I," Duan He quickly turned around and locked gazes with the big guy charging over. When the big guy met her eyes, his soul immediately flew out of his body and danced off to a side. "I know hypnosis techniques, and can use the power of suggestion on others to control their minds. However, I can only use it on one person at a time right now. In addition, I'm not completely proficient at it yet." She pointed to the nearby pockets guy, "That person's skills are actually below average. However, he most likely is a fellow that trains bugs. So disgusting...it's a good thing I'm not in the same class as him..."

After talking so much, Duan He was slightly tired. She looked at the time and decided it was time to leave. "Zhuge Meng Ming, you should also start preparing your own cheating techniques. If I get the chance to in the future, I will watch you display your skills again."

After they said their farewells, Duan He waved her hand, turned around, and left.

"Going by what she said, people should be staying away from each other...then why did she tell us so much, and even show us the special technique she uses?" Huang Qiao Yi asked.

"Perhaps she believes in us. Or maybe she just has a lot of confidence in her own strength." Meng Ming replied. Based on what Duan He had said, there wasn't really a need to harm each other if they were from the same school.

"It turns out that the C-type circle was actually so frightening..." Huang Qiao Yi was shocked, and now slightly regretted making Meng Ming enter it. However, she soon comforted herself—Brother Meng Ming knew the casino-shaking Zhuge Style Cheating Technique. He definitely wouldn't have a problem.

From their conversation with Duan He, they were able to learn a lot of basic knowledge. Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi finally understood more about the existence of C-types.

"Brother Meng Ming, come look!" Huang Qiao Yi pointed at a sign on the corridor. "School uniforms. Newly admitted students have to pick up uniforms!"

Lin Xian Central High would start next week!

"Oh, ok." Meng Ming replied.

My own cheating technique... Meng Ming lowered his head and stared at his palms.

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TL Notes:

\*It personally took me ages to figure out what exactly he did, and I had to draw a diagram to understand. It's possible that I'm just dumb, but if anyone else happens to be confused,

Below is a simple diagram that Almer came up with



IDENTIFICATION NUMBER									
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

A B C D E					
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A B C D E					
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A B C D E					
3	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
4	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
5	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
6	1	2	3	4	5
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26	1	2	3	4	5
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27	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
28	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
29	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
30	1	2	3	4	5

IDENTIFICATION NUMBER									
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
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2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

A B C D E					
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26	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
27	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
28	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
29	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
30	1	2	3	4	5

IDENTIFICATION NUMBER									
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
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9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

A B C D E					
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A B C D E					
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A B C D E					
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A B C D E					
5	1	2	3	4	5
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6	1	2	3	4	5
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27	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
28	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
29	1	2	3	4	5
A B C D E					
30	1	2	3	4	5

A B C D E					
1	1	2	3	4	5

(mine is handwritten and way too messy to understand >.>)

## Quiz 10: Chaotic First Day of School

Lin Xian Central High was extremely lively, even though it was still early morning. Today was the first day of the new semester!

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi changed into their brand new uniforms and arrived at the school entrance.

Although they had come here before, the feeling this time was completely different! Meng Ming was now wearing Lin Xian Central High's uniform, school badge, and a backpack—these kinds of common and inevitable things for typical students were entirely new and mysterious to him. After entering the foreign school grounds, he knew that he'd immediately have new classmates, a new class, and a new life...

"I'm also a student now!"

A large, old-model clock hung on top of the front part of the large school building. The surroundings were beautiful and elegant, and the air around the campus seemed to be much heavier than it had been the day of the entrance exam. The path they were walking on was both refined and elegant, and various flowers and trees were planted along it.

"Zhuge, Meng Ming?!"

A voice came from not too far away. It was a foreign, male voice that he had never heard before.

New classmates recognized him so quickly?!

Meng Ming turned around to look, and saw a male student with uneven hair walk over to them. His well-fitted uniform made it clear that his body was extremely well-proportioned. He smiled in high spirits and said, "Hello, you're classmate Zhuge Meng Ming, right?"

Meng Ming said that he was, said hello back, and inquired the student's name.

"My name is Lin Jing Xuan. Like you, I'm a first year in Class A!" He first pointed at himself as he gave a self-introduction, then dropped his backpack and reached his hand out to shake hands with Meng Ming. "You're the one who's first in the entrance exam, right? You're really famous! Although my grades aren't that great, I'm still 100% an L-type." His tone was full of sunshine.

Meng Ming hadn't even shaken his hand yet before the student suddenly retracted his hand and turned around to face Huang Qiao Yi, "And this beauty is...?"

"My name is Huang Qiao Yi."

"What's your name?"

"HUANG QIAO YI!!"

"Sorry...I didn't catch that..."

Meng Ming could only say it, "Huang Qiao Yi..."

"Oh oh! You're the beauty that's ranked #2, we're in the same class!" Lin Jing Xuan's eyes glowed brighter. He immediately moved closer and said, "Since both of you have such amazing grades, we, we should become friends!"

Becoming friends as a result of one's grades wasn't really anything strange.

"But..." Meng Ming dropped his head and said, "You said you wanted to become friends, but why are both your hands shaking only Little Qiao's?"

"Oh? Oh oh!" Lin Jing Xuan quickly released one hand, and stretched his left hand towards Meng Ming. He said excitedly, "From now on, I'll be learning much from both of you!"

The two of them blushed slightly, and said everyone would work hard together...

"Then, the first year Class A is room 301 in the school building." Lin Jing Xuan walked in the same direction as them and said, "Did you know? Our class teacher is a pretty crazy woman."

It's Teacher Wang, isn't it. Meng Ming had already met her that day in front of the lists. Her behavior had been nowhere close to normal.

It looked like Lin Jing Xuan knew a lot about the new school. Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi took advantage of this to inquire about quite a bit of information. It turned out that one could enter as a first year in ways other than coming from the outside and passing the entrance exam. The majority of the people came from Lin Xian Central Junior High, and directly passed the exam after graduating.

Lin Jing Xuan had also studied at another junior high. He had been recruited as a student here after the last entrance exam.

"Students from Lin Xian Central Junior High count as pretty strong compared to nearby districts." Lin Jing Xuan said. "My previous school wasn't good enough, so I worked hard to test into here. Then, what about Little Qiao? Where did you go for junior high?"

Huang Qiao Yi said, "Guan Tang Junior High."

"Guan Tang?!" Lin Jing Xuan was shocked, and he said with large eyes, "Guan Tang Junior High's grade advancement rate is even higher than Lin Xian Central's! Why, why did you test into Lin Xian?"

Obviously to watch over Brother Meng Ming... Huang Qiao Yi thought to herself, but she only said out loud, "My, my home is too far..."

"Ah?!" Lin Jing Xuan shouted. "If I could get into Guan Tang Junior High, I'd go, even if I had to board a plane to get there every day!"

Meng Ming seemed to have already seen through this new classmate, Lin Jing Xuan. He doesn't care what junior high I came from...this has no

relation to grades at all, huh. It's just related to gender.

The first year Class A's room 301 was already filled with quite a few classmates wearing identical uniforms. There were some entertaining themselves, some talking, and some cleaning. The most eye-catching one was Teacher Wang, who was sitting right on the center of the front desk with her legs crossed.

"Oh hohohoho!!" After laughing pompously, she said, "Teacher is very excited today! Everyone, sit wherever you want, as long as the taller ones don't sit in the front! Hey, the ones cleaning have to sit as well! Otherwise, you'll be punished~!。"

She was too lazy to even arrange seating. Such an easygoing teacher was quite rare.

At that moment, Meng Ming, Huang Qiao Yi, and Lin Jing Xuan happened to enter room 301. Meng Ming raised his head and just so happened to meet Teacher Wang's gaze.

Meng Ming thought to himself: Crap...

"Oh hohohoho! The highest scorer on the entrance exam has arrived!" Teacher Wang pointed at Meng Ming and loudly declared to everyone in the room, "Everyone, take notice! This person is a new transfer student, classmate Zhuge Meng Ming. He's an extremely smart and diligent student!!"

When she said this, all the girls and boys erupted in conversation.

Some looked at him with admiration, while others cupped their hands in respect with shocked expressions, and others were currently using cleaning rags to wipe away sweat...

"Wa! It's Zhuge Meng Ming!"

"I heard about you ages ago! You're my idol. I never imagined I'd be in the same class as you!"

"Let me sit next to you!"

.....

The enthusiastic scene and the classmates' expectant gazes...everyone had clearly mistaken Meng Ming as an L-type!

Meng Ming paused, at a loss on what to do. Huang Qiao Yi whispered to him, "Brother Meng Ming's grades are extremely good, so you're receiving everyone's enthusiasm and attention..." She hurriedly pulled Meng Ming to the last row of seats. Meng Ming didn't know the meaning behind this, so Huang Qiao Yi said, "Brother Meng Ming is a star now, so you have to sit in the back. During class, if the teacher asks you to answer any question, I can secretly teach you, and we won't be easily discovered. It's a cover-up you know, a cover-up..."

Meng Ming realized that this was true. He heard that the teacher would occasionally ask questions during class. If he sat next to Huang Qiao Yi, Meng Ming wouldn't have to worry about not being able to answer

during class.

The number of students entering the room increased more and more. Most of them were unfamiliar faces. Based on what Lin Jing Xuan had said earlier, aside from a few dozen people in the class, everyone else had risen straight from Lin Xian Central Junior High.

There were so many students that Meng Ming didn't recognize. He tentatively began to guess whether or not some C-type students had mingled into the class...

"Why are you two," an awful male voice said from behind. "Sitting in the last row?!"

This was said by Lin Jing Xuan, who stood behind them.

"The last row is comfortable, we don't constantly have to be seized by the teacher." Huang Qiao Yi explained.

"Lin Jing Xuan, you still haven't found a seat?" Meng Ming told him that there was still a space to Huang Qiao Yi's right. If he didn't sit there, someone else would take it.

Lin Jing Xuan looked quite hopefully at the spot, but after a long hesitation, he said somewhat enviously, "Ai...forget it. I don't find studying as easy as you guys do. I'm going to sit in the front, and listen well to class, so I won't be able to accompany you guys." He waved and said, "Let's talk next time."



He said this then searched around. Eventually, he chose a place closer to the front of the class, and sat down.

The two of them looked at his back, and felt somewhat incredulous. Despite Lin Jing Xuan's careless appearance, he was actually so focused on studying!

Meng Ming then looked to the right and thought: Who will take the seat on Little Qiao's right? —Will it be a girl? He was slightly anticipating it.

It was the first day. The opening ceremony would be soon, and then the first class would be taught by the representative teacher.

No wonder Teacher Wang looked so excited at the front desk the whole time.

Huang Qiao Yi told Meng Ming that classes started at 8 AM sharp. In addition, the daily schedule of the school had certain routines.

Meng Ming was just about to ask how long each class was, but at that moment, a male student appeared to Huang Qiao Yi's right.

"Rou...tines?" He slowly said when he heard the two talking.

He used an extremely strange pronunciation, and a unique intonation. Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi felt it was weirdly out of sorts.

"Ah..." He dejectedly said, then pulled the chair out to sit on Huang Qiao Yi's right. He lightly stowed his backpack away, flicked the dust on the table, and slowly turned around. He then stared at Huang Qiao Yi with an incomparably sullen expression for a while.

"Such a beautiful girl is sitting next to me..." He then said as if reciting a poem, "Willowy eyebrows, gem-like eyes, cherry lips...like a yellow oriole on a branch, pure and ingenious. Yet also resembles a shy plant [1], fresh and supple. In this lovely morning, a beautiful lady routinely awakes and cleanses herself. That moment can only be described with a single sentence, a single movement is enough to scatter one's state of mind. Being able to sit next to this lady is really my humble self's good fortune...a good fortune..."

[tl: [1] = [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mimosa\\_pudica](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mimosa_pudica) ]

[ripper = i got this at home, totally awesome. ]

.....

What kind of person is this guy... [Meng Ming]

Is he practicing how to improvise and recite poems with "routine" as the topic. [Huang Qiao Yi]

Unable to stand the person's actions, Huang Qiao Yi scooted over to the left and whispered to Meng Ming, "Brother Meng Ming, this person is abnormal!"

Meng Ming's expectations for his new seat neighbor had been

completely shattered.

Huang Qiao Yi said this person was even worse than Lin Jing Xuan. If he continued to sit there, wouldn't the two of them have to accept this suffering the whole time? Meng Ming suggested, "We can go change seats."

They were prepared to look for new spots, but when they stood up to look around, they discovered that almost all of the seats in room 301 had been filled. The only one remaining was the frontmost seat. At this moment, an extremely gorgeous female classmate walked in and lightly pulled out the seat to sit down there.

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"There's no need for you two to stand up." The abnormal boy said with his eyes closed and recited, "Now, according to my humble view, the two of you can only settle here."

We're really out of luck...why did we encounter this kind of nutjob?  
Huang Qiao Yi thought to herself.

He hadn't finished yet, "Do you two think there is anything wrong with this place? This one just coincidentally discovered this beautiful lady, and then happened to see a vacant spot next to her. Thus, it was a chance upon a chance. Thus, this one thinks that it may be everyone's coincidental coincidence, an inevitable fate."

Thus, he started to introduce himself, "My last name is Shi, my first

name is Yun. May I inquire this lady's fragrant name? Oh, I almost forgot about the noble son next to this lady."

Shi Yun? What a vile name... "My last name is Huang..." Huang Qiao Yi randomly replied.

"Me, me? My last name is Zhu..."

"So it's Lady Huang and Sire Zhu, this one pays his respects..." He seemed to want to stand up and do something, but realized that everyone was now seated, and the classroom had gradually gone quiet. Thus, he didn't dare to do any other strange things, and could only continue his self introduction. "This one came from this junior high. Although I have not met with the two of you before, I have heard of Sire Zhu's sizeable fame amongst our year. Since you received full points on the entrance exam, many of the local students have already heard of you. The local students, aside from 10 some foreign faces, are all those that this one is acquainted with."

In other words, he knew a lot of the people in this class from junior high. Meng Ming thought: As expected, I'm already well known...

"Quite a few students want Sire Zhu to come out and teach them about academics. There are also some that have set Sire Zhu as their opponent..." Before he finished speaking, Teacher Wang pulled out a pointer and strongly hit it on the front desk, "Everyone has arrived! Perfect timing! We will hurry up and attend the opening ceremony now! After we return, it will be my stage...oh hohohohoh!"

This sentence saved Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi.

The bustling yet dull opening ceremony was something all the students had to attend. The principal stood on the stage with the teachers and used a fiery tone to deliver a boring rhetoric. This was the first time Meng Ming had followed such a large group and conformed with the norms of society. After the intense yet dry opening ceremony ended, they finally returned to Room 301 to continue receiving the frightening teacher's lectures.

Once the first year Class A students had returned to their seats, the class teacher stood on the front desk and made a pose that nobody had ever seen before.

The first class was now starting.

"Oh hohohoho!" She laughed strangely again. "First of all, let's get straight to the point!!"

She pulled out the teaching pointer again and fiercely hit the desk with it. A loud "Bang!" resounded through the room! Now, nobody dared to call her "crazy teacher".

Everyone watched as the class teacher suddenly changed persons and became an elegant and strict teacher.

"Now that you've entered senior high school, you must continue working hard, and double your efforts to get into the college you want!!" She said, "For the sake of the college entrance exam, for the sake of advancing schools, we must invest everything, and sacrifice everything!"

This was indeed the Chinese people's ideology. All the students were strongly pressed down from studies. Everyone diligently studied, and believed that learning was the only Way.

"I particularly love good students! Of course, if cheating students enter, then let them come. However...if I catch any of you cheating during a test, hehe..." She smiled furtively.

Regardless of student type, the whole class was so afraid of her imposing manner that even the color in their eyes faded. Even the Shi Yun next to Huang Qiao Yi didn't dare to loll his head around randomly.

Perhaps some students liked her especially because the stricter a teacher was, the better they'd be able to supervise the students in studies.

"However, as long as you all diligently study, you don't need to be afraid." Teacher Wang specifically looked at Meng Ming. Seeing that she was speaking straight to him, Meng Ming could only bitterly smile.

Teacher Wang waved her pointer around and began to introduce herself. "My last name is Wang, and you may call me Teacher Wang, or Miss Wang. If you really want to, you may also call me Your Highness Wang! ...Students that don't listen will be punished!" The pointer made another loud sound as it struck the desk.

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After hearing a bunch of Teacher Wang's arousing speeches related to learning and tests, the entire class was filled with enthusiasm. At the end of the first class, Teacher Wang said she would select a class cadre.

"What's a class cadre?" Meng Ming quietly asked Huang Qiao Yi.

Huang Qiao Yi told him that the class cadre was the class committee, but it was just a formality. Senior high schoolers all had to study, so there wasn't really anything assigned for the class cadre to do.

"Oh hohohoho!" Teacher Wang laughed proudly. "The class cadre will help me do tasks. The class doesn't need to choose, I'll just directly assign people myself. The ones that get chosen have to do the tasks properly! Otherwise, you'll be punished!"

"Academics Committee member, you...Literature & Arts Committee member, you. The one over there, you, yes, yes, you, Organization Committee member!" Teacher Wang continued to point to around 10 people, "—The aforementioned people, please stand so that everyone will know you!"

"Brother Meng Ming, don't you find something strange...?" Huang Qiao Yi whispered as the few committee members stood up.

"I also discovered it. This teacher definitely has ulterior motives..." Meng Ming replied.

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"Why are all the committee members male!!!"



## Quiz 11: I Want To Copy Homework (1/2)

Night at Lin Xian always gave people an incomparable feeling of comfort.

After the two people returned home from school on the first day, they put down their bags and let out a long sigh.

This was Meng Ming's first time attending school, and it felt new to him. Huang Qiao Yi asked him about his thoughts and he said, "It's not exactly interesting, but I feel like attending class is fascinating. Nobody talks during class, and it isn't lively at all. Only the teacher lectures, while the students all seem to be diligently recording something."

"Those are class notes." Huang Qiao Yi said. Writing down what the teacher says was a habit that all Chinese students had. "Since Brother Meng Ming doesn't understand the material, don't you find it boring?"

Because Meng Ming didn't know any basics, he didn't understand what the teacher said or wrote. He could only reply, "It's no big deal if it's boring. Little Qiao, we managed to get to know classmates on the first day."

That, that's just two people... Huang Qiao Yi was slightly bewildered. How had they managed to encounter such strange students in their class? What's stranger was that Meng Ming could accept their weirdness! She changed the subject, "It's quite hard on Brother Meng Ming, since everyone has mistaken you for an L-type."

Meng Ming helplessly flipped open his backpack and took out some textbooks that he didn't understand at all and said, "I don't know anything, so my cover will be blown in front of everyone sooner or later.."

Either way, it wasn't that big of a deal if people did find out. As long as he did well on tests, it'd be fine.

These past few days, new challenges had continued to pop up one after another, so Meng Ming had long since pushed the Philippines matter to a side.

Actually, Meng Ming believed that his family had the ability to resolve the issue. He had gradually thought it through—what he had to do was properly carry out his own matters and watch over himself. Worrying about the matters outside China would be meaningless.

After enjoying the night view of the street from the window for a moment, Meng Ming lowered his head again and picked up a blank homework book from his backpack. These had been distributed earlier.

"These are...?"

Huang Qiao Yi looked at it and said, "Homework books, used to write your homework in."

"Oh right." Meng Ming remembered that Huang Qiao Yi had told him before, "Write the homework and then hand the answers to the teacher tomorrow morning, right?"

"That's right. Today's homework in total is just these few..." Huang Qiao Yi said as she flipped open the textbook and pointed at the material that the teacher had assigned.

Meng Ming glanced at it. "Wa! Why is there so much!"

Huang Qiao Yi said that it was already quite little. "School just started today, so we haven't had many classes and the homework is just this bit. Later on, the homework load will continue to increase. When I was a third year in junior high, my homework was two, three times more than today's amount."

"Then, this homework..." Meng Ming flipped through the book and began to get a headache.

As expected, completing the homework was another problem that Meng Ming had to face.

"Don't worry, I knew this would happen ages ago." Huang Qiao Yi tossed the textbook and homework book on the table, then picked up a pencil and sat properly. "After I finish writing it, Brother Meng Ming can copy mine."

Meng Ming suddenly realized: since the teacher couldn't see it anyways, he could naturally copy the homework directly! He hurriedly asked, "Little Qiao, when will the homework be finished?"

"I'm pretty fast. Seven homeworks...will take two hours." Huang Qiao Yi said confidently. "I'll write one, then you copy it as I write the next."

The second morning, Meng Ming sat in the back row and watched as all the students' homeworks were collected by their respective representatives and handed to each teacher.

This was the first time Meng Ming had ever witnessed the scene of submitting homework, and he was completely astonished. He watched Lin Jing Xuan sitting in the front, and Shi Yun on the right, all hand in their homework. Huang Qiao Yi had told him that if they didn't complete homework, they'd normally be punished with even more. This immediately made Meng Ming think of the class teacher's motto—they must be punished!

He bitterly laughed, and was inwardly glad that he had finished it.

In short, Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi easily handed in their respective homeworks....

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"Ahahahaha! The one I want is that one!" Before school had let out, a male voice could be heard in a room near Lin Xian Central High. "Boss Ma Que gave me my victory again!"

"Damn you..." The person called Boss Ma Que tightly gripped a mahjong tile in his hand, and he slammed the table. With a fierce-looking face, he roared, "Let's go again!"

Hualala the tiles formed long walls once more. But unfortunately for

him, during the fifth round, Boss Ma Que handed over the tile needed for victory once more.

"I'm—not—playing—anymore!" He flipped the tidy tiles on the table, and angrily stood up, overturning the chair along the way as well. He yanked the door open and walked out, alarming the four at the neighboring table. Brother Ma Que's wasn't the same size as an average person, and it looked like he was extremely strong. Based on the shocked expressions of the other people playing there, it was clear that they were quite afraid of him.

After this uproar passed, the surrounding people erupted in discussion—

"Three Missing One Quartet\* is always causing trouble...."

"Ai, that Boss Ma Que's temper is really bad..."

Three Missing One Quartet referred to the name of the group that Boss Ma Que was part of. They didn't seem very old, and they wore Lin Xian Central High's uniform. However, they had quite a bit of influential power. Any residents that played mahjong against them would end up trembling in fear.

Another day of classes passed. After Lin Xian Central High let out, there were still a few teachers that remained in the teacher's offices. Two of them were currently going through the students' homework.

One of them was a new second year teacher that had just come this

semester. He was currently bewildered over the four homework books in his hand.

—How were these four homework books all excessively wrong; moreover, all identically wrong?!

He asked some students to call over these four second years.

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Not long after, four male students wearing messy uniforms strutted down the corridor and entered the office. They were clearly from the same group, and their postures when entering made the teacher jump in surprise.

The second year teacher looked at the homework books in his hand, then looked back at them. The crooked writing on these four homework books really seemed to be their style.

Without waiting for the teacher to speak, the leading student loudly spoke first—

“Teacher, if you have something to say, hurry up and say it! The mahjong session over there is still going on!”

“That’s right, our boss lost quite badly today.”

Mahjong session? The teacher stared blankly for a while before asking,

"You fellows are...?"

"Oh you're new, and don't recognize us?" The leader picked his nose and posed in horse stance as he said, "Well, it's not surprising, there have only been two days of classes. Brothers, let's introduce ourselves!"

The other three behind him came over and posed beautifully as they recited:

"We are the embodiment of Mahjong!"

"I'm Ma Que\*\*!" Boss Ma Que did some footwork, and seemingly danced as he pointed to himself.

"I'm Huang Que!" Huang Que followed Ma Que's actions.

"Bai Que!"

"Jinsi Que!"

"We are the fearless C-type students! We are the righteous Three Missing One Quartet that will definitely get into a top college together! We've never once lost in mahjong!" This was their team script.

Their final poses made all of the teachers in the office fall silent. It was impossible to tell whether they had been frightened, or if they had been so annoyed that they became dumb.

The four of them thought to themselves: Hehe, scared, aren't you. We're really too awesome.

The four second years were the Three Missing One Quartet had skipped class to play mahjong. Reportedly, they were bad C-types, and yet still declared that they'd get into a top college. Thus, the teachers couldn't be bothered to do anything with them. However, based on what they said, about mahjong and C-types—could it be that they relied on mahjong techniques to cheat?

Amidst the silence, the sound of footsteps could be heard coming from outside the door. It was Zhuge Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi. The two of them had entered the office together, and just happened to witness the scene.

Such ugly poses.

Never lost, does that mean they also cheat? Meng Ming thought to himself.

Three Missing One? They clearly have 4 people... [Huang Qiao Yi]

TL Notes:

\*The name 'Three Missing One Quartet' implies a quartet (4 people), but they only have 3 people, thus they are 'missing 1'. However, this in itself is a joke, because as Huang Qiao Yi points out at the end, "they clearly have 4 people". The origin of the name isn't ever explained, but it's highly likely that they're just idiots.



\*\*Ma Que is another way of saying Mahjong (in various dialects). In other words, it's a punny name they came up with themselves since they claim they're the "embodiment of mahjong", and he's the boss. Incidentally, Ma Que means 'sparrow', where 'que' normally refers to some type of bird. Thus, the other guys have colors in their names to indicate what type of 'bird' they are. Huang = Yellow, Bai = White, and Jinsi = Golden Thread.

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### Quiz 11: I Want To Copy Homework (2/2)

"Zhuge Meng Ming, Huang Qiao Yi!" A first year physics teacher that had also stayed behind in the office called their names.

When the two heard this, they immediately switched their gazes over from the Three Missing One Quartet.

For some unknown reason, the physics teacher had called Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi to the office just now. He was currently sitting there with a stern expression. Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi stood next to his table, unable to figure out what was going on.

The physics teacher threw two homework books on the table and said, "You two...why are your homeworks completely identical?!"

Their homeworks also had problems?!

Ah! Only then did Huang Qiao Yi suddenly realize that she had forgotten to remind Meng Ming to not copy the homework exactly!

Oh no...

"Completely identical?" Meng Ming asked.

"Yes, completely identical!"

Meng Ming thought about it for a bit and asked, "But, is there something wrong with the homeworks being completely identical?"

The physics teacher immediately choked.

Brother Meng Ming! Huang Qiao Yi wanted to stop him.

The physics teacher said, "Completely identical means there's definitely something wrong! It's clear that copying was involved!"

"But," Meng Ming said confidently. "Are any of the answers in our homeworks wrong?"

"Wu...!" The physics teacher choked again.

That's right! Huang Qiao Yi suddenly realized. As long as all my answers are right, the homeworks being completely identical is something extremely normal! Brother Meng Ming is so smart!

The physics teacher flipped through their homework books and rubbed his head, "That....well, they're both correct, not a single answer is wrong."

Hehe. Meng Ming had gotten away with it. He said, "Then if there's nothing wrong, we'll be leaving first..." Just as Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi were going to slip away, the teacher cried out, "Wait!"

Just then, the physics teacher had recalled what was wrong with their homework books. He slammed his hands on the table and pointed at the contradiction in the homework books for Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi to see, "Look closely. The problem lies not in your answers, but your answering processes!"

"Process?"

The two gathered around the homework books to look closer.

The physics teacher said, "Yes, the answers being all right isn't a problem. But the processes you two used...are exactly identical!"

The two homework books weren't just the same in terms of answers. Every page, every row, every word, the words' positions, and the even the space between the words were practically the same!

"Do you still dare to claim you didn't copy?!"

Ahhhhh! Meng Ming suddenly realized. Indeed, he hadn't thought

about it last night, and had just directly copied all of the answers, the format, and the details; he had pretty much copied it all without any deviation!

"Brother Meng Ming!" Huang Qiao Yi whispered. "How could you copy it so closely!"

"How was I supposed to know! I thought all the formats in the homework book were set."

Huang Qiao Yi shook him, "You can't, at least make sure there are some differences! If I make a mistake, what will happen? If I write a single word wrong, what will happen?"

"I, I copied it like that so there wouldn't be a mistake..." [Meng Ming]

Meng Ming didn't understand the concepts in the homework at all, and thought that just copying it all would be enough.

"Hurry up and tell me!" The physics teacher fiercely asked, "Between the two of you, who copied who?!"

The two fell silent.

"The copying situation is already very clear. Hurry up and confess!"

The office door was pushed open once more, and a girl with long hair stood there. Her face was flushed, and she was hugging books in her

arms as she quietly walked inside.

"...Teacher?"

"Be quiet!" The physics teacher was furious as he chided, "Can't you see I'm scolding others right now? Hurry up and confess you two, your homeworks..."

The girl that had walked in was shocked.

When she looked closely, she realized that the two standing in front of the physics teacher...were her classmates? She thought to herself: It's Zhuge Meng Ming and...Huang Qiao Yi. They, copied homework?

The physics teacher suddenly realized he had lost control and quickly turned to face the girl that had just walked in, "Ah, sorry." He then hurriedly stood up, and told Huang Qiao Yi and Meng Ming to wait a moment.

The teacher amiably smiled as he walked up to the girl and said, "It's Student Bai Jiu. What, school has already ended, do you still have some questions to ask me?"

The girl glanced at the other two, then lowered her head to open her book and began to earnestly ask questions about the class. This made the teacher completely ignore Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi.

"Little Qiao, should we seize this opportunity to sneak away?" [Meng Ming]

"No, they'll still find us tomorrow. We can't run from the school." [Huang Qiao Yi]

"Then when will he finish explaining?"

"It depends on how many questions that classmate asks and how hard they are."

Meng Ming glanced at the girl asking questions. Her figure was slim, her skin white and tender, her brows elegant, and her eyes were large and deep. She was currently talking to the teacher about the material she didn't understand while lightly balancing the book and leisurely flipping through the pages. Her long hair made her seem particularly elegant, even when she was simply flipping through a book. And that clear speaking voice of hers was pleasant to listen to. Although it wasn't resonant, it still left a deep impression on others.

Judging from her manner, she was an extremely introverted student. He remembered that on the first day of class, she had been the one that had sat in the very front.

"Brother Meng Ming, she seems to be called Bai Jiu? She's in our class." Huang Qiao Yi whispered. "The entrance exam list also had her name."

Meng Ming didn't reply.

"Brother Meng Ming?" Huang Qiao Yi turned to look at him.

She saw that Meng Ming was currently looking at the girl, seemingly in a daze, to the point where it felt like he wasn't even breathing.

Huang Qiao Yi hurriedly nudged him.

"Ah?!" Meng Ming returned to his senses.

"Brother Meng Ming, now isn't the time to be looking at pretty girls!" Huang Qiao Yi said. "Hurry up and say, what are we going to do later?"

"What to do..." Meng Ming was still immersed in the charm of watching Bai Jiu flipping through the book, and momentarily hadn't come out of his stupor yet, "I can just deny it."

"Brother Meng Ming deny it?" Huang Qiao Yi said. "Then, does that mean I have to say that I copied it?"

Making Huang Qiao Yi confess wasn't possible. She was originally an L-type.

"Brother Meng Ming, just confess..." Huang Qiao Yi said. "Even if you're punished, it will at most be something like copying the textbook."

.....

"For the moment, we'll stop there!" The physics teacher more or less finished explaining to Bai Jiu. "Bai Jiu, for the remaining questions, go to the library first and wait for me there. I'll go over and continue explaining

to you soon.”

Because the physics teacher still had the problem of Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi to deal with, Bai Jiu nodded. She closed her book, and looked over at the two of them.

Her expression seemed to have a hint of disdain. Just that hint made Meng Ming suddenly feel pained.

“Bai Jiu?” Seeing how she hadn’t left yet, the teacher asked her strangely, “Are you also interested in students that copy homework?”

Bai Jiu started and said hesitantly, “No...that’s not it...” She looked at everyone’s expressions and said as if she were afraid to say the wrong words, “I hate students that copy homework the most...”

These words viciously struck Meng Ming’s heart.

Seeing the few people cast stunned looks at her, she felt as if she hadn’t said it clearly. Thus, she flushed under everyone’s gazes and continued, “... Ah, students that cheat on exams are the worst...”

Bai Jiu hugged her book and turned around to walk towards the library.

Meng Ming stood there in the office, his heart in extreme agony.

“Brother Meng Ming, what’s wrong with you...” Huang Qiao Yi saw that Meng Ming looked as if he had suffered from endless attacks.



"She, she must think I'm a C-type...she hates C-types, doesn't she?!" Meng Ming held back tears as he whispered to Huang Qiao Yi.

"Probably not yet. She doesn't know who copied who."

Only then did Meng Ming realize the Bai Jiu's contempt was probably just a suspicion!

The physics teacher continued to yell, "You two, have you still not decided? ——Answer me, exactly who copied who?!"

Huang Qiao Yi secretly shouted at Meng Ming, "Brother Meng Ming, hurry up and confess."

"No, no way!" Meng Ming said. "If I confess, won't the whole school know I'm a C-type?! Then, that way, won't Bai Jiu also know?"

"So what?"

"She just said! She hates cheating students the most!"

Hearing this, Huang Qiao Yi's jaw dropped. She stood there blankly, thinking about who knew what, and didn't speak for a long time.

The physics teacher was losing patience, and he sat down and said, "You still won't confess? Then I'll just count both of as having copied."

"What do we do, Brother Meng Ming...."

"This is, the only way...!" In the moment of desperation, Meng Ming calmed down and thought of a method.

He straightened his body and stood in front of the physics teacher's office desk, "Teacher, neither of us..." He also slammed both hands on the desk, "Copied!"

When the teacher heard this, his mouth opened and uttered a few 'ah' sounds.

"If you don't believe me, we'll write them once more for you!" Meng Ming said to him, "We'll write them right under your eyes!"

"Hey..." Huang Qiao Yi hurriedly said in a soft voice, "Brother Meng Ming, you aren't serious, right? Rewriting it, can you even do that?"

Meng Ming's expression was resolute. He definitely wasn't joking!

"Eh, eh..." The teacher was frightened by Meng Ming's imposing manner.

"Brother Meng Ming!" Huang Qiao Yi hurriedly pulled Meng Ming back and softly said, "In doing so, you can't actually be...trying to hide from everyone that you're a C-type?"

"That's right. Otherwise I'll be hated!"

"Brother Meng Ming wants to pretend to be an L-type? If you are caught cheating, wouldn't it all be revealed..."

"Then," Meng Ming confidently told her, "As long as I'm not discovered, it'll be fine!"

In front of a beauty, a hero's spirit will instantly fire up. This time, Meng Ming was extremely determined!

"Teacher! We request for you to let us rewrite them!" Meng Ming said loudly. "Before, it was just a coincidence. If we can both solve the questions once more with different methods, then you must admit that we didn't copy!"

This was the first time the physics teacher had ever encountered such a request from a student, but he could only agree. He gave each of them a new book and said, "Then...Huang Qiao Yi, you go to the adjacent office to write, that room is unoccupied."

Huang Qiao Yi accepted the book and said goodbye to Meng Ming before turning around to go to the next office. She had no problem; after all, even if she was told to rewrite it several times, she'd still be able to do it.

"As for Zhuge Meng Ming, you should just obediently stay here and write it." The physics teacher said "However, I cannot supervise you at the moment. I must go to the library to help explain questions to Bai Jiu..."

He looked left and right; there were no longer any people left in the office. There was only the second year teacher sitting not too far away, who was still lecturing the four students in front of him.

Meng Ming thought to himself: Aren't those people the whatever quartet? Why are they still here?

The physics teacher walked over and talked with the second year teacher. Meng Ming overheard their conversation, and discovered that the four students had also been caught for copying homeworks, and yet wouldn't confess to it at all. Thus, they had dragged the matter on for this whole time with their teacher.

"Then how about this, everyone rewrite their homeworks once!" The teacher said. "You four, supervise him; Zhuge Meng Ming, you supervise these four!" The two teachers were about to leave the office. They had reached the agreement that the students would supervise each other.

"Hey, what if they decide to let each other off?" The physics teacher asked.

"How about this then; you four," the second year teacher said. "If you catch your underclassman cheating on their homeworks, I'll give you each an extra point on the midterm exam."

"Extra point?"

"Extra point?"

"Extra point?"

"Extra point?"

Hearing this, the eyes of all four people lit up. They began to drool as they looked hungrily at Meng Ming, completely forgetting about their mahjong session. Haha! We definitely, definitely must catch that person cheating on his homework....!!!

"Alright, you should all hurry up and start writing!"

Finally, the two teachers were able to leave the five people in the office by themselves without a worry. Meng Ming stood there with the homework book in hand as he stared at the Three Missing One Quartet... he had the feeling that those four were freaks.

The physics teacher said before he left, "Zhuge Meng Ming, after you finish writing your homework, bring it to the library. I'll wait for you there."

## Quiz 12: VS Three Missing One Quartet

Zhuge Meng Ming sat at the middle-most office desk. The current troublesome situation was that he'd have to think of a way to finish his homework under the close watches of the four people present!

He took out a pencil from the pen holder on the table and flipped the homework book open, pretending to do work.

Meng Ming obviously didn't know how to write the homework. However, he definitely couldn't allow, nor would he allow, the Three Missing One Quartet to know this.

The Three Missing One Quartet sat in different corners, also pretending to write their homework. In reality, the four of them had their eyes completely locked onto Meng Ming, as they continued to chant to themselves:

One point, one point, one point, one point...

This group of people...do they really want to catch me cheating on the homework that badly? They're clearly bad students, so why is one point so important?! Meng Ming felt extremely uncomfortable under the four stares. He quickly organized his thoughts—how would he complete this homework?

The physics teacher's desk was the frontmost one. There was a large pile of the students' homework books on top of it. Because school had just started 2 days ago, the whole class had only submitted one day's

worth of homework. Taking this into consideration, that set of homework books had to contain the answers that Meng Ming wanted!

Moreover, these homework books have all been corrected by the teacher. He must've marked whether or not the answers are correct. As long as I see their contents...I can copy a completely correct homework! Meng Ming analyzed.

That desk was 5, 6 meters away from Meng Ming.

Meng Ming began to think: How would he be able to safely retrieve those homework books and copy the homework without the four people noticing?

I remember that those 4 second years are C-types...well there isn't anyone else here anyways, so I might as well just ask. Meng Ming pretend to write homework as he casually asked them, "You guys are C-types?"

When the four heard this, they jumped up in unison and shouted, "You don't recognize us?!"

"We are people that all students in Lin Xian Central High know!"

Hah? Meng Ming hadn't expected their reaction to be so great. They must be the school's four famous nutjobs...

"You're a new student, right? Then watch closely!"

The four of them performed for Meng Ming the act they had shown the new teacher once more.

"We are the embodiment of Mahjong!"

"I'm Ma Que!" Boss Ma Que did some footwork, and seemingly danced as he pointed to himself.

"I'm Huang Que!" Everyone had their own unique movements.

"Bai Que!"

"Jinsi Que!"

"We are the terrifying C-type students! We are the universally righteous Three Missing One Quartet that will definitely get into a top college together! We are known by everyone and everything in Lin Xian Central High! We've never once lost in mahjong!"

Meng Ming lowered his head and simply looked engrossed in writing homework, "I have to finish this homework earlier and hand it to the teacher..."

"Boss Ma Que, he, he, he didn't look at us!" Huang Que said.

"He's got quite a bit of nerve for a first year brat!" Boss Ma Que angrily shouted. Just as they surrounded Meng Ming, he suddenly realized that



beating him up wasn't a good idea!

They almost forgot the homework in their own hands, and they began to exchange glances with each other.

"Boss Ma Que! Let's just wait until he cheats, capture him, and take a picture of it." [Jinsi Que]

"That's right. That way, we can each get an extra point. In addition, we can teach him a lesson." [Bai Que]

"Yea. We'll concentrate our attentions on him. He's bound to show his intentions." [Boss Ma Que]

"Hey, hey, brothers, think a bit further..." Huang Que suddenly reminded them, "What if we don't catch him?"

Meng Ming's acting was quite realistic. His pencil had been writing in the homework book this whole time. Actually, he'd already thought of an idea, a method to grab the homework books in front of him! —As expected, those four guys are idiots. As long as they realize the "truth" that I have created, I can properly use them to my advantage.

.....

"Huang Que, what do you mean?" Boss Ma Que asked, "Are our eyesights not enough?"

“With the combination of all eight eyes together, we’ll definitely see it!”

Huang Que said, “In any case...we have to consider another possibility. That is—if he’s an L-type!”

The four of them suddenly came to a realization after Huang Que’s reminder.

Meng Ming saw their faces change color and he thought to himself: They finally noticed. He was still immersed in writing, and his act was extremely believable.

Three Missing One Quartet all concentrated their stares on Meng Ming; Meng Ming was also on guard against the Three Missing One Quartet.

Regardless of using Cheating Techniques or just cheating, the first battle was a mental one! Meng Ming remained calm and collected; in this respect, he was already much stronger than these people.

The quartet that was currently staring at Meng Ming had already begun to sweat profusely.

“Boss Ma Que, he, he, is he really an L-type?”

“It looks like it, he’s been writing this whole time...”

“Crap! If he’s an L-type, then doesn’t that mean we won’t get our extra point?!”

The four people were terrified.

That was a point! To a student, it was an extremely important point.

Meng Ming was still diligently writing. He thought that as long as the four continued to wildly guess, he'd be able to easily obtain the homework books!

The Three Missing One Quartet grew more and more anxious. They were trying to think of ways—no matter what, they had to catch this first year cheating on his homework!

"Since he's an L-type, then we'll do this!" Huang Que said.

He shot a meaningful glance at the others to indicate that they would counterattack. The final decision was that the four people would use their flawlessly combined skills!

The Three Missing One Quartet began to smile darkly.

The plan would start now. At this moment, Bai Que walked up to the physics teacher's desk, and took a first year's physics homework book. He then ran back to Meng Ming's desk.

As expected, it came! Meng Ming laughed to himself, prepared to respond at any moment.

On the other side, the other three had gathered together, preparing a camera. They wanted to wait for the moment Bai Que opened the book used as evidence of crime and placed it on Meng Ming's desk. Then they'd immediately snap a picture of the scene!

It turned out that the Three Missing One Quartet wanted to frame Meng Ming!

They're a hundred years too early to try to trick me. Meng Ming had long since anticipated their plans. This was actually one of Meng Ming's acts! That simple plan of theirs has already pretty much been used by me.

Just as Bai Que was about to open the incriminating homework book, Meng Ming beat him by a step!

Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Secret Exchange.

In that moment, the homework book in Bai Que's hand disappeared!

With a katcha, the camera snapped a shot. However, the picture hadn't captured Meng Ming copying homework, nor had it even captured the incriminating book.

Bai Que stood there, stunned, as he said that the book in his hand had vanished.

"Bai Que, what are you doing?!" Boss Ma Que angrily asked.

"But I...." Bai Que innocently said, "I was clearly just...."

"It's too late for you guys!" Meng Ming immediately used his next move, "Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Brilliant Blossom!"

In a flash, the incriminating homework book appeared in Meng Ming's hand, and he placed it open on the table! Meng Ming picked up his pen.

"He's going to copy now?!" Seeing this, Bai Que immediately raised his head and said to his companions, "Oi, hurry up and take a picture!"

"Unfortunately for you guys, I didn't let you bring me the homework books to copy them." Meng Ming held up the large pile of books on the desk, and before the Three Missing One Quartet had pressed the shutter of the camera, he tossed the books at them. Rustling sounds filled the air as the books fell through the air, obstructing their view of the table! Meng Ming made it so they couldn't clearly see this area, and wouldn't be able to take the picture!

When the books all fell to the ground, Three Missing One Quartet saw that there was a figure at the desk, currently holding a pen and with an open homework book in front of him!

Boss Ma Que loudly commanded, "Hurry up and take a picture!"

There was another katcha as the shutter was pressed.

“Oi! Don’t take a picture!” Bai Que shouted.

The one sitting at the desk was Bai Que. Just now, he alone had been pulled into a copying homework pose by Meng Ming, who had hid off to one side!

Three Missing One Quartet was extremely shocked. At that moment, the photo had already developed. Just as they were going to destroy it, Meng Ming charged out of from the darkness, and used the Secret Exchange skill to obtain the photo!

“The evidence is in my hands.” Meng Ming said. He looked at the photo, and even “generously” showed it to the quartet.

It was clearly incriminating evidence of Bai Que “copying homework”.

Meng Ming had used some of his skills in succession, and in two moves, had easily dealt with them.

“Hey, hurry up and give that back.” Boss Ma Que shouted.

“If you want it, come and get it.” Meng Ming laughed, waving the evidence in his hand.

Boss Ma Que walked over, “You dare to oppose us, the Three Missing One Quartet! Do you wish to be kicked out from Lin Xian?!”

He reached his hand out, wanting to grab the photo. However, the

photo disappeared from Meng Ming's hand once more.

Meng Ming thought to himself: These fellows are too weak, aren't they....could they really become C-types? I wonder how in the world they've gotten this far... He widened his eyes innocently and said, "If you continue to be so aggressive, I'll go give this photo to the teacher~"

"Despicable." Boss Ma Que grew mad, "Everyone, charge at him together and get that photo back!"

The four people surrounded Meng Ming.

"Aiya, do you really want that photo..." Meng Ming made a begrudging expression, and fished out the photo. He flashed it in front of them, "Here."

Boss Ma Que had just stretched out his hand.

Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Water Splitting Blade Draw!

With a shua, Boss Ma Que grabbed the photo. At the same time, Meng Ming steadily walked back to the desk to pick up the two homework books, and started to copy the homework. The four people gathered together to look at the photo—and discovered that it was the white bottom layer of the photo!

The layer with the image had been ripped apart by Meng Ming, and was still in his hand.

The Three Missing One Quartet had been completely made fools of.

They glared at Meng Ming, their moods growing worse.

The "one point" was probably impossible to gain anymore. Instead, Meng Ming held incriminating evidence of them.

After some careful discussion, Boss Ma Que stood in front with the other three behind him, and they began to walk towards Meng Ming.

"We don't want to act in the office," Ma Que said, "Let's duel later."

He challenged Meng Ming.

Firstly, he requested Meng Ming to not hand over the picture to the teacher. As exchange, Three Missing One Quartet would let Meng Ming finish copying the homework. Meng Ming agreed to this point.

Afterwards, Boss Ma Que suggested the true issue, the duel. Meng Ming was surprised and lifted his head to ask, "Duel?"

"That's right, a duel! A standard duel!" Boss Ma Que said. "We have a secret mahjong room on the first floor of the school. After we finish copying homework, all of us should play mahjong! You must put down stakes!"

Play mahjong?



“Alright...” It looked like this suggestion had gotten Meng Ming to play right into their hands.

## Quiz 13: Library Goddess (1/2)

The Three Missing One Quartet had never lost in mahjong before. All the people that had played with them before knew that they worked together to win thousands of victories. Meng Ming had long since anticipated this situation, and so he sat in front of the mahjong table and played with them. Meng Ming gave up the first two rounds so that he could see through their cheating techniques. Once he had completely analyzed their skills, he won the following games one after another! The last two rounds were especially overwhelming, scaring the Three Missing One Quartet off their seats as they collapsed unmovingly onto the ground.

Meng Ming slowly stood up from his seat, picked up his homework book, and said, "Then, I'll go hand in my homework?" He had seized an overwhelming victory, and was intending to leave now.

Meng Ming had managed to win over the Three Missing One Quartet's combination cheating, which was claimed to be undefeatable. That meant Meng Ming had used a Cheating Technique 100x more powerful.

But since the moment he won, the Three Missing One Quartet had this nagging feeling of discomfort. They knew the Meng Ming had definitely cheated, but they couldn't catch it. Their own combinations had been completely seen through by him, leaving a distasteful feeling in their hearts.

"Hey, wait, wait up!" Boss Ma Que shouted. He angrily stood up and said, "You, just now, you actually cheated, didn't you!"

"Ah?" Meng Ming feigned confusion, "What cheating?"

Seeing that Meng Ming refused to confess, Boss Ma Que's hands tightly clenched into fists as he seemed to have some type of internal battle over something.

Aside from him, no other member of the quartet spoke. They simply stared at the tiles on the mahjong table, as they thought that playing such tiles was completely impossible! Boss Ma Que finally began to show his power. His expression became taut as he slammed a fist on the table, messing up the mahjong game.

"Hmph...no one from Lin Xian has ever defeated our quartet before! He walked up to Meng Ming with his brows furrowed, his eyes shut.

Meng Ming bitterly smiled, and couldn't help but retreat 2 steps—

It's been a while since I trained...if he suddenly fights me, I'm not sure if I'll be able to beat them.

But to his surprise, Boss Ma Que lowered his head and knelt down on one knee. He said to Meng Ming:

"I beg of you! Please take us as your disciples!"

The other three brothers followed their boss and did the same actions.

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"Master, if you don't take us in, we won't let the matter drop!"

The four of them raised their heads, only to see that Meng Ming had long since slipped out.

"Master! Where's Master?" They grew anxious, immediately getting up to look for him. They suddenly discovered Meng Ming's escaping figure outside the window. The Three Missing One Quartet quickly chased after him, shouting for Meng Ming to take them as his disciples.

As if I'd want to! Completely ignoring these people, Meng Ming grasped his homework book tightly as he ran towards the library.

"Master! You must accept us as your disciples today!"

"Teach us a few moves!"

They seemed like rabbits as they chased after Meng Ming, reluctant to give up on their hot pursuit.

"You guys go play among yourselves! Even if I accepted disciples, I wouldn't take people like you!" Meng Ming scowled.

The sky had already gotten dark. There weren't really any people on campus anymore. Meng Ming's running sounds were extremely audible,

making it impossible for him to hide from the four chasing after him. He ran until he turned into a dark corner, when a brilliant idea popped up in his mind. This is the only way....Zhuge Cheating Technique—He ripped out the last few blank pages of his homework book—Water Splitting Blade Draw!

He used Water Splitting Blade Draw multiple times and used the Zhuge Style's secretly passed down folding technique. In an instant, he was able to create an extremely large piece of paper!

He stopped and leaned against a wall, using the paper to cover himself up. He watched as the Three Missing One Quartet sped past him, shouting for "Master".

Meng Ming let out the breath he had been holding. Even such a crude method was able to trick that group of idiots...when he heard Three Missing One Quartet's footsteps run further off into the distance, Meng Ming threw off the piece of paper. He surveyed the path to check if the coast was clear, and silently headed towards the library.

Not a sound could be heard in Lin Xian Central High at night. The lights in the classrooms had gone out ages ago. At this time, students were typically at home, writing their homework and self-studying. Only the library still had lights on.

Meng Ming arrived at the library entrance, and saw a sliver of light coming from the door. He found it quite strange that the physics teacher hadn't gone home yet.

This was the first time in his life that Meng Ming had ever gone to the

library. However, even he knew that the school library was a place where students and teachers borrowed books to read.

It was still open even this late. This made Meng Ming feel a bit more admiration for China's attitude towards studying.

Meng Ming pushed the door open. The room was entirely quiet. He quietly walked in to look around.

This was the first time he'd ever seen so many books. Numerous bookshelves stood in the room, with all the books neatly organized on them. It was extremely orderly and tidy. However, all the seats were empty; any figures of students or teachers had long since disappeared. But when he listened closely, he seemed to be able to hear the sound of pages being flipped from somewhere.

Meng Ming found it. A girl wearing the Lin Xian Central High's girl's uniform sat at one of the reading tables. She was currently pressing a book down as she flipped through it, writing something down at the same time.

Only one person? Meng Ming looked closer. He seemed to have seen this girl's face not very long ago!

She is...?!

Sensing that someone had entered, the girl raised her head.

She also jumped in shock from seeing Meng Ming.

The two stared at each other for a long time without saying a word.

"Please, please enter!" She suddenly said in a rushed tone.

Meng Ming walked up to her, and thought: It's her, it's really her! This classmate is from my class...her name is Bai Jiu...! When he saw that there was nobody else in the reading room, he walked over nervously and asked, "Um, where is the physics teacher? I came to hand in my homework..."

Bai Jiu seemed to be even more nervous than he was. She lowered her head and quietly said in an embarrassed voice, "Actually, truth be told... I...the physics teacher said, if classmate Zhuge Meng Ming and classmate Huang Qiao Yi came to hand in their homework, I am supposed to help check them..."

She inwardly sighed in relief: As expected, he came to hand in the homework. That means...classmate Zhuge Meng Ming actually, really didn't copy the homework...

"Does that mean you recognize me?" Meng Ming asked.

"Yes...that's right!" Bai Jiu then said with some difficulty, "...I've always extremely admired your grades!"

Her attitude and actions made Meng Ming's heart race uncontrollably. Meng Ming hurriedly passed the homework book to Bai Jiu, thinking that he had to make her believe that he hadn't copied! Even more importantly,

she couldn't find out that he was a C-type!

Bai Jiu flipped open Meng Ming's homework book and began to examine it closely.

The answers that Meng Ming had copied were the correct answers, so he was relaxed as he silently waited for her to finish.

Not long after, Bai Jiu returned the book with a nod, saying that it was correct. Although he had planned for this result, Meng Ming still sighed in relief.

The "misunderstanding" was cleared.





Bai Jiu unexpectedly asked him, "But, classmate Zhuge Meng Ming, what happened to the last few pages of the homework book..."

Meng Ming thought back to his hiding from the Three Missing One Quartet's hot pursuit just now, and how he had ripped the pages out. "I, used them..."

Bai Jiu asked in confusion, "Even if you use them, you should still keep them in the book..."

"Eh, it doesn't matter, right?"

"No..." Bai Jiu lowered her head and caressed the book as she earnestly said to Meng Ming, "Books are a student's friends. They definitely cannot be ripped apart..."

She then picked up the teaching materials and the library books, as well as her own books. Each one was neat, and well-protected, to the point where they still looked brand new.

"Classmate Bai Jiu, you..." Meng Ming stared at the large pile of books in shock, "You like reading that much?!"

Bai Jiu hurriedly shook her head and explained, "No, no, I'm sure I can't compare to classmate Zhuge Meng Ming...! Your grades are so excellent...I'm sure you've read many more books than I have. The teacher asking me to look over your homework is really overpraising me..."

However, Meng Ming had never read any books...he came to the conclusion: It turns out that L-types' grades are somewhat related to how many books they read...?

Bai Jiu suddenly asked, "Classmate Zhuge Meng Ming, what books do you typically enjoy reading?"

This question was like a sudden thunderclap in a clear sky.

"Eh, I, I..." Meng Ming was suddenly speechless.

He obviously hadn't read any books before. However, if Meng Ming admitted this, wouldn't that just be exposing his own secret?!

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### Quiz 13: Library Goddess (2/2)

At that moment, the Three Missing One Quartet had long since lost Meng Ming's tracks, and they were currently pacing back and forth in the corridor.

"Boss Ma Que, where did Master go?"

Boss Ma Que grumbled, "Weird, how did the sound of Master's footsteps suddenly disappear?! Such a headache. He has to accept us as his disciples today!"

Huang Que suddenly said, "Didn't Master say he needed to hand his homework in at the library? He must be there!"

"That's right!"

The Three Missing One Quartet suddenly realized, and immediately flew towards the library.

"I, I read..." Meng Ming was racking his brains as he sat in front of Bai

Jiu. He was fervently hoping that he could recall a book he had read, or even heard of before. "Right, that's right!" He suddenly remembered—There seems to be a title that has a "Three" and starts with "Romance", a book that talks about the history of wars.

He said, "The book I read is Three..."

"Three? Three what?" Bai Jiu asked.

Three, Three...Romance something...Three Trigrams? Three Rules...? Suddenly, the word that the teacher had repeated most often in class appeared in Meng Ming's mind, and he finally said:

"Yea, the—<Romance of the Three Failures>!"

Bai Jiu's heart skipped a beat. She hadn't even heard of this book before, let alone read it. She immediately felt a deep veneration for Meng Ming. "I don't know this book. Classmate Zhuge Meng Ming, what's it about...?"

"Ah? You don't know?" Meng Ming was shocked. The book he recalled seemed to have been quite famous.

Could that mean he had remembered it wrongly?

But since he had already said it, Meng Ming could only force himself to continue, "The content is about a few countries that fought each other and annexed some other countries, but were annexed by others as well. However, although these wars seemed to just be some battles and

invasions on the outside, they were actually the result of some generals secretly going against each other from behind. It all depended on who was better at planning, cheating...”

Outside the library, the Three Missing One Quartet was currently prepared to stride into the library. However, they were suddenly stopped by a girl at the entrance.

“Shhhh——!!” The girl was secretly hiding outside the door to eavesdrop, and she made the four people be quiet.

“Inside, inside...” She said in a soft voice, “Brother Meng Ming is talking with a female classmate!”

“Ah?” The Three Missing One Quartet was flabbergasted.

“Don’t interrupt!”

Huang Qiao Yi actually said this not to avoid interrupting them, but because she found it very interesting, and wanted to eavesdrop in secret. She wanted to see exactly what kind of show Brother Meng Ming would put on for Bai Jiu. Brother Meng Ming, that’s <Romance of the Three Kingdoms>...

Hearing Huang Qiao Yi’s command, the Three Missing One Quartet also shut up and began to listen in from behind the door.

Meng Ming had managed to finish his explanation of <Romance of the Three Failures> in only two sentences. What was he supposed to do now?

He could only start telling his own stories about formidable figures, ones that his father had always told him since he was young, stories about Zhuge Liang. He added these details to his narration to elaborate his impromptu performance.

Planning formations, mutual deception, integrating the Thirty-Six Stratagems in battle, these were all situations that constantly changed, just like in a casino.

As he continued to bullshit his way though, Bai Jiu became fascinated with his story. She had gotten completely absorbed by his tales. She had never imagined that so many interesting things could happen behind a war, undetected!

"I must find this book...!" Bai Jiu hurriedly stood up after hearing Meng Ming's explanation, and quickly looked through the library's digital database. However, she was obviously unable to find it. She turned around and asked Meng Ming, "Is this <Romance of the Three Failures> really hard to find?"

"No way?!" Meng Ming wiped some cold sweat off his brow and replied, "It should be commonly found anywhere..."

Huang Qiao Yi couldn't hold back her laughter from outside the door. Brother Meng Ming was really working hard at pretending to be an L-type! And when the Three Missing One Quartet heard the story, they were even more engrossed in it than Bai Jiu was, and they currently stood there in a daze, waiting for it to continue.

Bai Jiu said to Meng Ming, "But the school's library doesn't have it...it

must be an extremely profound book.” Her admiration for Meng Ming increased. “Classmate Zhuge Meng Ming actually reads such amazing books.”

“No, actually...” Meng Ming wasn’t quite sure either. Was it him who had been mistaken, or was he actually amazing?

Huang Qiao Yi had already collapsed onto her knees in laughter outside.

“Who?!” Meng Ming seemed to have sensed there were people outside the door.

Huang Qiao Yi hurriedly covered her mouth.

Bai Jiu said to Meng Ming, “Well, it looks like I have no other choice. If I ever see the book, I’ll buy it. As an exchange, I’ll also recommend a book for classmate Zhuge Meng Ming to read. How about it?”

“Eh, recommend a book to me?”

Bai Jiu walked up to the table and picked up one of the books from the pile. This was a novel she had borrowed from the library called <The Tent Under the Neon Light>.

It was precisely this book that she had been so immersed in earlier. That’s why she really wanted Meng Ming to read it as well.

She handed the book over to Meng Ming and roughly summarized it.

But after hearing the summary, Meng Ming still didn't have any desire to read it. In addition, he had never really read books before. If he read it but still didn't understand its content afterwards, what would he say if Bai Jiu asked him something related to it....

But Bai Jiu had already passed it to him, so Meng Ming could only accept it and smile, "Thank you, I'll definitely read it. After I finish, do I just return it to the library?" When he held the book, he could still feel the remains of the warmth from Bai Jiu's hands.

Bai Jiu hadn't imagined that Meng Ming would accept her recommendation, and she was beyond happy. "Yes, that's right."

It was already quite late. Bai Jiu began to pack up her things to go home. The large pile of books on the desk were stowed into her backpack, one by one.

Meng Ming asked, "Classmate Bai Jiu, were you studying just now?"

"Yes." She added, "I was studying today's class material to prepare for tomorrow's...and I was reading some other books while resting."

She was so hardworking that Meng Ming felt extreme admiration towards her.

Bai Jiu suddenly asked, "Classmate Zhuge Meng Ming, how long do you spend studying every day?"



Meng Ming was beginning to feel his head spin. He wondered why all she spoke about were reading and studying—"I don't spend time studying." Meng Ming accidentally spilt out.

"AH?!" Bai Jiu was shocked, and her hand currently holding a book froze in midair.

Seeing Bai Jiu's reaction, Meng Ming was taken aback.

Damn, I misspoke! If I'm pretending to be an L-type, then, then I can't not spend time on studying! Seeing Bai Jiu's astonished expression, Meng Ming was flustered as he flailed around, wondering how exactly he should go about justifying this...

But Bai Jiu's expression had changed to one of further respect. "Classmate Zhuge Meng Ming...is really awesome! You don't spend any time, yet you get such good grades!"

"Ah?" Meng Ming hadn't thought that she'd continue misunderstanding like this.

Huang Qiao Yi had been pacing back and forth outside the door. She couldn't endure any longer, and so she burst into the library.

The sound of her footsteps made both Meng Ming and Bai Jiu turn to look.

Huang Qiao Yi struggled to hold back her urge to laugh, and handed over her completed homework book to Bai Jiu.

Only then did Bai Jiu realize that she hadn't yet looked over Huang Qiao Yi's homework, yet she had almost left by accident.

Meng Ming had thought Huang Qiao Yi had finished her homework and gone home first. "Little Qiao, why were you so slow?"

Huang Qiao Yi could only say that she had been waiting for Meng Ming so that they could go home together. Meng Ming suspected that she had been eavesdropping outside the whole time, but Huang Qiao Yi covered his mouth and said, "Anyways, Brother Meng Ming and I will go home now!"

After Bai Jiu had finished looking over the homework and returned it to Huang Qiao Yi, Huang Qiao Yi dragged Meng Ming outside. She didn't even dare to look at Bai Jiu——she only wanted to leave her behind, and hurry up and tell Brother Meng Ming to stop bragging with such ridiculous words.

"But..." Meng Ming turned around. Although Huang Qiao Yi's appearance had saved him from his inability to continue speaking, he still didn't want to just abandon Bai Jiu like that. They hadn't finished speaking....

"Master!!" The Three Missing One Quartet suddenly burst in. Meng Ming was shocked; so those people were outside as well?!

“Take us in as your disciples!!”

Meng Ming hurriedly slipped back into the library.

“Bang! Dong! Ka!”

In the late evening within the library room, the scene of a great chasing battle including four people trailing one person unfolded once more.

Bai Jiu and Huang Qiao Yi couldn't understand what exactly had happened between these five.

“Hey, Brother Meng Ming?” Huang Qiao Yi looked around, but could only see a ton of dust flying through the air as she heard the chaotic jumble of footsteps. The four people were circling around in close pursuit as Meng Ming nimbly evaded them.

Bai Jiu knew that running around the library like this wasn't very friendly to the books. However, she already had an extreme respect for Meng Ming, and earnestly thought, “Classmate Zhuge Meng Ming must have a reason for doing this...but what is it?”

What, what exactly are they doing... Huang Qiao Yi was baffled. She helplessly called out to Bai Jiu, “Forget it. Classmate Bai Jiu?”

“Ah?”

Huang Qiao Yi walked over with her backpack, “Let's just go home first.

Ignore those five weirdos." She began to walk away.

Bai Jiu could only put on her backpack as well.

"....." At the entrance, she turned around to give the library one final glance, as if she was reluctant to leave. But she then smiled, and slowly walked out.

## Quiz 14: Disturbance in the Cafeteria

It was lunchtime at Lin Xian Central High. The broadcast in the cafeteria was currently playing an English class, as it normally did.

Huang Qiao Yi sat at a table, eating as she asked Meng Ming across from her whether or not he had gotten used to China's food yet.

Meng Ming said that he had. It had been a few days since school had started, and he had already eaten a few meals at the cafeteria. "So many people gathering in one area to eat is so lively, it feels pretty awesome!"

"But, where's Lin Jing Xuan...? Why is he so slow."

Their classmate, Lin Jing Xuan, finally got his food from the window, and sat together with them. Meng Ming moved over to give him space and loudly said, "You're way too slow. Does choosing a few dishes take that long?"

The three had originally planned on eating together, but Lin Jing Xuan had spent forever choosing his meal.

"....." Lin Jing Xuan was currently chewing something in his mouth, and it sounded like a chant. He simply stared blankly ahead and didn't reply.

Huang Qiao Yi wondered if he had even given thanks before the meal.

"Lin Jing Xuan!" Meng Ming shouted to break his thoughts.

“Wa...!” Lin Jing Xuan returned to his senses and said, “Classmate Meng Ming, don’t interrupt me from listening to the English.”

“English....?”

“Yes, the broadcast!” Lin Jing Xuan’s concentration had been broken, so he could no longer follow the broadcast. Thus, he gave up on it and said, “The broadcast uses English text. I want to listen closely and read along with it.”

“You’re too studious.” Huang Qiao Yi said.

Meng Ming nodded in agreement.

They were clearly eating right now, why must he listen to English—didn’t it spoil his appetite?

It was said that there was an author that had a mother who played an English broadcast every day during breakfast when she was young. This caused her to feel like throwing up every time she even saw breakfast, even up until now.

“I need to use my time well. If I don’t study, I’ll fall behind!” Lin Jing Xuan waved his wooden chopsticks and pointed around the cafeteria, “Look!”

Following Lin Jing Xuan’s gestures, the two of them looked around at

the tables.

All the students in the cafeteria were currently memorizing books as they ate. Some weren't even eating their food as they crammed, while others were swallowing their food in single gulps in attempt to economize their time. Almost every student was using lunchtime to study!

"So amazing..." Meng Ming's eyes were wide as he sighed.

"Carrying books on you everywhere is a must. Once one falls behind, it's extremely hard to catch up!" Lin Jing Xuan said, then pulled out many small books from his bag and dumped them all on the table with a whoosh. "Look, this is all the vocabulary that I've needed to memorize recently."

There were more booklets than food on the table.

Huang Qiao Yi felt that one had to properly eat during mealtimes. She said, "Thinking of other things while eating is bad for digestion."

"You two stand out from the masses, the both of you are more lax in your studies. We hardworking L-types will definitely find some other way to keep up with our nutrition!" Lin Jing Xuan said earnestly. This time, he pointed at the ordering window.

When they looked over, they saw a boy and a girl currently arguing.

—"Oi! I came first, so the last heap should be mine!"

—“This one has higher nutritional value, so it’s very precious! Just give it to me!”

Meng Ming felt that this was pretty ridiculous. Going hysterical for the sake of some meal was really unfathomable.

“Moreover, look at the side dishes on the tables.” Lin Jing Xuan pointed to other students’ dishes. “The meals are compatible with each other. They’ve all been meticulously planned out in order to allow more blood to travel to our brains and give us more nutrition! This is something that absolutely no student overlooks!”

“But....” Meng Ming looked around, and finally discovered a glasses-wearing girl not too far away, “What about her?”

She wasn’t even eating rice, and was currently chewing some bread.

“That, that....” Lin Jing Xian explained, “That’s a special case! Maybe her bread is some super nutritional bread?!”

.....

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi couldn’t hold back their laughter, “You’re too ridiculous, isn’t it just eating a meal....!”

As the two laughed, they suddenly heard a delicate, feminine cry from Meng Ming’s left.



The three turned around and saw that it was their classmate, Bai Jiu. She was currently standing next to Meng Ming with a plate in hand, in a state of shock.

When Huang Qiao Yi asked her what happened, Bai Jin finally noticed that her classmates were sitting at the table next to her. She was a bit too embarrassed to answer, leading the three of them to stare at her in confusion. They hadn't realized that Bai Jiu would actually be extremely afraid of having so many people's eyes on her.

This made Bai Jiu even more embarrassed. She didn't speak, as she was embarrassed that saying it would make her lose face. The atmosphere instantly became awkward.

Finally, she concentrated her attention with great effort and gathered her courage to say, "I, just now when I was walking back from ordering food, the vermicelli in my plate disappeared..."

"Disappeared?!" Meng Ming's brows furrowed.

Actually, he had felt something strange just now. After hearing Bai Jiu's words, he realized what it was.

The distinctive feeling just now was—a murderous aura.

"Did it fall off en route?" Huang Qiao Yi asked curiously.

But when they looked back, the floor was still sparkling clean. There wasn't even single a grain of rice.

No! It definitely wasn't dropped... Meng Ming thought: That feeling just now...right, the vermicelli was definitely stolen!

Bai Jiu had an extremely crestfallen expression; it looked like she really enjoyed eating vermicelli. Meng Ming glanced at the vermicelli in his own plate, and a brilliant idea suddenly popped up in his mind. He raised his chopsticks in his left hand. Alright, Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Secret Exchange!

"Classmate Bai Jiu?" Meng Ming said. "Look closer. Are you sure you didn't just overlook the vermicelli?"

"No, no way..." Bai Jiu didn't believe that she could possibly overlook such a thing. But when she glanced back at her plate, "Ha? How...!"

The plate's vermicelli had returned.

"As expected, you overlooked it!"

Huang Qiao Yi smiled as she invited Bai Jiu to sit with them to eat. At that moment, another wave of murderous aura flooded towards the vermicelli.

It's coming....! Meng Ming calmly sensed the location of the murderous aura.

His left hand quickly reached his wooden chopsticks out to clamp down on that murderous aura as firmly as possible!

With a bang, his chopsticks caught another pair from behind him.

As expected, the student behind Meng Ming was trying to steal the food of anyone that passed by!

"You fell for it." Meng Ming's chopsticks firmly held on as he whispered without even turning around: "My vermicelli wasn't given away for her to eat, but to use it as bait to lure you in."

"Hmph." The food thief behind Meng Ming also didn't turn around and replied, "Your hands are quite fast. But can you defeat me?"

The food thief retracted his right hand, as well as his chopsticks, and prepared to steal food from the next person passing by!

Screech, Bang, Bang. A few soft sounds rang out as Meng Ming used his chopsticks to block all of the thief's attempts to steal. The two of them were extremely fast, their hands invisible. In a mere moment, the two had exchanged blows many times without the other students knowing!

"Don't you find it shameful to be stealing other people's food." [Meng Ming]

"Hmph, food is extremely important to a student. What is face? If there

isn't enough to eat, the brain can't keep up." [Food thief]

"Aren't you afraid of affecting other students' brains?"

"None of your business!"

The two quickly resumed their chopstick war as they fought with their hands beneath the table.

"Brother Meng Ming? Why aren't you eating?" Huang Qiao Yi realized that Meng Ming was acting abnormally.

"Ah, I, I'm eating!" Meng Ming said.

Huang Qiao Yi saw that the food in front of Meng Ming hadn't even been touched. Meng Ming smoothly said, "Um, the food, the food is too hot. I'll eat it in a bit."

During that moment they spoke, Meng Ming was careless!

Shua, the food thief managed to steal a piece of meat from another student passing by.

"Bastard, I didn't have time to react!" [Meng Ming]

"Ha, you're still lacking if you want to fight over food with me." [Food thief]

As expected, this student was a habitual criminal accustomed to stealing food!

Meng Ming thought that if he was using his right hand, he definitely wouldn't lose. In addition, he had just returned to China, so he wasn't 100% familiar with chopsticks yet.

What do I do...chopsticks are straight, so I can't firmly hold onto his. If it continues on like this, I can't possibly stop him, Meng Ming analyzed. Then, let's see what happens if I destroy his chopsticks!

Meng Ming raised his chopsticks and fiercely swiped them across the table: Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—

The ends of Meng Ming's chopsticks instantly began to burn.

Just as the thief behind him was about to attack another student, Meng Ming caught him with his flaming chopsticks. The two pairs of chopsticks were firmly deadlocked.

"Hmph, you're still trying to fight me?!" [Food thief]

"This time is different." Meng Ming hinted for him to look at the chopsticks.

The food thief looked down, and discovered that his chopsticks had started to burn!

“What?! How, how did the chopsticks catch on fire?” He hurriedly retracted his.

Meng Ming waved his blazing chopsticks and said, “If you continue to steal food, I’ll continue to stop you. Eventually, your chopsticks will be burned to ashes.”

Seeing such a powerful move, the food thief’s right hand began to shake. However, he didn’t panic entirely, and immediately thought of a plan to counter!

He stuck his chopsticks into his soup, stirring them around, and dipping them many times!

He then continued to steal food.

Meng Ming still used the flaming chopsticks to stop him, but the thief’s chopsticks had been dipped in water, and could no longer catch fire!

How is that possible?! Meng Meng thought. Even if you dipped the chopsticks in soup, there should still be some oil in it!

“Hmph, I’m sorry to say this,” the food thief said snidely. “But there is absolutely no oil in any of the school’s food!”

“That’s a thing?!” Meng Ming had miscalculated.

“That’s why, I’m sure you understand why I’m stealing food.”

Meng Ming hurriedly retracted his chopsticks. If he continued on like this, his own chopsticks would burn to ashes. He could only extinguish the flames and start thinking of a new method!

As he stared at his own food, he suddenly discovered something!

That’s it! He picked up his chopsticks and began to secretly stir them in his food.

Seeing the food thief try to steal from another student, Meng Ming once again used his own chopsticks to intercept!

Bang, the two pairs crossed over again.

“How persistent! Why are you still blocking me?!” The food thief was getting impatient.

“This is the last time.” Meng Ming said, indicating for the thief to look at their chopsticks again.

The food thief looked, and was overwhelmed with shock!

The two chopsticks were firmly tied together with hair!

Meng Ming said, “Thanks to you, I was reminded of the distinguishing

features of this school's cafeteria food. I discovered this hair in my food just now; it's really sturdy isn't it?"

"How despicable!" The food thief wanted to retract his chopsticks, but the hair was firmly tied around them, and he couldn't pull his chopsticks free for his life.

"Just let go." Meng Ming said.

"Based on the way you tied them together, if I let go...these shoddy chopsticks will break apart!" The food thief refused to let go.

"Then you won't eat anymore?"

"Give me a break, you're in the same situation." He knew that Meng Ming also couldn't release his chopsticks; if he did, his chopsticks would break just as well.

The two were deadlocked, back to back. Neither of them were willing to let go.

"Oi, hurry up and let go, I'm hungry!"

"You let go first! I also want to eat!"

Time passed, minute after minute, second after second. The two of them still refused to let go. They stared at the food on their plates, but they couldn't eat it.



"Brother Meng Ming?" Huang Qiao Yi and the rest had already finished eating. When she saw that Meng Ming's food was still strangely untouched, she asked, "Is the food today not to your liking?"

"Classmate Meng Ming...?" Bai Jiu also found it odd.

Lin Jing Xuan also said, "Zhuge Meng Ming, you chose the food yourself. Don't be picky."

"I, I, the food is still too hot...!" Meng Ming's left hand was still tied to the right hand of the person behind him.

Huang Qiao Yi said, "But we're already done eating. We're about to leave."

"Little Qiao, you guys leave first. Don't worry about me." Meng Ming said with a bitter smile.

The three of them still felt that it was extremely strange.

However, after Meng Ming requested it once more, they picked up their dishes and talked as they walked away, leaving the cafeteria. Before they left, they still threw looks at Meng Ming.

The number of people in the cafeteria decreased further and further. The atmosphere also became colder and lonelier. Most of the students had left, but the two of them were still deadlocked!

"You, how long do you plan on fooling around!" [Meng Ming]

"That's my question! Hurry up and let go, otherwise the cleaning staff will take away our food!" [Food thief]

Finally, the entire cafeteria had cleared out. The cleaning staff walked over and said, "Did you two finish eating?" She then took their plates and began walking towards the garbage can.

At that moment, the two people finally let go at the same time, and hurriedly chased after her.

"Hey, hurry up and give back our food!!"

## Quiz 15: Notes Smuggled Into The Exam

"Everyone's already memorized this text, right? Tomorrow, I'll have you write it from memory during class. You'll have 25 minutes. Students that make 3 or more mistakes will have to memorize books after class every day until they know them. Class dismissed."

The language teacher was a young man, and he seemed to be slightly neurotic. Right after speaking, he walked away from the platform, waving his hand as he strode out of the classroom without glancing back.

In the classroom, Huang Qiao Yi shook Meng Ming, telling him to stop reading and that class had ended.

These days, Meng Ming hadn't understood anything the teacher had said in class. He'd lie across his desk as well, but he couldn't fall asleep either. Since Bai Jiu had just recommended a book to him the other day, he had begun reading <The Tent Under The Neon Lamp> in the back row during class. In the end, he had become totally absorbed in it. He had relied on this novel to pass through the last 2 days of boring classes.

Only after Huang Qiao Yi reminded him did Meng Ming return from the novel world and back to reality, and he begrudgingly put away his book. Truthfully speaking, he wished class was actually longer.

Huang Qiao Yi picked up her backpack to leave and she reminded him, "Brother Meng Ming didn't hear it just now, but the language teacher just now said that we were going to have to write the text from memory."

"Write the text from memory? When?"

"Tomorrow's language class. Brother Meng Ming had better not fail; if you make three mistakes, you'll be punished by staying after school to memorize books. If Bai Jiu sees you being punished, it won't be good for you."

"Fine then. If I have to write it from memory, I'll just memorize it." Meng Ming asked, "How long is the text?"

"It's a classic, over 700 words."

"Little Qiao, why didn't you say so earlier!" Meng Ming hurriedly gulped down his food and crazily began to look at the text in his room. Even if he died, he'd have to memorize it.

Huang Qiao Yi explained, "How was I supposed to know that Brother Meng Ming would only read the novel, and not look at any of the class texts at all. It's clearly written in the back of the text that being able to repeat in from memory is required. For the sake of countering the teacher's exams, the students all memorize them beforehand, splitting it so that they can get it down over the span of several days."

"I'm doomed, I don't know any of it..." Meng Ming sweated profusely as he looked over the text. "Now what? If I can't write it, the students will all know I'm not an L-type, then what..."

In that moment, various situations that could arise appeared in Meng Ming's mind...

He's not an L-type? His number one score on the entrance exam was actually obtained from cheating!

Classmate Bai Jiu, that Zhuge Meng Ming is actually a C-type student.

...I hate people that cheats on tests the most.

"Ahhh!!! So bad...!!" Meng Ming tossed his book. He was so depressed that he wasn't at all in the mood to memorize the book.

Huang Qiao Yi sighed, "I guess I'm to blame for not notifying you ahead of time...how about this, for tomorrow's test, Brother Meng Ming should still rely on cheating."

"Cheating? How would I do that?"

Huang Qiao Yi told him that to cheat on this test, he only had to copy the 700 words onto a piece of paper. During the test, he just had to secretly copy from it without the teacher or the other students noticing.

This was the simplest cheat sheet method.

Meng Ming understood it immediately. It was really so simple...making sure others couldn't discover things in his hand, wasn't that the basis of Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Brilliant Blossom? It just so happened to be that he was extremely proficient at it!

That night, Meng Ming copied the entire text onto a piece of paper about the size of a poker card to hide in his hand.

The next day, language class was their first class. Huang Qiao Yi and Meng Ming confidently arrived at the classroom ahead of time.

"Hey, did you two prepare for the memorization test?" Lin Jing Xuan appeared from behind them.

"No problem!" They replied confidently.

"Sigh...you two are really amazing...I might have to be punished by staying after to memorize books." Lin Jing Xuan dejectedly walked over to his own seat. Not long after, he seemed to have thought of something, "Oh, also! I heard that our language teacher is neurotic. He always wants to catch cheating students and hand them to the school, even during lecture. His inspection methods are a bit abnormal, so you two should take care and make sure he doesn't misunderstand your actions."

"No problem!" Huang Qiao Yi said with a smile. She believed that no matter how hard a test was proctored, it wouldn't be anything beyond Meng Ming. On the other hand, Meng Ming was a bit concerned about the proctoring methods.

The language teacher entered the class early, and asked everyone to hand textbooks in.

"Why hand in textbooks?" Meng Ming asked Huang Qiao Yi next to him.

"This prevents students from secretly flipping through their books during the test. That's why Brother Meng Ming had to copy it beforehand."

The language teacher then handed out paper specifically for the test.

"Why hand out new paper? Can't we just use our own draft paper?" Meng Ming asked again.

"This prevents students from handing in a text that they had copied beforehand."

The structure of the classroom desks was quite simple; there was a drawer underneath the tables to place books. In the end, the teacher requested for all the students to turn their desks around 180 degrees.

"And what's this for?"

"To prevent students from sneaking looks into their drawers or reaching their hands into them during the test..."

"So complicated..."

"No wonder people say the teacher has mental issues..."

But the language teacher still wasn't done. After making all the students turn their desks around, he walked out of the classroom and

moved a really tall platform from the back door. He placed it in a vacant spot in the back of the room, and sat down on it.

"This teacher is proctoring from the back?! ...He's making way too big of a fuss over nothing..." [Meng Ming]

"He thinks seeing from a higher point in the back would allow him to see better..." [Huang Qiao Yi]

This meant that any student sitting in the back row would be at a disadvantage for cheating. But to Meng Ming, regardless of how close the teacher got, he was confident that the teacher couldn't possibly discover the cheat sheet in his hand.

However, in an unknown corner of the classroom, a powerful malicious intent was being sent out——

Zhuge Meng Ming, you cut down 7 of my mosquitoes during the entrance exam! This time, I've prepared more of my beloved pets, and I will definitely take revenge and get my revenge. I still need to reveal to the whole class that you're actually a C-type!

It was the person that had used bugs during the entrance exam! He was actually in the same class as Meng Ming. He was currently sitting in a place near the wall, and nobody noticed him.

The class bell rang. The language teacher put on thick glasses and finally said, "Everyone only has one sheet of paper. The test will now begin!"



Following the sound of the bell, only the shasha of students moving their pens could be heard. All the students in room 301 were concentrating their attentions in writing. Some moved their pens extremely quickly, while others were racking their brains to try to remember the text. The teacher in the back looked around in all directions, closely watching the test process. The students' backs were all facing the teacher. They didn't know where he was looking, so they could only earnestly write their own tests.

This is a great chance. That nutjob teacher is sitting in the back, and he's extremely close to Zhuge Meng Ming. That means Zhuge Meng Ming cannot act blindly without thinking. The bug-using student next to the wall was no longer wearing his pocket-covered clothes, since he had to wear the uniform. Thus, his bugs were all hidden in his bag. He used one hand to write, as he secretly stuck one hand into his bag.

"Hey! You!" The language teacher shouted. All of the classmates jumped from the sound, and stopped writing. The teacher said, "Why are you sticking your hand into your bag?!?"

The bug user was shocked. Even that had been seen?! He replied, "Ah, I, my pen ran out of ink, so I'm taking out another pen..."

.....

Damn!

The language teacher declared, "Class, you must always prepare your stationery ahead of time! Continue writing!"

The other students didn't pay any mind, and lowered their heads to continue writing.

This teacher has really formidable vision... He didn't dare to take out any bugs, and took another pen out for the sake of the act.

Meng Ming's left hand hid the cheat sheet while his right hand moved his pen. He had been copying smoothly so far. But just now when the teacher had interrupted, he discovered the student next to the wall that had taken out a pen was—

Isn't that person the bug user that Duan He had mentioned before? He's in the same class as us, I never noticed...

The bug user wasn't discouraged as he thought to himself: It looks like I'll have to directly use my trump card.

As he wrote, he secretly sent out some instructions.

A while later, the bug user's bag was cut open from the inside, opening a crack. Three fierce wasps flew out of from the crack together.

Hehe, you guys go bug Zhuge Meng Ming! Centralize your attacks on his right thumb. Let's see how he plans on writing then!

The fierce wasps quickly and quietly flew out. They were so fast that the students didn't notice them; even the teacher could only twist his head

around without noticing anything strange.

The bug user thought: Let's see how you dodge them at this speed.

Meng Ming was currently copying, but a shadow suddenly whooshed past him.

Wasp?!

Meng Ming immediately reacted—

Are they attacking me? ...1, 2, 3...

Such strong vision!

He didn't have any time to consider why they were attacking him. The wasps had already flown over, aiming at Meng Ming's right hand!

The instant they attacked, Meng Ming's writing right hand quickly dodged, and the wasp only hit empty air.

The three wasps had just planned on escaping, but Meng Ming's left hand unexpectedly moved to capture them. His speed was extremely fast, and with an open palm, his arm flashed across the desk three times!

In a split second, the wasps vanished without a trace.

Afterwards, Meng Ming's right hand picked up the other sheet of paper on his table, and used his left hand to grab the three things and stuff them into the paper. He then crumpled it up into a ball, and lightly tossed it backwards, throwing it into the trash can in the back of the room.

The language teacher said to him, "Nice toss."

Meng Ming didn't pay any mind to the teacher's words. He only thought: It's the bug user? Why is he attacking me...whatever, just go ahead and come at me then.

## Quiz 16: Battle During Class Test

The bug user was shocked speechless.

These wasps traveled at the highest speeds that no human could ever reach, yet Zhuge Meng Ming had caught them with his bare hands! Exactly how fast were Zhuge Meng Ming's hands?!

Since just using speed to attack wasn't enough, the bug user decided to use something more frightening.

He was still fine; he had long since prepared the next step. There was already a large and hairy black spider on the classroom ceiling.

This type of spider is highly poisonous. I won't let it bite anyone, I just need to scare him enough.

He made a gesture with his hands, and the spider on the ceiling immediately found its place, stopping right above Meng Ming's seat. It dangled from a thread of silk and landed on Meng Ming's table with a Pa.

The sudden appearance of the large spider made Meng Ming jump, and he could barely hold back a shout. The spider stared at him for a moment before quickly moving towards Meng Ming. In that moment before Meng Ming had managed to react, his hands that were writing were forced back by the spider. The spider firmly stayed on the paper that the teacher had handed out for the test, occupying the place that Meng Ming was supposed to write on!

What's up with this spider? Is it that guy...? Meng Ming looked over at the secretly laughing bug user next to the wall. He even uses such vile things to cause disturbances.

Meng Ming knew that this spider had extremely strong venom. If one wasn't an expert, they couldn't use their bare hands to catch it. Acting blindly without thinking was extremely dangerous. But the thing continued to block the paper. If this continued, wouldn't that mean he had no way of continuing his writing?

Meng Ming's writing stopped for a long while as he began to think of other tactics.

The bug user was feeling slightly smug, and continued to send out orders. A mantis that was so polished that it shone crawled out from the crack in his bag as well.

He commanded, "Go rip Zhuge Meng Ming's test paper into pieces!"

This dangerous mantis also rushed over and stopped on Meng Ming's test! In that instant, Meng Ming's test paper was faced with a serious crisis.

The only things on Meng Ming's desk were his pencil case, a few other pieces of paper, as well as <The Tent Under the Neon Light>. Meng Ming thought to himself: I was too careless, I didn't prepare a small blade this time. But fortunately...

The mantis brandished its sickles, prepared to rip up the paper! Meng

Ming hurriedly circled the bugs, to pull out a pencil from his pencil case, quickly swiping it across the table.

Igniting Flames! A flame suddenly lit up at the end of the pencil.

The two small bugs were frightened by the fire, and were thus deterred, retreating a few steps.

Meng Ming used his left thumb and forefinger to grasp the flaming pencil, gradually pushing it forwards and forcing the two creatures off his paper. His right hand then quickly retracted the paper, and he grasped his automatic pencil and continued to copy his cheat sheet that had secretly slipped out from his left ring finger.

This way, I can continue writing to the end. Meng Ming saw that the creatures were afraid of fire, and decided to use fire to keep them at a deadlock.

At that moment, the spider discovered the cheat sheet in Meng Ming's left hand! It immediately locked onto its new target.

The mantis soon crawled onto the spider's back, and used the spider's body as a springboard to quickly jump over the fire! With two slashes of its sickles, the index card on Meng Ming's ring finger was sliced into three pieces!

I got sneak attacked?! Meng Ming had originally thought that everything would be fine, and had been focused only on copying. He had completely overlooked the bugs' actions!

The mantis landed on the table, turned around, and eyed on Meng Ming's test paper this time. It took advantage of the situation and rushed forward to attack! This was the only sheet of paper used for the test, so it definitely couldn't be allowed to get ripped! But the sheet was too large, and Meng Ming hadn't gotten the chance to pull it away. Thus, he stretched out his right hand to block the sickle. This mantis's attack was too fierce. It didn't hold back at all, and its vicious attack drew a cut on Meng Ming's right hand.

Tch, I was too careless...

Meng Ming's right hand began to bleed. It looks like this is the only choice left. Meng Ming pondered for a bit, then placed his injured hand grasping the automatic pencil underneath the table to stop the bleeding. At the same time, his left thumb and forefinger pinched the pencil that was burning, and his middle finger, ring finger, and pinky picked up the three ripped pieces of the cheat sheet as well as the test paper. He planned to tightly grasp these papers and protect them well with his left hand.

Even though the cheat sheet was ripped, it wasn't a problem; he could still read the words. But now that Meng Ming's right hand was out of the picture, he seemed to have no way of continuing to copy the text onto his test paper.

Hehe, Zhuge Meng Ming's right hand can't fight anymore? The bug user was ecstatic. Protect your paper well. If this continues, you won't have any way of writing anymore! ...Either way, I can continue writing my test without any worries now.



Meng Ming's left hand grasped the flaming pencil as he continued to frighten the two creatures, ensuring that they wouldn't dare to advance any further. The other pieces of paper, including the test paper, were still being held in his hand.

Time continued to tick. The time given to complete the test was gradually nearing its end. The pencil continued to burn, and continued to get shorter.

Only the last minute remained before the paper had to be handed in. Not a single word had been added to the test paper in Meng Ming's hand. The bug user slowly revealed a victorious smile. He held his own filled test, not bothering to raise his guard.

From now on, Zhuge Meng Ming can't pretend he's an L-type anymore.

The bug user was feeling extremely proud of himself, and he momentarily lowered his guard. Just then, a bunch of flames suddenly flew over to his desk at high speeds, instantly igniting his test paper!

These flames were from Meng Ming's almost burned up pencil.

The bug user hadn't imagined that Meng Ming would actually have plans to counter! Before his pencil had completely burned up, he had directly tossed it over. The flames had lit up the bug user's paper!

Ah! ...What do I do, it's burning!

The paper burned, and the bug user had no way of stopping it. He

incessantly whacked it against the table, but this only made the flames roar more furiously. He wanted to call his bugs out to help extinguish the fire, but he hadn't thought to prepare that type of bug at all. Soon after, his test paper had burned to ashes.

.....

The bug user furiously gripped the ashes. ...It was all wasted...bastard, this was the first time I had ever encountered a person that used flames... hmph! Either way, Zhuge Meng Ming didn't write many words either! Before the papers were handed in, the bug user instructed for his two creatures to return, and then consoled himself: Whatever. Proving to the entire class that Zhuge Meng Ming is a C-type still counts as having achieved my objective. Hehe.

"Alright, time is up!" The language teacher sitting in the back commanded, "The first row of students from every group, please collect the papers from the front and bring them to the back."

When the students collecting tests arrived in front of the bug user, the bug user said in a bad mood, "I didn't write it!" This allowed the test collector to pass him. He then looked back at Meng Ming's group, and Meng Ming's seat...Zhuge Meng Ming, let's see what you do...

When the student from Meng Ming's group arrived at the last row, Meng Ming smoothly handed over a test paper filled with the text.

What, what...WHAT??!!

The bug user was shocked. He had clearly seen Meng Ming use his left hand to hold the paper, without even a pencil. How could tons of words just suddenly appear!

Could it be...

Meng Ming laughed.

It was his right hand!

Just now, while Meng Ming's left thumb and forefinger were scaring the bugs away, the other three fingers had exposed the cheat sheet for him to see every once in a while. The right hand grasping the automatic pencil had long since shifted to underneath the table! Although on the outside, it looked as if Meng Ming hadn't written anything, his right hand was actually pressing the paper against the bottom of the table where the bugs couldn't see. Using the bottom of the table as a desk, his right hand had easily finished copying the test!

Impossible! The bug user had clearly seen that. There's only one sheet of paper for the test, and his left hand was clearly holding it the whole time! How could it be under the table...

Meng Ming happily made a "V" sign with his fingers: You're wrong. I had two sheets of the test paper!

Actually, before being attacked by the wasps, Meng Ming had already considered the possibility that the papers would be cut up. As there was only test paper, it had to be protected. At that time, he'd used the Zhuge

Style Cheating Technique—Water Splitting Blade Draw, to split the paper in his hands into two! The one in his left hand had been the dummy, while the one in his right hand had been the one that he actually wrote on.

That afternoon, the language teacher walked into room 301 and handed back the test papers to the students.

Huang Qiao Yi moved closer to ask if Meng Ming had had any problems, and he confidently replied that he hadn't. He then immersed himself into reading <The Tent Under the Neon Lamp> again.

As the teacher handed the papers back, he said to the class, "There are two students that don't have grades for this test! The first is student Qiu Min Ke, who didn't hand in a paper..."

Everyone looked over at the wall; it was the bug user. Only then did Meng Ming find out that the person's name was Qiu Min Ke.

"The other one without a grade is student Zhuge Meng Ming!"

.....

"What!!??"

The entire class was shocked, and their faces all turned to look at the last row.

"How did Zhuge Meng Ming not get a grade?"

"Wasn't he the one that got the highest score on the entrance exam?"

"Classmate Zhuge Meng Ming cannot write things from memory!?"

Huang Qiao Yi's eyes also grew wide, and she asked him softly, "Brother Meng Ming, didn't you just say you hadn't had any problems..."

"I, I don't know either..." The book had dropped from Meng Ming's hand. He looked over to look at Bai Jiu sitting in the front row. Her expression looked far from good...

The language teacher said, "Student Zhuge Meng Ming, today's test was on the Lesson 3, but you wrote Lesson 5. What's the meaning of this? Our class hasn't learned Lesson 5 yet...you, are you using the fact that you studied early and memorized a lot to provoke Teacher!?"

This time, everyone in class could only stare blankly.

Hah? Meng Ming also looked foolish.

"Brother Meng Ming, you copied the wrong text..." Huang Qiao Yi whispered.

The language teacher angrily huffed at Meng Ming, "Let me warn you, don't think that you can act so arrogant just because you think you've memorized it all! You definitely don't have a grade this time! But since

you've already memorized it all, I won't punish you to keep memorizing it after school...that's why, I've already told your class's Teacher Wang that—Zhuge Meng Ming, you will be punished to clean up the room for a week!"

Thus, on the whole, Zhuge Meng Ming had escaped the danger of revealing that he "couldn't write from memory", but instead further convinced people that his grades were outstanding. In addition, he prepared for lessons way in advance, loved studying very much, and was also an unbridled L-type.

## Quiz 17: Student ID

Another day's classes had ended. Lin Xian Central High had let out.

One could see countless students walking out from the school building with bags on their backs as they left the campus one after another.

The only ones remaining in school were the teachers and students studying in the library...and some students being punished to stay after school.

In room 301 of Lin Xian Central High, Zhuge Meng Ming was cleaning the room as punishment. For the sake of eating dinner earlier, Huang Qiao Yi could only begrudgingly help him. When they looked out the window, they saw that the sun had already started to set.

When he thought of what happened during the test, Meng Ming asked as he gloomily swept the floor, "Little Qiao, the student called Qiu Min Ke should still be memorizing books in the teacher's office, right?" Perhaps he thought that bringing up this matter would comfort him more as he did his own mandatory labor.

"Him? He probably went home ages ago." Huang Qiao Yi replied, and did some calculations with her fingers, "If one memorizes that text for a week...memorizing 100 words or so per day is enough."

That meant...Meng Ming's punishment was even heavier than Qiu Min Ke's?! Meng Ming was in such a bad mood that he stopped his actions, and even brandished the cleaning tools in his hand to express his

resentment. Huang Qiao Yi was just going to say something, but she suddenly heard a familiar female voice from outside the door, "Oh? Why... why are you two still here?" The girl that spoke had just passed by Class A after school had let out, and by chance, discovered Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi.

The two of them turned around to see that the girl was indeed a student they recognized.

"It's you! Sister Duan He."

Because she wore light makeup on her face, the two of them had instantly recognized her. She was in Class B, and was also the one that had taught Meng Ming some basic cheating knowledge the day the listings had been posted.

Meng Ming asked her, "Why hasn't Sister Duan He gone home yet?"

"Please, don't call me sister...my age isn't necessarily greater than yours." Duan He lifted her bag and entered Class A, and casually said that she had stayed after to discuss something with some companions.

Companions? Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi stared at Duan He with wide eyes.

Duan He knew that Meng Ming was new, so she could only explain, "Where to start explaining...hm, C-types in the same test site sometimes need to work together. Those are 'companions'. But aside from me, nobody else in Class B is a C-type except for a male student that had



come up from Lin Xian Central Junior High. Although he's not very skilled, he's quite a good person. He also knows that I'm a C-type, and took the initiative to talk to me...do you understand now?" After some simple explanation, she finally noticed the cleaning tools in their hands and asked, "...What's up with you two? Did you guys get exposed? It's sad that you have to clean the room personally..."

They could guess that if Duan He ever cleaned or did some kind of physical activity, she'd always just use her gaze to command male students to do it for her.

The whole story behind being punished to clean...was actually quite long. However, Huang Qiao Yi patiently explained the entire story from beginning to end for Duan He as she cleaned.

Duan He understood. She also knew that she had to continue to help Meng Ming hide his identity as a C-type. Although she felt that it was troublesome, she still agreed. She also proposed the possibility that the newly enrolled bug user Qiu Min Ke already had already known Meng Ming was a C-type, and thus wanted to capture Meng Ming with that fact.

Meng Ming also felt that this was the case, and could only helplessly sigh. That Qiu Min Ke seemed to be impossible to work together with.

Duan He consoled Meng Ming and said, "Although there will be students like that...it's clear to see from the entrance exam that his bug training isn't anywhere close to perfect yet. He probably wouldn't be of any use to you."

“Right, right, I burned his paper.”

But in the end, you copied the wrong text and were punished more heavily... Huang Qiao Yi, who was helping clean, thought in a slightly bad mood.

Because Duan He had talked to them before, she knew that Meng Ming was the type of person that had extremely nimble fingers. But Meng Ming could only count as having a pretty good foundation; he didn't actually have any skills he could use to cheat on tests. Thus, Duan He took the initiative to continue her conversation with him from last time, “Classmate Meng Ming, I remember reminding you that you need to prepare your own, characteristic cheating techniques. If you don't have a customary set of skills to use, you'll constantly face dangers like these without any countermeasures.”

The fundamental set of skills that Meng Ming had used could be said to have easily dealt with people like Qiu Min Ke. But if he took a test with more skilled C-types from other schools, it'd be hard for him to avoid any unexpected circumstances. Although Meng Ming knew this, he hadn't really considered it. He had always believed that anything that happened would naturally have some kind of countermeasure, and he was extremely confident in himself.

“Meng Ming should also know that formidable C-types get really high grades. But I recently researched,” Duan He fished out a notebook from her bag and flipped it open. “In Lin Xian Central High's first year Class A, there aren't any particularly powerful or malicious C-types, so Meng Ming is extremely lucky. There aren't any in our Class B either. In terms of strength, only I and the male student I mentioned earlier have any chance. Classes C and D each have 3, 4 formidable C-types. That's why, our midterm exam....”

"Midterm exam?" Meng Ming didn't even know this.

The midterm exam was a test that checked a student's grades once a semester at a set time. In Lin Xian Central High, the midterm exam and the final exam tested all subjects.

"In addition, the test site location and what students will be assigned to each place during the senior high's midterm exam won't be told to us beforehand. During the midterm exam, the classes normally aren't mixed together. Students from the same class will all go to the same test location, but there's no knowing how the final exam will be arranged. They may mix up the entire class, or maybe test us with students from other schools. Either way, if you encounter other C-types, you might be... besieged." Duan He closed her notebook.

"Why?" Meng Ming asked in confusion, "Other C-types want to attack us?"

"Because every school is striving to raise their own academic rankings. Thus, there are attempts to lower other schools' scores. The advancement rate for the college entrance exam is really important; to students, the reputation of the school they attend should be as high as possible."

There were many opportunities to take the same exam with students from other schools. During the end of the term, there were unified exams by district and province. The district exams were the first term's final exams every year. The entire district would take the same exam. The province unified exams were the second term's final exams every year, and the entire province would take the same exam. Majority of the

schools in China participated in these types of unified exams. Also, these exams would always have a general ranking of all the students that attended the exams. Of course, this was something that wouldn't occur until later in the future.

Originally, Meng Ming hadn't thought of doing anything to his class. He believed that properly protecting his own grades was good enough. But after the previous memorization test experience, he realized just how much enmity some C-types had.

"More importantly is the issue of student IDs." Duan He told him.

"Student ID?" Meng Ming also didn't understand this concept.

Huang Qiao Yi told Meng Ming that the student ID was a certification that verified his status as a student. Because students all studied very hard, there wasn't any work more exhausting than being students. Thus, the certification stipulated that those with student IDs could enjoy many benefits. They could get large discounts when buying things, and enjoy various types of easy passes. They could even certify locations for student societies. Although students were always exhausted in school, they were compensated quite well outside the school. That's why the issuing of the student ID was an extremely strict process.

Duan He flipped her notebook open again and told Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi the most recent things she had discovered, "Lin Xian Central High's student IDs require the school to first recognize that you are a qualified student before issuing you one. We have to hand in our scores from the first term's midterm exam to get it! If your grades are bad, you won't get one. Later on, if any of your term exam scores are too bad, the student ID can also be taken back!"

He hadn't imagined that there would be such strict regulations on the student ID. Meng Ming finally realized just how special the occupation of a student was in China.

"The better the school's reputation, the stronger positive effect it'll have on getting the student ID..." Duan He pointed a finger and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "For the sake of improving the chances of getting a student ID, a C-type student will use any method, fair or foul."

Huang Qiao Yi asked, "I heard that some places issue different student IDs for L-types and C-types. Is that true?"

Duan He pondered for a bit, then replied, "Lin Xian doesn't do anything like that. But I heard there are some other places that have a C-type authentication test. Only strong enough C-types can participate. It seems that if they pass the test, they can get a special C-type student ID. And using these ID, they can enter certain areas where only C-types are allowed...but that's not important. The main point is the term exams. I must also properly think about it and make preparations..."

They continued to talk for a while, until the sky had already darkened quite a bit. Duan He finally turned around and waved a hand as she left the room, dropping one last sentence, "Good luck—— I mean with cleaning."

They finally finished cleaning. Meng Ming dragged his exhausted body out of school. Huang Qiao Yi still had some energy left, and after closing the classroom door, she caught up with Meng Ming, and they returned home together.

"Brother Meng Ming, will you be ok during the midterm exam?"

"I don't know..."

Meng Ming didn't know other students' circumstances. He was still a newbie in the test site. His Cheating Technique was extremely nimble on a gambling table, but the situation of a test site was quite different.

Meng Ming thought, "Duan He uses hypnotism to control the test site. Qiu Min Ke trains bugs...that means that the two of them have the advantage of using the students or teacher in the test site. But what I use are skills with my hands. Although my fingers can protect me...I can't sneak looks at other people's papers...however, I clearly remember that the Cheating Technique has a technique to secretly look at the cards in other people's hands...!"

Why hadn't Meng Ming ever learned this set of skills?

His father had once warned him that looking at others' cards at the gambling table required extremely high level skills. Meng Ming was still young, so he had to first firmly grasp the basics. Only then would he be able to protect his own cards and prevent others from noticing his fingers' movements.

Troublesome father, if you had taught me that time, I would've been fine...

There was still quite a while until the midterm exam. Thus, Meng Ming

didn't pay it too much mind, and after eating dinner, he went off to copy homework.

## Quiz 18: The Last Novel

Novels have a boundless amount of charm. Long stories in particular make people immerse themselves into reading for several nights. The book that Bai Jiu had recommended absorbed Meng Ming more the further he read. When he neared the ending, he stayed in his room and buried himself in the book until 3am. The ending had been so thought-provoking that he tossed and turned in his bed until 4am, unable to sleep. It could be said that this evil author had probably eaten up countless people's precious youthful vigor.

When Meng Ming woke up, it was already noon. Only after Huang Qiao Yi pushed him to get up did he excitedly realize that it was fortunately the weekend.

Huang Qiao Yi asked him why he had stayed up so late. Meng Ming said "I finished reading", and crawled up to grab <The Tent Under the Neon Lamp>. He tossed it at Huang Qiao Yi, wanting her to read it as well.

Huang Qiao Yi caught the book and flipped through it. But in the end, she showed an indifferent expression, and only said, "Little Qiao doesn't like reading novels. I hadn't imagined that Brother Meng Ming would. Is it...related to Bai Jiu?"

"No way!" Meng Ming forcefully explained that he really did love the novel itself. He even said in despair, "If Little Qiao doesn't like reading, you can't recommend any to me..." Meng Ming still wished to continue; the feeling of his immersion in the novel's fantasy hadn't yet faded.



Originally, he had read the book simply as a diversion during class. But to his surprise, the more he read the book, the more addicted he got, only if he didn't have any other interests or hobbies...which perfectly described Meng Ming.

Huang Qiao Yi hadn't imagined that Meng Ming would still want to read, and she could only sigh. However, she was rather moved by Meng Ming's interest in reading. She said, "Ai, if Brother Meng Ming wants to look for books to read....Lin Xian has a library. We can look around there, and see if there are any good novels. We can also ask the librarians for recommendations."

"Awesome! Let's go!" Meng Ming jumped down from his bed in his pajamas.

"Not now, go down and eat lunch first. We'll go later in the afternoon."

He managed to endure through lunch with difficulty. The temperature outside was extremely high, but this didn't dampen Meng Ming's determination.

"Brother Meng Ming....it's so hot. Do you really want to go?" Huang Qiao Yi complained. She didn't actually want to go since she had absolutely no interest in it. But Meng Ming definitely didn't know the way by himself. Thus, Huang Qiao Yi had no choice but to accompany him as they walked down the sidewalk.

Although it was extremely hot, the workers from the market streets nearby the library weren't slacking at all! They wildly shouted—

"Private tutoring!!! No matter how bad your grades are, we guarantee that you will get into your dream college!!"

"Come to our cram classes! Nearly 12% pass the cutoff line every year! All the materials are up to date!!"

"XX repeater!! I'm great at helping English!!"

"X teacher! Every year, I get 10 examinees that test into international level universities!"

The sounds of advertisements and shouts were endless. Some had even set up stages, where the hosts would demonstrate how their goods best suited a student.

This is why I don't like it here... Huang Qiao Yi hadn't been here in ages, and had a bit of hatred towards this place.

There were quite a few signs on the streets that said "Tactics to get 120% on the college entrance exam!", "Outstanding tutor for up to 30% off!", etc in large writing. There were also people handing out flyers like, "Proficiency questions from past exams, please contact 15\*\*\*\*\*", "X Eastern study method has a strong focus that suits all types of primary students", etc.....

Meng Ming had never seen this kind of market before, and felt it was extremely strange. He asked Huang Qiao Yi what was going on.

Huang Qiao Yi explained, "This is because previously, these random, disorganized cram lessons were advertised so much that the propaganda was omnipresent, and pretty much filled all of China. It disturbed other occupations so much that they couldn't work. Thus, a law was made: All cities must have a market area specially for college entrance examination related and study related matters, and are confined only to these market areas...that's why people that want to raise their scores on the college entrance examinations will all come around here to buy reference materials, tutors, and sign up for cram classes. Although I think these things aren't very useful...the tutoring business has always been prosperous, and is still increasing in popularity."

The college entrance exam was ruthless, so countless people were naturally willing to spend large amounts of money on it. They didn't really ever care about how effective it was. But Meng Ming was only interested in the library. "Oh, and where is the library?"

"It's in the center of the market! Brother Meng Ming, let's hurry up and get there so that we don't get wrapped into other people's marketing." Huang Qiao Yi pushed Meng Ming, telling him that the inside of the library would be better.

Lin Xian's library wasn't very large, but it wasn't the same as a typical library. There were tables and chairs there for people to study and read. It was the weekend, so there were quite a few people here to borrow books and study despite the scorching sun. In addition, they were all people that looked like L-types. This made Meng Ming, who had never entered a library before, feel extremely uneasy.

Huang Qiao Yi said, "I really admire these people. Aside from study, all they do is study..." She was slightly tired after walking under the sun for so long. Looking at the students in the library, she continued to complain,

“...There’s only so much content. Even idiots would know it if they learned it over and over again.”

The academic pressure was extremely great, so it was indeed impossible to deny that there would be so many fervent and hardworking students in this world. Meng Ming also suspected that anyone raised here, aside from himself, would all be L-types without a doubt.....

He found the service counter, and wanted to ask for some book recommendations. Only after asking did he discover that after graduating, the librarians hadn’t really read any books either—

“Us?” We read many books when we entered college, things like “XX Testing King” or “New Compilation of XX”.....”

“Majority of teachers and students that borrow books get reference books. Recently, some teacher seemed to have published “Complete Teaching Materials for X”, and it’s been extremely popular!”

Meng Ming clearly wasn’t interested in these books; he wanted novels. Thus, the librarian cordially grabbed the library records for books and allowed Huang Qiao Yi to inspect them, as one could judge how popular a book was based on how often it had been borrowed.

Huang Qiao Yi typed away on their computer, and looked up the book most borrowed in the literature genre. The name of the book was <The Realm of the Death God>, and the author was “Baka D. Dogra.”

"Baka?? Such a weird name." Meng Ming asked her to look up its summary.

After some clicking, Huang Qiao Yi pulled up the main points of the book—

"<The Realm of the Death God> is an immortal magnum opus that contains profound notions about things that hold important significance to society. The book includes the author's reflections on reality, life, and class struggles...the author's abnormal writing style, beautiful divisions, and exquisite emotions are all depicted in this moving story."

Huang Qiao Yi was already covered with cold sweat just from reading the summary. However, Meng Ming cried out, "So interesting! How about I just borrow this one?"

"Brother Meng Ming...you...you really want to read this?" She hadn't even yet wiped away her sweat before Meng Ming had already wandered through the library in search for the book by himself.

People that write works under pressure are just as strange as Brother Meng Ming's tastes... Huang Qiao Yi could only run over and pull at him. "Brother Meng Ming....the literature section is over there. <The Realm of the Death God>'s serial number is I68-512."

With the book's serial number, the two easily found its general area. Afterwards, Meng Ming walked back and forth the bookshelves to search closely.

"168-515...514, 513...512!" Meng Ming discovered it. "I found it, there's still one copy!"

The book had a blue cover, and the title was indeed <The Realm of the Death God> without question.

To think that only one copy is left, it really is popular.

Meng Ming hurriedly reached his hand out to grab it.

He finally had a new book to read! Meng Ming thought to himself: Next week's classes won't be boring anymore. But because he had been so happy, he had dropped his guard. Meng Ming's fingers were too slow by just a fraction of a second!

Whoosh. A soft sound traveled past his ear.

The sole copy of <The Realm of the Death God> instantly disappeared from the shelf!

Who's there?! Meng Ming was taken aback; he felt a person's presence! But when he looked around, he couldn't find any suspicious shadows. He didn't see anyone when he looked behind him either...suddenly, he saw a pair of shoes hanging down from the shelves behind him. Meng Ming immediately raised his head, following the path of the legs to see a male student currently sitting on top of the bookshelf!

The student was a male that looked to be around Meng Ming's age. He had fine, long hair, and had his legs arrogantly crossed. He looked at

Meng Ming with a cold, piercing gaze. What made Meng Ming amazed was that this male student was actually holding the last copy of <The Realm of the Death God> in his hands!

It was taken away by him...?

The book in front of Meng Ming had been stolen, but he hadn't even clearly seen what direction it had flown off to.

"Brother Meng Ming?" Huang Qiao Yi walked up to the bookshelf, and suddenly discovered Meng Ming currently staring at the male student sitting on top of the bookshelf.

Why is he sitting there? Huang Qiao Yi thought to herself as she stopped in her tracks.

Meng Ming wasn't interested in where he was sitting. He was intrigued at how a book at his fingertips had been stolen by someone else!

For a few seconds, no one spoke.

He, did it on purpose...? Meng Ming felt the pressure from the boy's gaze, stifling him from speaking for a while.

After a long time, Meng Ming finally broke away from the pressure and said, "That book..." He didn't make any other movements, and just stood there, narrowing his eyes at the top of the bookshelf.

The boy sitting on the shelf with the novel in hand smirked, as if trying to provoke Meng Ming. He believed that Meng Ming was feigning his cool.

Meng Ming pretended to leisurely finish his sentence, "I found that book first."

.....

This strange boy hadn't imagined that Meng Ming's words would be so lacking in strength. "But, I got it first," he replied. This was the first thing the boy said.

"That doesn't count." Meng Ming refused to acknowledge his loss, and he pointed at the other party, "You only rushed to get it after seeing that I was about to take it. On the other hand, I didn't know you wanted to grab it, so I was slower by a step. It's not fair."

"Mm? Not discovering my presence means that your vigilance wasn't enough."

"As if! You sitting on the bookshelf to hide is going against the library's regulations!"

When told off by Meng Ming, the boy couldn't understand why Meng Ming was being so stubborn. He felt that Meng Ming was quite hard to deal with—

"Hey, even if I wasn't sitting on the bookshelf, you wouldn't have



realized my presence." He thought that it had clearly been him that was fast. In addition, he just so happened to want to read that novel as well. But when he saw Meng Ming's gaze he could tell that Meng Ming was extremely unwilling to give him the novel as those eyes were filled with self-confidence, a type of "I don't think it's possible for me to lose" feeling. The boy began to have second thoughts. Since he believed that Meng Ming couldn't beat him anyways...Why is he so confident? He can't accept losing? Hmph, then I should play around with him some more...

Another period of silence passed.

"Do you want to read this book?" He asked Meng Ming.

Meng Ming obviously said yes.

"In that case...how about we try competing again?" He shut his eyes and held up the novel, agreeing that this round didn't count.

"Great!" Meng Ming's unyielding attitude before was for this purpose! He excitedly asked, "How do we compete?"

"There's no need to do anything elaborate. We'll just re-find this book one more time. Whoever finds it first wins, and the book will go to them." He said.

Whoever finds it first gets it...in other words, he wants to compete in eyesight? Meng Ming analyzed.

Eyesight.

When Meng Ming was training in cheating techniques at a young age, he had to go through an indispensable part of training: eyesight training. The objective was this: a deck of cards were quickly shuffled, and each card was only revealed for a short moment. Within this period of time, he had to identify all the cards, and memorize them in the correct order. That way, he'd be able to choose the card he wanted from the pile.

This training had quite a few variations. For example, within a certain period of time, one had to find a specific branch depicted in a photo within a forest, or find a piece of stone depicted in a photo from within a pile of rocks; before one ran out of oxygen, they had to submerge themselves into water to catch a specific goldfish; before bees went into hibernation one had to quickly catch all the numbered bees sequentially with their bare hands...

After a long period of training, Meng Ming had finally been able to shuffle the cards as he searched and placed a certain card at a specific position with a speed that could be measured in microseconds! That's why Qiu Min Ke's bug-type attacks were of no avail to him.

Thus, Meng Ming had absolute confidence in his searching abilities. Besides, the book was already in that guy's hands. If Meng Ming didn't comply with the request, he wouldn't have any other chance of getting the book.

"Fine!" He cheerfully accepted the challenge.

Fighting over a book, is there really a need to go to such lengths... Huang Qiao Yi had been staring blankly at them the whole time.

After they exchanged words, the librarian sent a broadcast, "Can the reader sitting on the bookshelf quickly get off so that the shelves don't fall like dominoes?"

In order to fight over who would get to borrow the book, the two of them, as well as Huang Qiao Yi, all went to the reading area where everyone was reading at the tables and chairs.

The rules of the new competition were extremely simple: Huang Qiao Yi would hide the book on a bookshelf or anywhere else. When she came back and said to start, the two would begin looking. Whoever found it first would get the book.

"I...I'll hide it?" Although Huang Qiao Yi felt that this matter was extremely childish, she still agreed. To her, this was definitely Meng Ming's win. There was no harm in joining the fun anyways, so she took the book, <The Realm of the Death God>. Then, Huang Qiao Yi warned them "Don't peek", and ran off to the nearby bookshelves.

The reading area was extremely quite. The readers were all silently abiding by the rules. One could only hear the sounds of pages being flipped and the scratching of writing.

Meng Ming looked at the stranger sitting across him and wondered: What kind of person is he? He even stole my book...he suggested to compete this way and is still so calm and collected. It seems he's confident that he will win...let Little Qiao hide it? Based on her character, she'll hide it in the hardest place to look.....oh, a blue book means she would only hide it among a bunch of blue books! In that case, my

eyesight will definitely locate it faster than anyone else. Letting Little Qiao hide it means I'm at an advantage...

"Stop thinking." As Meng Ming was analyzing, the other party spoke. There was a clear, provocative expression in his eyes. "Even if you're close to her, I'll definitely find it first."

"What did you say...?!"

Before he had finished speaking, Huang Qiao Yi had already returned after hiding the book. The competition to find the book had officially begun!

Meng Ming didn't want to listen to the other guy's nonsense anymore, and immediately charged into the books area.

As long as I look quickly, my conditioned reflexes will definitely find a book like that. Meng Ming began to inspect the books along the bookshelf.

"A bunch of blue books...blue books..." Meng Ming's movements were extremely fast. One glance covered 10 rows, and he'd scanned the entire bookshelf in an instant before moving onto another one. On the other hand, his opponent...looked like he was leisurely walking around! He unhurriedly entered the books area, and step by step, seemed to be using his senses to probe the book's location. He didn't search left and right for it at all.

Huang Qiao Yi sat on one side, and watched the stranger's indifferent

actions. She found his manner extremely unfathomable. He....he's walking so slowly, how can he find it? Does he plan on giving up? Brother Meng Ming is so fast, he'll definitely find it before that guy!

"Blue..." Meng Ming was still searching the shelf without stopping, and he hadn't yet discovered any trace of <The Realm of the Death God>. But before he had passed the eighth shelf and no more than a few dozen seconds had passed since the start of the competition.....

"You're so slow, I've already found it."

The opponent's voice unexpectedly said first from not too far away! Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi both thought they misheard, and immediately ran over to look. The boy was leaning against the bookshelf, standing there indifferently as he swept a triumphant gaze over the two of them. Just as when he had first confronted them, the provoking glint in his eyes hadn't lessened. The last copy of the book that he had just found was in his hand—it was <The Realm of the Death God>.

## Quiz 19: Powerful Enemy, Lin Xian's Number One

Meng Ming passed the entire weekend in gloom; he just couldn't figure out how he had lost that day in the library! His mind kept thinking back and forth, wondering how that guy had found the book instantly.

"Brother Meng Ming, get out of bed to eat breakfast so we can go to school..."

Only Huang Qiao Yi's voice and factual tone could awake Meng Ming from his deep sleep. She even pushed him, "Why are you still so lifeless today? The past is past. We need to go to school. If Brother Meng Ming finds class boring, you can read something else."

After <The Realm of the Death God> had been stolen by someone else, Huang Qiao Yi had helped Meng Ming find other novels, and hadn't thought twice about it. However, Meng Ming had been brooding about the matter the whole time. If he didn't think it completely through, he wouldn't give up. At this point, there was no way he had the mindset to do anything else.

He was still mulling over it: He set off the same time I did, but didn't search around at all. How had he found it so quickly? What did he rely on? Smell, hearing...or he secretly peeked?

Normal people couldn't possibly steal a look at anything under Meng Ming's watch.

That guy isn't normal...

Meng Ming concluded.

“Brother Meng Ming...get up and eat breakfast—!”

“Impossible! His ability to find things can’t be better than mine!” [Meng Ming]

“It’s all Brother Meng Ming’s fault for spacing out all the time; now we’re running to school!” [Huang Qiao Yi]

The two flew down the road to school; there were only a few minutes left before the class bell rang. Fortunately, their speeds were quite good, and they finally scrambled into room 301 the moment the bell went off.

“Ohohohoho!!”

A strange laugh came from the front desk.

“Zhuge Meng Ming, Huang Qiao Yi! The two of you were almost late!!” Teacher Wang fiercely struck her pointer on the desk, the sound echoing through the room. “If you’re late, you will be punished!!”

The two shivered, “We...know...”

“We’ll go sit in our seats...”

But they were still confused.

"Isn't the first class today math?" [Huang Qiao Yi]

"That's what I thought. Why is Teacher Wang standing at the front desk then? She doesn't teach math." [Meng Ming]

As they walked to their seats, they were shocked to discover that there seemed to be an unoccupied desk,

Immediately, a strange feeling of foreboding appeared in Meng Ming's heart.

"Ohoho!!" Teacher Wang loudly announced to the class, "I have good news to tell everyone today! ——After only a few weeks since school has started, student Zhou Lun Yu, who transferred out in junior high due to certain matters, has returned to Lin Xian! I took the initiative to inquire for the school to let him join our class!!"

Hearing this, everyone was suddenly shocked.

Less than a minute later, everyone slowly began to whisper in distressed discussion——

"It's, him...? He transferred back, huh..."

"That, that kind of person is going to join our class...?"



.....

It seemed as if everyone recognized this student called Zhou Lun Yu. Only some new people that had tested in from other schools, including Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi, had never heard the name before. Thus, they had no clue why the classroom was in an uproar.

"Who's Zhou Lun Yu?" Meng Ming was confused.

"Brother Meng Ming, Zhou Lun Yu is probably a student from Lin Xian Junior High...?"

Meng Ming guessed the same. When he saw how abnormal his classmates' reactions were, he felt like this Zhou Lun Yu person must be pretty amazing. The guy next to the wall had a particularly strange reaction. Isn't that Qiu Min Ke...? Why...

The bug user, Qiu Min Ke, was sitting at his seat near the wall with a grimace on his face. He was staring intensely at the classroom door, and it was clear to see that a lot of sweat had formed on his face.

Qiu Min Ke actually showed signs of stress after hearing this name?!

Isn't Qiu Min Ke a new student that transferred from another school as well? How come even he is afraid...?

"Lady Huang, Sire Zhu."

This way of speaking was...

The two people turned around and saw Shi Yun sitting next to them. He said solemnly, "It seems the two of you do not yet know. But this one understands the situation clearly. Zhou Lun Yu was originally in Lin Xian Junior High, but left the school for some reason. Back then, Sire Zhou Lun Yu was repeatedly number one in every single test at Lin Xian Junior High, and his total scores were much, much higher than the person ranked second. When he attended his last district examination, he was ranked eight among all the districts! Although his grades were excellent, all the students and teachers knew one other fact...."

What fact?

He cleared his throat and said in an even graver voice, "This person was actually a C-type...moreover, he was the top C-type in Lin Xian at that time!"

A C-type? Huang Qiao Yi was shocked, "C-type?! Then...why did Teacher Wang take the initiative to add him to our class?"

Before they had finished their conversation, the classroom door opened. Teacher Wang invited the new student in with an extremely enticing posture.

"Ohohohohoho!! Most of the classmates recognize you, and you should make sure to get along well with them. But there are a few new faces entering senior high, so please let me reintroduce you!"

The boy entered the classroom and walked up to the front desk reluctantly. Teacher Wang waved her pointer and loudly introduced—

“This is Zhou Lun Yu!!”

The students didn't show any reaction. Only the last row became restless.

It was really unexpected...

It's, him...?! [Huang Qiao Yi]

How could it really be him... [Meng Ming]

Meng Ming stared at the new student's face. He had recognized him in a flash!

It was the guy he had met in the Lin Xian library that time. The one that challenged Meng Ming over a book, and managed to find it immediately. This was the guy that had instantly defeated the eyesight that Meng Ming had been so proud of!

Zhou Lun Yu stood at the front desk, his gaze sweeping across the room. Finally, his eyes stopped on Meng Ming sitting in the back row.

The two exchanged glances once again. Currently, Zhou Lun Yu's expression was still provocative. He slightly lowered his head as the corners of his mouth tilted up.

This guy...he recognized me before? Meng Ming remembered that the guy's gaze that day had been the exact same.

After only a single afternoon, news of Zhou Lun Yu's return seemed to have spread throughout the entire grade. Discussions about him could be heard in the small shop, the field, and even while the students were eating lunch.

Four people were sitting in the cafeteria, their ears having already crusted over.

"Ah, that Zhou whatever Yu, is he really as amazing as people say he is?" Lin Jing Xuan was extremely curious, "Ranked number eight in the entire district...the district is so large; it has dozens of schools. Yet he managed to rank number eight! He sounds like a legend."

Huang Qiao Yi was silently mulling over the events with Zhou Lun Yu that day in the library. Meng Ming was just as silent. The two still hadn't figured out how exactly Zhou Lun Yu had found that book.

The only one that remained unconcerned about this name was Bai Jiu.

"As long as we L-types focus on our own studies, isn't it fine?" Bai Jiu said as she ate. She innocently thought to herself: Students that cheat on exams aren't anything worth thinking about.

However, Zhou Lun Yi was a figure that all the students in the grade minded; it was clear to see that he wasn't a simple existence.

"I heard that Zhou Lun Yu, mind you, I only heard it..." Lin Jing Xuan stopped memorizing his vocabulary and turned around to speak to everyone. It looked like he had been listening to quite a few rumors. "Zhou Lun Yu can see anything that any other examinee in the exam area is writing."

Was that possible!?

"Lin Jing Xuan, are you saying that he can read through people's writing strokes?"

"That's possible."

Because Lin Jing Xuan heard that Zhou Lun Yu had cheated multiple times during exams with the method of 'Complete Copy' on another examinee's test paper! After the scores had come out and everyone had seen Zhou Lun Yu's exam paper, they could tell that he had copied it all. It was clear that he was a C-type. However, nobody could do anything to him...because the proctors at the exam sites had never once caught any traces of him cheating!

"During literature exams, Zhou Lun Yi copied the student with the best literature grades; during maths exams, he copied the student with the best maths grades. With this, he was able to become first in overall score." This was how Lin Jing Xuan personally analyzed it. His last words were rumors again, "In addition, he has a very particular personality. He doesn't write anything for exams that he doesn't find interesting, or ones that he doesn't like, and gets a 0."

"Tch! If it's just reading people's writing motions, I can do it as well!" Meng Ming interrupted.

"Brother Meng Ming..." Huang Qiao Yi tried to stop him, reminding him that Bai Jiu was eating together with them.

"It's fine, Little Qiao. This kind of skill is nothing. Lin Jing Xuan, write something without letting me look. I'll just watch your pen from a distance as you move it, and I'll immediately be able to guess what words you wrote!" Meng Ming made Lin Jing Xuan take out a small notebook to write in.

"Classmate Meng Ming, you even know how to do this?" Bai Jiu asked. She really didn't like Zhou Lun Yu, and was only extremely interested in Meng Ming.

Actually, Meng Ming didn't know this kind of technique at all. He simply wanted to try it and see if he'd be able to. If Zhou Lun Yu really could read people's writing motions...no matter where in the site area he sat, he still couldn't possibly see everyone's pens.

Unable to refuse, Lin Jing Xuan could only take out the pen and paper. He pushed aside his bowl and chopsticks, and carefully began writing on the paper. Meng Ming's eyes were glued onto his pen the whole time. After Lin Jing Xuan finished writing, Meng Ming very confidently said—

"You wrote: Little Qiao makes me neglect sleep and forget about food."

Huang Qiao Yi's face turned red, and even Bai Jiu was shocked.

"Wrong!" Lin Jing Xuan picked up the paper and showed his words:  
"Little Qiao is wearing white panties today."

"Oh...so that means Classmate Meng Ming could only recognize two of the words...."

"Oh, it seems like it's no good...."

.....

"That isn't important!" Huang Qiao Yi pummeled Lin Jing Xuan into the wall.

Classes continued in the afternoon. During this time, Meng Ming was closely inspecting Zhou Lun Yu's movements from the back row—

That guy...

Zhou Lun Yu was sitting in the seat closest to the window. His head was lowered, and he was leisurely flipping a page from a book.

So despicable...he's reading <Realm of the Death God> ...! Meng Ming was about to stand up to run over there and toss the book out the window.

"Brother Meng Ming, calm down...we're in class..." Seeing Meng Ming somewhat unable to hold back his anger, Huang Qiao Yi coaxed him.

The teacher in front was an old man over 50 years old. His unique trait —was that he had a bald spot on the left side of his head. This old man was currently using his very small windpipe to explain information about geography with thick pronunciation. Meng Ming didn't listen to the class at all, and was watching Zhou Lun Yu the whole time. He wanted to grab even the slightest clues about him. But Zhou Lun Yu didn't act improperly at all. His head was still lowered as he flipped through the book.

That book...I should be the one reading it! Meng Ming was in a bad mood.

Since the book had been stolen, Meng Ming could only watch enviously, unable to do anything about it.

That book he stole...Oh?...Isn't he reading? Why did he suddenly stop reacting... Meng Ming discovered that there was something off with Zhou Lun Yu's movements.

Three minutes had passed already, yet Zhou Lun Yu hadn't flipped to the next page. It didn't seem like he was listening to the lecture either.

.....

That bastard actually fell asleep...!! It was like he was taking up a toilet without actually going to the bathroom... Meng Ming grew furious.



"Give it back to me!!" Meng Ming shouted as he abruptly stood up with a slam on his desk.

This frightened all the classmates in the class, and shocked Zhou Lun Yu awake as well. The old man lecturing in front of the class panicked as well, "Ai, ai? What...did I say something wrong?!"

Meng Ming immediately realized that he had lost control.

.....

In the end, Meng Ming became the center of everyone's attention, the focal point of everyone in the class.

The old man lecturing scratched his head and asked, "Student Zhuge Meng Ming, if I didn't say anything wrong, then why shout so loudly?"

The whole class erupted in laughter.

The old man was slightly upset by the mocking laughs that had interrupted his lecture. "Alright, alright, don't waste any more time. Next...according to the class material just now, I'll pose some questions. Everyone must answer them by themselves...Oh, I'll invite two students to write the answers on the board. Zhuge Meng Ming, you're one of them!"

The old man placed the chalk on the left corner desk, and gestured at Zhuge Meng Ming to come up. Who'd asked him to shout so loudly?

This was the first time Meng Ming had ever been asked to answer a question in front. This had never happened to him before! Huang Qiao Yi was slightly worried, and she whispered, "Brother Meng Ming, you can't answer the question, right? If you go up, Little Qiao can't help you..."

Meng Ming didn't know what to do either, but he could only go up. Meng Ming didn't feel like thinking about it too much. He believed that as long as he went, he'd figure something out.

"And another student..." The old man placed another piece of chalk on the right corner of the desk, "Oh, I'll ask the one that just transferred back—Student Zhou Lun Yu. Alright, both of you, come to the board now to write."

Why is it him again?! Meng Ming's heart shook. He was slightly vexed, but then he thought about it again. But Zhou Lun Yu should be a C-type. Even if he's the whatever ranked eight in the entire district, he surely doesn't know the answer to any question either! That's right—Hmph, like I'd lose to him! Perhaps he'd be able to see through Zhou Lun Yu's strength and tricks.

The teacher spoke these two names, and the whole class waited expectantly—Zhou Lun Yu was a C-type that was Lin Xian's number one, and the district's number eight. Meng Ming was the L-type that had scored the highest on the entrance exam. What would the both of them write on the board?

The two of them gracefully strode to the front, their imposing manners equally impressive.

The old man slowly walked away from the front desk with the lesson plan in his hand. He looked at it again and again; from this, it could be seen that he hadn't actually prepared a question at all.

The two people in the front picked up their chinks and faced the board with their backs facing everyone.

Zhou Lun Yu stood at the front desk. He turned around to glance at Meng Ming, who wasn't very far away, and then whispered—

"You still want to compete against me? Zhuge Meng Ming, you're a C-type, aren't you."

This completely shocked Meng Ming.

What?!

Meng Ming had still been planning methods on how to figure out the tricks the other party used, but was now thrown into complete disarray by Zhou Lun Yu's words.

He suddenly felt nervous, and the sweat on his forehead began to drip down—

*Zhou Lun Yu...how did he know...!*

## Quiz 20: Indescribable Solution

The old man began to ask, "First question: Currently, fresh water most suitable for humans to use is..."

After he finished his question, the students all began to move their pens.

But up front, Meng Ming didn't understand the question at all, and couldn't write anything. He snuck a glance next to him, and saw that unexpectedly, Zhou Lun Yu had also quickly begun to write on the board!

As Zhou Lun Yu wrote, he suddenly turned around to say to Meng Ming, "Don't look at mine!" This scared Meng Ming, and he immediately turned back around.

Zhou Lun Yu is a C-type, how is he writing this!? ...How!? Meng Ming thought. Source of freshwater...? I don't know what to write..."

There really wasn't any point in analyzing the question; Meng Ming had never learned it, so he couldn't possibly answer it.

But if Meng Ming didn't write, he'd immediately lose! ...If I don't write something soon, Bai Jiu and my classmates will see through me. I can't pay attention to Zhou Lun Yu! I need to first write the answer! Meng Ming began to panic slightly. He quickly scanned through various methods that came up in his mind.

The only thing he had in his hand was a piece of chalk.

Can I use this... An idea came to Meng Ming. He grasped the entire chalk, and used his finger to grind down on it, instantly turning the chalk into powder.

"Aiya! I broke it by accident." Meng Ming said theatrically.

The old man asked, "Zhuge Meng Ming, do you not know how to use chalk?"

"No, I don't..." Meng Ming said with a helpless expression. "Then, can I not write it..."

"Here!" The old man passed Meng Ming another piece of chalk, "Use this one. Don't exert too much strength on it."

No way, he still has one... This was beyond Meng Ming's expectations. This move won't do...

Meng Ming didn't know that chalk was cheap, and that the school had boxes and boxes of it...

Meng Ming helplessly turned to face the blackboard again. Zhou Lun Yu had already finished writing the answer. He whispered to Meng Ming, "If you can't write it, just admit defeat. Don't try to show off."

Meng Ming was both furious and powerless. It hasn't even ended yet!

As if I'll concede! Of course he wasn't willing to surrender, and he continued to frantically try to come up with a solution.

Time passed very quickly. After only a few words, all the students had already finished writing. They all lifted their heads to look at the blackboard. But none of them had imagined that Meng Ming still hadn't a single word at the front.

Discussion erupted once more——

"Why didn't he write a single word?"

"Did Zhou Lun Yu do something to make him unable to write?"

"He probably didn't know how to write it in the first place...."

.....

These whispers of discussion made Meng Ming break out into cold sweat. He could only blankly hold the chalk as he faced the blackboard in extreme embarrassment. He couldn't think of any solution, nor could he turn around to look at Zhou Lun Yu....

If my vision could curve around, everything would be fine... All the stares at Meng Ming really made him want to leave. There's a solution, but.....do I really have to make a bet that cuts off my means of retreat...

Just as Meng Ming was hesitating, he suddenly saw a black bug fly in

front of him, and land with a 'pa' on the blackboard.

Bug?

The black bug stopped in front of his vision and began to crawl around the board. Its tracks...

They're words?! Could it be... He suddenly recalled the bug user Qiu Min Ke behind him. It's him, he's helping me? Or...

That's right! Meng Ming remembered how Qiu Min Ke had tensed up earlier in the afternoon when he had heard Zhou Lun Yu's name...in other words, he also wanted to dig out the skills that Zhou Lun Yu used. That's why...he was currently helping Meng Ming; he wanted to bait Zhou Lun Yu to act!

Time doesn't wait for people. Meng Ming couldn't bother thinking too much about it. He looked at the bug and thought: I'll just follow it and start writing!

Meng Ming followed the pattern the bug flew and crawled in, and wrote down words, one after another,

"Correct. But why did you have to think about such a simple question for so long?" The old man asked.

"Eh, actually, it's because I just figured out how to use chalk." Meng Ming chuckled with a bitter smile.

Hearing this, the whole class laughed out loud.

Regardless, he had managed to trick his way through. But Meng Ming thought to himself: Can Qiu Min Ke's actions really force Zhou Lun Yu to act?

Zhou Lun Yu's face remained expressionless; he didn't seem at all surprised by Meng Ming answering the question.

Just like that, Meng Ming continued to answer the old teacher's questions by following the bug's movements. For the following questions, both Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu smoothly wrote all of their answers. During this period of time, Zhou Lun Yu had been silently writing on the blackboard, occasionally glancing at Meng Ming's expression and actions.

These subtle interactions made Meng Ming feel like Zhou Lun Yu seemed to be scheming something.

He couldn't figure out how Zhou Lun Yu knew how to write everything. But Meng Ming believed that securing his own situation under these circumstances was already good enough.

The rest of the class was diligently writing the whole time. The two students at the blackboard didn't make any mistakes either. As the end of class approached, the old man asked one final question:

"The last one is simple: Which country catches the greatest amount of



saltwater fish in the world?"

The students all continued to write. Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu also began to move their chinks. But finally, a long awaited discrepancy in the answers appeared from the two people's answers in the front!

"Oh..." The old man looked at the completed answers on the blackboard and said in complete bewilderment, "Student Zhou Lun Yu's answer is correct! Student Zhuge Meng Ming...you wrote, Mongolia...?"

The rest of the class stared dumbly at Zhuge Meng Ming's answer. They just couldn't understand how this bizarre answer had come to be.

"Mongolia? That's a landlocked country, how could it catch saltwater fish? Have you lost your mind?" The old man asked.

Hah? No way... Meng Ming was shocked, and he stared at his answer again. He clearly wrote everything according to the bug! Qiu Min Ke, that bastard, he played me?!

Zhou Lun Yu had an expression that seemed as if he had long since understood what was going on. He snorted at Meng Ming as if to say: "I won again." Then he tossed the chalk in his hand, and turned around to walk away.

Meng Ming almost blew up in anger. Only after the old man called at him to return to his seat did he regain his senses.

"How did Zhuge Meng Ming answer wrong?"

"In addition, the answer is wrong beyond reason..."

"Did he do it on purpose?"

The students in the class had grown accustomed to gossiping.

Zhou Lun Yu's answers were all correct, Meng Ming had one wrong. That meant—Meng Ming had lost once again!?

Meng Ming helplessly returned to his seat. Even Huang Qiao Yi scooted over and whispered, "Brother Meng Ming, why were all your answers correct except for the last one?"

Meng Ming wasn't able to answer the question.

He also didn't understand why Qiu Min Ke had helped him in the beginning, yet given a completely irrelevant answer in the end. From what happened earlier, it seemed that Qiu Min Ke helping Meng Ming answer the earlier questions wasn't him intentionally playing around with Meng Ming. Could it be that even Qiu Min Ke didn't know the answer to the last question? ...Then why write an answer that was definitely wrong? He was clearly just playing around with me! ....Didn't he want to force Zhou Lun Yu to show his hand? What exactly did Zhou Lun Yu do when he was at the front?!

Meng Ming thought back and forth, but felt that pondering this further wouldn't lead to any solution. He decided that he'd catch Qiu Ming Ke after class to force a confession out of him.

Less than 2 minutes later, the bell rang to signal the end of class. But at that moment, many curious students surrounded Meng Ming's seat! This included Lin Jing Xuan, who liked to join in on the fun——

"Classmate Meng Ming, why did you write Mongola?"

"That's right, is there any special meaning behind it?"

"It must've been on purpose, right!?"

Meng Ming didn't know how to reply to these interrogations.

Zhou Lun Yu didn't leave his seat next to the window. He only glanced at Meng Ming being surrounded by everyone in the back row, and sniggered to himself.

That "Mongolia" hadn't been Meng Ming's own answer at all. He had been played around with due to his panic. He really didn't know how he was supposed to explain it to his classmates.

"The so-called Mongolia," Shi Yun, who sat on Huang Qiao Yi's right, explained as he bobbed his head around, "Is a country that raises livestock, located between China and Russia. Sire Zhu called it a country with a major fishing industry presumably because he wanted to express Mongolia as a sea, moreso an inland sea——Thus, we describe our geography teacher's hairstyle as Monmongolgol!"

The surrounding people couldn't stop laughing. Some of them even believed these words as true—the old man that taught geography was indeed missing a chunk of hair!

Meng Ming didn't quite understand, and could only laugh as well to deceive them. But nobody realized that just now, the lecturing old man had also wanted to ask Meng Ming why he wrote "Mongolia", and had long since mixed into the crowd of people to listen in as well! After this explanation, the old man finally spoke:

"Alright then. Zhuge Meng Ming, if you aren't satisfied, then I'll wear fake hair next time I come to class. Is that ok?" He then immediately turned around to leave the classroom....It was only then that the students finally noticed his existence. They broke out into a cold sweat and dispersed.

"Brother Meng Ming, you provoke teachers so easily..." Huang Qiao Yi said.

"It's not like I want to! It's all that bastard's fault, so infuriating..." Meng Ming glared at Zhou Lun Yu.

After everyone scattered, Meng Ming stood up, wanting to speak to Qiu Min Ke. But unexpectedly, as soon as he stood up, he saw that Qiu Min Ke was standing next to his table with his hands crossed!

Qiu Min Ke looked at Meng Ming with a serious expression.

Why did he come here?

Just as Meng Ming was about to ask, Qiu Min Ke beat him to it and said:

"I also want to know what methods that Zhou Lun Yu uses."

That's why he had helped Meng Ming, in hopes of figuring something out.

"But that Mongolia," Qiu Min Ke said in a low voice, "Is definitely not something I intended to write."

What...?! Meng Ming was shocked, "It wasn't written by you?"

"That's right," Qiu Min Ke replied. His expression seemed even more strained than Meng Ming's. "I didn't tell it to write Mongolia, but it wouldn't listen to me at all. In the end, it wrote that word to trick you."

"Then that means..."

By chance, both of them simultaneously looked at Zhou Lun Yu sitting next to the window.

*How could it be him again...?!*

## Quiz 21: Dimension Threads

The sun hadn't completely set yet, and its fading rays lit up all of Lin Xian. The city, which wasn't that populated, had started to stir. Those getting off work and school were rushing about. Compared to surrounding cities, Lin Xian had much fewer cars. There were more uniformed students walking about on the streets, as well as some youths wearing suits. It was a fragmentary scene, and one would occasionally see a bike or two pass by.

It was currently the season where Lin Xian was warm every day.

If one looked down from the two story cafe, they'd be able to see the students currently entering and exiting the stationary store on the nearby street. As some girls walked out with some newly bought items, a serene smile broke out on the face of a girl called Huang Qiao Yi.

Wu...it's been a while since I felt so relaxed...

Normally, she'd go home as soon as school finished, and go back to school soon afterwards. This was the boring life of an L-type that she had already become numb to; nothing new and refreshing ever happened. Today was a rare occasion where she felt a warmth amidst her normal apathy.

This was because Meng Ming had suddenly entered the scene and changed her whole life. Now, she had come into contact with the mysterious C-type realm.

Aside from Huang Qiao Yi, there were two males sitting at the table.

"I say, why do you two always have sour expressions on your faces?" Huang Qiao Yi really didn't want to see those stifled expressions on their faces any longer. Since that day, neither of them had smiled once, and always acted depressed.

"Brother Meng Ming...look at how beautiful it is outside. It's so warm, and the tea smells so nice...the two of you are totally ruining the beautiful scenery like this."

This cafe was less than 2 kilometers away from Lin Xian Central High. The surrounding environment was quite refined, and the view wasn't blocked by any skyscrapers. The sunset beautifully lit up the streets. The cafe's second floor had many chairs and tables set up, but they were all empty. The only people there were three Lin Xian Central High's students sitting nearest to the window.

Qiu Min Ke was one these three people, and was currently sitting gloomily. In the beginning, the only sentence he would ever say to Huang Qiao Yi was: "Hm, what did you say?" Then he gradually got used to her volume.

Among the 3, only Huang Qiao Yi had a placid expression. Unfortunately, she didn't understand how to fix the atmosphere.

The tea in their cups was the cafe's most famous tea: Black Lantern. The leaves had been gathered during the clear dawn on Mt. Qing Xiu. Its fragrance alone was enough to cure people of their thirsts. A light sip instantly relaxed the entire body and mind.

"Just. Drink. Tea." Huang Qiao Yi took the initiative to declare.

Smelling the tea's fragrance, the two felt that the irresistible aroma seemed to be enticing them in. They also agreed that contemplating their matters was slightly shameful, so they just let go of their thoughts. With a sigh, they raised their teacups.

The tip of their tongues had only just touched the tea, but the delicious flavor had already relieved them from their previous tension.

This tea....!

It gives such a comforting feeling when drinking it....

This was the first time they had ever tasted a tea like this before, and their moods suddenly became much more carefree. Their taut faces also gradually relaxed.

"Sigh, have you guys finally stopped thinking about it?" Huang Qiao Yi was finally relieved from that heavy atmosphere.

"Mm." Meng Ming said as he raised his teacup to smell it, "It doesn't matter what methods Zhou Lun Yu used. Sister Duan He invited us here just to discuss that, no?"

"..." Qiu Min Ke looked out at the street. "Duan He asked us to come here, so why haven't we seen a single trace of her yet?"



“Send a text to push her.”

Because of Zhou Lun Yu’s appearance, Duan He had specially gone to look for Class A after school had let out. She had told Meng Ming and Qiu Min Ke to go find seats at the cafe and wait for her, as she had matters to discuss with them. She claimed that she knew Zhou Lun Yu’s techniques, and wanted to share them, as well as discuss another matter.

Incidentally, Qiu Min Ke had also seen Zhou Lun Yu a few days ago. Just like that day Meng Ming had experienced in the library, Zhou Lun Yu had suddenly found Qiu Min Ke’s cultivation grounds at home. When Qiu Min Ke saw that Zhou Lun Yu had harbored malicious intentions, he had tried to make his insects attack Zhou Lun Yu. However, all the bugs were instantly killed; not a single one was spared. This was why Qiu Min Ke had felt extremely fearful of Zhou Lun Yu a few days ago.

Neither of the two knew why Zhou Lun Yu had come looking for them, nor what kind of tricks he was using.

The sun lowered further into the west, causing the layers of clouds and the street to gradually turn red. The tea became lukewarm, so Huang Qiao Yi steeped another pot of it.

This kind of tea leaf didn’t count as expensive in Lin Xiang, but its value would suddenly increase like the stock market if it was shipped to other cities. Nobody outside China would be able to drink this unless they had a certain amount of assets.

“Sorry to make you wait.” A female voice came from the entrance of the

second floor lounge.

"You're too late..."

"We're already steeping our third batch of tea."

"The one that arrives the latest has to pay."

.....

Duan He said in somewhat of a pompous tone, "Ha, I'm sooo sorry. I was coming to tell you Zhou Lun Yu's matters out of my own good will, yet you try to take money from me?"

This sentence was extremely effective. When the two guys heard this, they immediately fought to offer her a seat and pour her some tea.

"Sigh, this tea is still as fragrant as before." She happily said as she took a light sip.

It was Duan He that had told them to come to this cafe. She had definitely come here before, and was probably a frequent customer.

"Then let's get to the main point." Duan He placed her teacup on the table as she said to them, "There are two main topics today. Firstly, let's talk a bit about Zhou Lun Yu's cheating methods. After thinking about it for so long, based on its current appearance, what methods do you guys think Zhou Lun Yu uses?"

If it was just based on appearance, there were a few unfathomable matters—

Firstly, Zhou Lun didn't know anything at all, and yet he could quickly find a well-hidden item;

Secondly, he could rapidly exterminate bugs, and make them cower from fear;

Thirdly, and most importantly, it was said that he knew what other people were writing despite not being able to see the actual paper, and copy the exam perfectly.

"In geography class, while Zhou Lun Yu was writing the answers on the blackboard, he definitely knew what the seated students were writing. That's the only reason why he was able to write the correct answers on the blackboard."

"I feel like he must have ESP?"

"That's impossible..."

It was the effects of the tea that had dispersed their previous anxious atmosphere, and let them start going off on tangents.

Duan He found it amusing how their thoughts were all over the place. "After such a long time, you guys have only come up with these things?"

Forget it, I'll just tell you...."

They all fell silent, not even touching their teacups.

Duan He said, "Zhou Lun Yu uses red threads."

.....

"Red threads?"

"What's that?"

Duan He knew that nobody would understand just these words alone, and seriously continued to explain, "Do you guys know traditional Chinese medicine? Feeling someone's pulse."

They nodded to indicate their understanding.

Duan He said, "In traditional Chinese medicine, there is a high level method for feeling one's pulse: Pulse Measuring Thread Suspension. You take a thin thread and wrap it around the patient's wrist. After pulling it straight, you use your fingers to feel the patient's pulse. Measuring it in this way will let you know all the details of the patient's condition, thus letting you diagnose them. Do you get it now? Zhou Lun Yu's family has been tradition Chinese doctors for generations. He uses special threads. While they are traditionally called red threads, they're actually colorless and transparent. Not only are they extremely thin, but durable as well. They're extremely hard to see with the naked eye."

"Invisible...threads?!"

"So it was like that...!"

Everyone suddenly realized the truth.

Zhou Lun Yu used the red threads and elaborate finger movements to quickly loop them around an item secretly. That day, when Huang Qiao Yi was hiding the book, Zhou Lun Yu had long since wrapped a thread around the book, holding the other end of the thread in his hand. Regardless of where the book was hidden, he only needed to follow the thread's path. Thus, he had immediately found it!

That meant...during an exam, he just needed to loop the red threads around another person's pen, and pull the threads straight. Then, he could press his fingers down on the threads, and just as if he was feeling someone's pulse, he could sense what the other person was writing. This allowed him to create a perfect copy without anyone's detection! This was really—the Pulse Measuring Thread Suspension technique!

They immediately began to discuss: "Then during that class when Zhou Lun Yu went up to the front, he had already wrapped red threads around some classmates' pens. While he was writing on the blackboard with his right hand, some fingers on his left hand were feeling the contents of the answers."

"In other words, he was depending on sense of touch!?"

“To think that a few fingers can actually pull out so many threads without anyone noticing...”

“That’s right, normal people can’t see the red threads.” Duan He took a sip of her tea and continued, “That’s why they call them “threads from a different dimension”.

If controlling bugs and using hypnotism used the “mind”, then the general laws of using the Pulse Measuring Thread Suspension skill was similar to that of casino’s cheating techniques. They both emphasized “fingerwork”. Most people would never think that using fingers alone could accomplish such major tasks!

The people were still there, the tea had gone cold, and a new batch hadn’t been re-seeped. The C-types seemed to be pulled along by those invisible red threads, and were currently thinking the same thing.

Duan He knew well the suspicions that the two boys had. They definitely felt that Zhou Lun Yu was a hostile person, and didn’t know why he had specially looked for them.

Huang Qiao Yi asked, “If Zhou Lun Yu is treating everyone like this, does that mean he’s maliciously declaring war?”

Duan He fell into thought, and didn’t respond immediately.

She turned to look outside the room, and at the sinking sunset. After a long time, she finally revealed her thoughts—

"No, Zhou Lun Yu came to request for help."

"Request...?"

"Request for help?!"

Everyone was at loss.

"That's right, this is our second topic for today."

Duan He had known Zhou Lun Yu for ages. She knew that he wasn't a person that was good at expressing his feelings. The situation that had occurred today was within her expectations. That's why she had appeared to speak with Class A's people.

Duan He asked, "Zhou Lun Yu was originally a student at Lin Xian Central Junior High. But do you guys know why he suddenly transferred away?"

Everyone shook their heads and waited for Duan He to explain.

"In his third year of junior high, Zhou Lun Yu left school once because something suddenly happened...it's hard to explain it well in a short amount of time with few words. Basically, he's encountered a huge crisis and needs help from others. That's why he came back to Lin Xian, to find an opportunity. But when Zhou Lun Yu studied at Lin Xian before, he not only had few friends, but his absolute copies of others' exams made both the teachers and the students think of him as abnormal. That's why, he can only request for help from us, the newly transferred in students..."

The lounge's door was suddenly opened again with a bang. A male voice said, "You guys shouldn't look so surprised, it's exactly as she said."

Zhou Lun Yu suddenly walked into the cafe!

Everyone immediately turned to look at him, jaws dropping open.

"Zhou...Zhou Lun Yu?! Why are you here?" Meng Ming asked.

"What do you mean why am I here?" Zhou Lun Yu replied in a matter-of-fact tone, "This cafe is owned by my family...I live here."

.....

The three people all turned to look at Duan He, who replied with a bright smile.

"And here I thought you had called us here for a secret meeting..." [Qiu Min Ke]

"Sister Duan He, you knew this ages ago, didn't you? That this was his home..." [Meng Ming]

"He heard everything that was said..." [Huang Qiao Yi]

Seeing Zhou Lun Yu finally appear, Duan He said, "I already arranged all



this with him. Alright, Classmate Zhou Lun Yu has something to request, so let him speak. I won't interject!"

"Tch." Zhou Lun Yu said with an expression of disdain, "Request? As if I need help from these useless guys."

"Zhou Lun Yu, can't you just properly say what's on your mind..." Duan He was slightly confused by how Zhou Lun Yu could never just straight-out say his feelings.

"But, these people are really too weak." Zhou Lun Yu argued as he pointed to the boys at the table.

He had first said they were useless, and now he said they were "weak". When Meng Ming heard these words, as well as saw Zhou Lun Yu's expression of contempt, Meng Meng Ming felt more and more irritated. Unable to take it anymore, he shouted, "Hey! Who are you calling weak!!"

"You, of course. You even need help with writing a few words on the blackboard."

"Screw you! Of course I could've written it by myself! I just didn't want to attract people's attentions, so I didn't do anything!"

"Who doesn't know that you cannot write the answers at all?"

"What did you say?! You obviously can't write them either!"

"But I can copy them."

"I can also do so! It's just that I couldn't use the chalk!"

"Either way, I beat you."

"....."

Everyone watched the two argue, completely unable to interject.

"If you're so skilled, let's compete again!" Meng Ming said.

"There's no need. Either way, you'll be the one who loses in the end." Zhou Lun Yu said with his hands spread open, as if having seen through Meng Ming.

"Hmph! Just you wait, I've already seen through your tricks!" Meng Ming said in annoyance, "Now that I know what methods you were using, I can definitely beat you."

Zhou Lun Yu found it very strange how Meng Ming was still so persistent, "You've already lost to me twice. On what basis can you still say that you can win?"

Meng Ming said, "The first few times, I...I didn't use my true abilities, and was just testing you!"

"Testing me?" Zhou Lun Yu was amused, "Then why are you so afraid?"

All hesitation vanished from Meng Ming at that moment. His eyes widened in self-confidence as he said, "Perhaps you saw wrong. The true Zhuge Style Cheating Technique always has a way to win, regardless of the circumstances! I can't possibly lose."

Zhou Lun Yu was shocked at this——

Strange, how...how is he still so confident? That expression doesn't seem like a bluffing one...is Zhuge Meng Ming's strength actually not just this much!?

No matter what circumstances there were, he definitely had a way to win?

Such nonsense. Zhou Lun Yu snorted and said, "Stop joking. Why don't you just let me get rid of your self-confidence once and for all? Let's compete in the midterm exam this time." Zhou Lun Yu saw Meng Ming's expression of delight as he finally got what he wanted, "But all the stakes are in. If you lose again, then you have to obey me."

"Fine, the midterm exam then! Betting anything works!" Meng Ming slapped the table and said, "We'll see whose total score is higher!"

.....

Did Meng Ming still not understand?

This, this was a duel! In addition...Meng Ming himself had proposed it. All the other students present had broken out into cold sweat for him!

"Are you guys...for real?"

"Of course!" Meng Ming said. Zhou Lun Yu's expression didn't change either. It seemed like they both knew that the examination site was the real battlefield. Only by competing there would they be able to see each other's true strengths.

.....

Duan He looked at the two, and silently flipped open her notebook to check the arrangements for the midterm exam.

There were still a few weeks until then. The exam's materials would cover four subjects, each one being worth 100 points for a total of 400. Also, the midterm exam this time wouldn't mix up the classes; the students in the same class would take the exam together..

I didn't think that there would be a duel so soon. Competing total scores? Duan He imagined the midterm exam sites, and began to sweat. Fortunately...those two guys are in Class A. Even if they send everyone present into disarray, it has nothing to do with me.

Zhou Lun Yu said, "Then it's a deal. Zhuge Meng Ming, I've already beaten you twice. If you win in this midterm exam, it'll count as us being

even. But that isn't possible, because you'll definitely lose to me. Afterwards, you have to properly obey my words." No matter what, Zhou Lun Yu had come to request for help. If Meng Ming lost, then he'd have to obediently help him. Zhou Lun Yu suddenly realized there was something off about what he said, and hurriedly added on, "But listen up, the fact that I want help doesn't mean I recognize your strength, nor is it because I must receive your help!"

"Just underestimate me however much you'd like! I'll definitely win, just wait for the moment when you won't be able to get your student ID!" Meng Ming said.

"You'd better get this straight. Before, I was just playing around with you, so I didn't use any of my strength. You can't even see the red threads. You're so weak; you'd better think of a way to see my red threads before you say anything else."

.....

Zhou Lun Yu...if you use this kind of method to ask for help, would anyone be willing to help you... Duan He thought to herself.

-End of Vol 2-

## Quiz 22: World of Transparency

The view from the roof of Meng Ming's home was extremely vast, as expected from a high rise building. As one swept their gaze across, they'd be welcomed with the sight of dawn. The distant horizon could be clearly seen in all four directions. The weather wasn't bad, and Meng Ming stood on that rooftop alone, surveying the surroundings. Because of his conversations with Duan He and Zhou Lun Yu that day, Meng Ming had been internally mulling over an issue for a long time. These past few days, he'd been constantly testing...his eyesight.

He looked at the city from various angles once more—

I can clearly see even from such a far distance.....

Meng Ming had once gone through strict training, so his eyesight's vision strength was extremely good. In addition, his eyes could quickly capture small objects moving at high speeds, and he could also find an item hidden within a large amount of other objects.

But why hadn't I been able to see Zhou Lun Yu's red threads those times I'd encountered him?

Meng Ming knew that a person's eyes originally couldn't see extremely tiny objects, such as microorganisms. But if Zhou Lun Yu could use his hands to touch these threads that he used, then there must be a way to see them.

The rooftop was extremely quiet. Huang Qiao Yi's voice rang out clearly

from the roof entrance, "Brother Meng Ming ran up to the roof again." She had come to find Meng Ming.

She knew that Meng Ming had been practicing how to see transparent objects that normal people couldn't perceive this whole time. However, he hadn't made any progress yet.

"Brother Meng Ming, no matter how far you can see, there's no meaning if you can't see objects extremely close to you. All human eyes are the same; the things you can't see just won't ever be seen. No matter how much you practice, it won't be of any use."

But aside from researching and practicing, Meng Ming couldn't figure out any other methods. He thought to himself: Zhou Lun Yu has the same eyes as me, so how come he can see them?

Meng Ming was certain that if he wanted to see these red threads, there had to exist some kind of trick or method to do so.

Huang Qiao Yi took two steps back, then yanked hard to pull out a strand of her hair. She waved it in front of Meng Ming and asked, "Brother Meng Ming, can you see this?"

"Of course I can. Little Qiao is wearing white clothes; since it contrasts with your dark hair, it becomes extremely clear to see. I'd be able to see any thread, no matter how thin it was, if it had color. The troublesome thing is that the red threads that guy uses are transparent!"

The only colorless, transparent thread used normally was fishing line.

After going home to flip through some old fishing tackle from years ago, Huang Qiao Yi finally got her hands on some fishing line, which she dangled in front of Meng Ming.

"I can see it." Meng Ming said after a single glance.

Thus, Huang Qiao Yi moved back a few meters.

"I can see it very clearly..."

This time, Huang Qiao Yi retreated all the way to the opposite wall.

"I can still see it."

Huang Qiao Yi was bewildered, "Brother Meng Ming, if you can see this from so far away, how come you couldn't see the threads last time when you were so close to them in the library?"

Meng Ming gave up. After all, these red threads were really, really thin. The fishing lines wasn't anywhere near as thin. In addition, the fishing line wasn't completely transparent either. If one looked closer, the fishing line was still slightly opaque.

Duan He had said before that the red thread Zhou Lun Yu used was a specially created material, and no ordinary thread could ever compare to it.

Red threads...



On another hand, Meng Ming hadn't touched any playing cards for a long time now.

It was really difficult to find good quality playing cards in China. The deck Meng Ming had was from a shop that had taken forever to find. It was a regular set of playing cards of a fairly decent quality, and neither side of the printing had any holes.

Meng Ming sat at the table alone, and began to play around with this deck of cards,

Smooth shuffling techniques, quick finger techniques that switched cards, gorgeous dealing arts, making the cards go in a certain direction as if they were dancing the air—Meng Ming was already very skilled at these basic techniques.

Cheating techniques were always used the moment people weren't paying attention to quickly flash over their eyes. One had to keep track of the other party's fingers to follow all of their movements. Only then would one be able to counter.

Meng Ming lightly flipped and spun the cards around in his hand, displaying identical, beautiful suites.

He closed his eyes and began to think.

It wasn't difficult to capture another party's hands and follow the swift movements of their fingers and the cards—but Zhou Lun Yu's red

threads were silent and still. If they did move, it would be slight; just like how the cards currently on the table were all the same suites, nobody would ever notice them.

.....

“So freaking annoying! Transparent, how am I supposed to see something transparent!!” Meng Ming lost his cool and furiously scratched his head.

After mulling it over for a long time, Meng Ming still couldn’t come up with a solution. Although he knew Zhou Lun Yu used threads, wanting to achieve victory at the examination site was mere empty talk if he couldn’t even see them.

Thin, transparent threads that the average person couldn’t see...the claim that they were from a “different dimension” was indeed not baseless!

Forget it! Meng Ming threw away the things in his hands and stood up to jog outside.

.....

Lin Jing Xuan tossed his pen to the side after putting all his effort into actually finishing all of his school assignments that day. He had arranged to go swimming with a few classmates that afternoon. And, most of those classmates were girls.

"Little Xuan! Don't tell me you already finished changing your clothes and plan on peeking into the females changing room again?" One of the girls said.

"He definitely wouldn't dare this time...instead, he'll change it to purposely bumping into us, then pretending to choke on water as he randomly touches us everywhere..." Another girl said.

Lin Jing Xuan jumped to explain, "No way, no way, I'm actually very sensible! The previous times were all accidents, just accidents..."

The group of people laughed and talked as they walked towards the district's pool. By coincidence, they bumped into the jogging Zhuge Meng Ming. Meng Ming's head was lowered, and the strange expression on his face made all of them notice him.

"Hey! Meng Ming!" Lin Jing Xuan shouted towards him.

Hearing the shout, Meng Ming raised his head to glance towards them.

Lin Jing Xuan hurriedly lifted his swimming gear and walked over to pat Meng Ming on the shoulder, "Why do you seem unhappy? Come and swim with us!"

Meng Ming was still deep in thought over the "extremely thin and transparent threads" issue, and the few girls that Lin Jing Xuan had brought along all flocked around Meng Ming before he could react.

They stared at Meng Ming and said, "Wow! Little Xuan, you have a friend that's so delicate and pretty looking? Why haven't you ever introduced us to him before?!"

"Come and swim with us?" They warmly invited as they approached Meng Ming.

"No, I..." Meng Ming's thoughts were still in a disarray, and he was at loss on what to do.

Another girl even purposely pushed Lin Jing Xuan aside to grasp Meng Ming's arm, "Can you swim? If not, I can teach you!"

Lin Jing Xuan loudly declared, "Everyone, calm down. You girls don't recognize him? He's a student from Lin Xian Central High as well!"

"Ah? A schoolmate?"

These girls were also students from Lin Xian Central High.

Lin Jing Xuan put his arm around Meng Ming and introduced, "This is my classmate, Zhuge Meng Ming."

The girls felt another sensation run through their bodies—

"Ah, it's, it's him!"

“Zhuge Meng Ming...I’ve heard about him. He’s the Class A student that has amazing grades!”

“I hadn’t thought that I’d get to meet you! So you’re actually so good-looking! Can you study together with me some day? Why don’t you leave me your number?”

Having been asked so many questions in succession, Meng Ming had absolutely no clue how to explain his situation. As expected, Meng Ming was eventually pulled by the girls to the swimming pool in his state of confusion.

“Lin Jing Xuan...why did you drag me here before even knowing my situation? I don’t even have a swimsuit...” Meng Ming helplessly said. At the moment, he was already standing before the changing room doors.

“Just buy a pair of swim trunks, and you’ll be fine! This place sells them,” Lin Jing Xuan replied without giving it any thought.

It looked like Meng Ming wouldn’t be able to avoid the situation anymore. He had already come all the way anyways, so he thought he might as well go down and soak in the water. Perhaps it’d clear his mind. Thus, he began to change....

I keep feeling a bad premonition about this pool....

Meng Ming sensed as he changed his clothes.

The outdoor swimming pool had water so clear that one could see the bottom. It looked like it had gone through high speed purification. The surface area of the pool was quite large, and quite a few visitors were already freely swimming under the sunlight.

"Meng Ming! Hurry up and follow me!" Lin Jing Xuan shouted as he rushed out of the male changing room with his torso bare and ran straight into pool.

Oi, aren't you going to get a cramp that way...? Meng Ming was just about to stop him.

"Wa!! I got a cramp!"

Lin Jing Xuan held onto a random girl into the water, endlessly tossing and struggling about.

This guy.....

Meng Ming couldn't be bothered to pay Lin Jing Xuan any mind, and just decided to jump in himself and float on his back a bit.

There were no clouds, but the building blocked some of the sunlight, so it wasn't intense. The water gently lapped against Meng Ming's skin, making him feel the desire to take a nap. Meng Ming finally felt his own exhaustion. He heard the sound of laughing, the lapping of water, and the sounds of people arguing coming from next to him...

The sounds of arguing?

Meng Ming hurriedly stood up in the water, abruptly turning to see the few female classmates that Lin Jing Xuan had invited currently standing opposite to some males by the side of the pool.

At that moment, Lin Jing Xuan suddenly popped up from behind Meng Ming with his goggles on and said, "No good, those girls have pretty stubborn personalities. If they get into an argument, something bad will definitely happen. We have to hurry up and stop them!" He said as he quickly dragged Meng Ming to swim to the poolside.

"As if we want you to teach us! We know how to swim!" The girl evaded the harassment with an extremely strong and imposing manner.

"Come on, don't be like that. How about this, if you girls can swim, do you want to race against us?" The harassing male said.

"No, we'll play by ourselves. You guys should just scram to another side!"

The males began to get angry, especially the leader of the group, "Don't refuse a toast only to be forced to drink a forfeit! Let me tell you, we are formidable C-type students!"

Just as Meng Ming reached the poolside, he heard this sentence...

Why did this voice sound so familiar?! When he looked closer...

.....

Three Missing One Quartet? Why is that group here! Meng Ming's jaw dropped.

"Boss Ma Que, let's show those girls something interesting!"

"Huang Que, you go and swim against them!"

.....

The girls saw Meng Ming and Lin Jing Xuan walk over, and shouted, "Little Xuan, Meng Ming, hurry up and help us drive away these annoying guys!"

Ah? There are males? Three Missing One Quartet all turned their heads around to look over.

Meng Ming immediately turned around to flee.

"Ah? Master?!" The members of Three Missing One Quartet saw Meng Ming at the same time.

"Oh, oh!! It's Master! Ah—why is he running away?"

"Master! Come teach us how to play mahjong!"



The four people hurriedly chased after Meng Ming, "Master! Why did you run away last time? This time, we definitely request for you to take us in as your disciples!"

Meng Ming felt extremely helpless. As he ran, he shouted at Lin Jing Xuan, "Lin Jing Xuan! Lend me your goggles!"

Lin Jing Xuan hurriedly removed his goggles, "Meng Ming, I just knew that you'd need this! Go and enjoy the beautiful sights of all those swimsuits as much you desire!" He then tossed the goggles over at the running Meng Ming as hard as he could.

As if the situation is as you say!

Meng Ming caught the goggles and dived deep, deep into the water.

How am I so unfortunate to have bumped into that stupid quartet... Meng Ming weaved around at the bottom of the water like a fish, gloomily searching for a place to hide. Oh, having dived all the way here, I probably won't be discovered... After hiding for a short period of time, he felt that he had hidden quite well already. Just as he was about to swim around in the water for fun, he suddenly discovered...

Oh...? These people's clothes... With his goggles on, he could see a few females wearing swimsuits from underneath the water. They were currently standing in the water and playing around, their heads all above the surface. Meng Ming thought: Aren't those girls the students that Lin Jing Xuan brought along? It looks like the quartet stopped harassing them...

But Meng Ming's face began to heat up slightly from seeing this scene. However, when he recalled Lin Jing Xuan's words about enjoying "the swimsuit view" or whatever, Meng Ming's eyes subconsciously began to look more closely.

Ugh, I'll be in trouble if I'm discovered. It's best to just leave! Meng Ming was just about to turn around and leave. ...Hm?

An idea suddenly flashed in his mind.

This water was obviously clear, and very transparent. Yet despite him being so close to the girls underwater, why hadn't they sensed him at all?!

Strange.

In addition—

I keep feeling like...parts of the surface are strange somehow. Also, Lin Jing Xuan's goggles are transparent as well...! Meng Ming became more immersed into thought, and he turned around to examine the girls again. Could it be....

.....

A girl swam in front of him...

"I, I get it now!!!"

Meng Ming suddenly jumped up from underneath the water! —He had suddenly realized exactly how to see those red threads now!

Meng Ming's sudden outburst frightened the surrounding swimmers, and also attracted the gazes of the girls.

"Meng Ming? What did you get?"

"Why....why are you here?"

"Oh! Meng Ming, were you peeping?"

"No, I...." Meng Ming hurriedly tried to explain.

Suddenly, voices could be heard from somewhere behind him—

"Master! I see him, Master is over there!"

"Hurry up and capture him so that we can formally become his apprentices!"

I, I, what kind of troubles did I attract....!

Meng Ming frantically dived into the water once more.

But this time, his mood was much more carefree.

## Quiz 23: The Office Amidst the Overgrown Wilderness

Two months had passed without any rain, and this was the first sign of rain since the start of school. It was a light drizzle that permeated throughout the blistering hot city and gave a kind of refreshing feeling.

“Why must we wander so far down this winding path...where exactly are we going?”

Huang Qiao Yi was currently driving a car down one of the district’s roads, while Duan He sitting in shotgun was currently giving her driving instructions through the drizzle.

Meng Ming was sitting alone in the back, complaining in boredom. —He had been dragged by Duan He today to go meet an uncle. Duan He had said that dozens of years ago, this uncle had been an exam-cheating expert; he had even given her advice before. This time, Duan He had decided to bring Meng Ming to go looking for him, as she thought that this uncle would definitely offer some help to a beginning cheating student like Meng Ming.

“Is that uncle really so formidable...”

“Of course, he’s a very experienced veteran.” Duan He introduced the uncle as ‘Carron’, an English name.

Huang Qiao Yi found the non-Chinese name to be very strange, “Why does a foreigner need to cheat?”

Duan He explained, "He's not a foreigner, he's a Chinese male. He is very formidable; he's a sculptor. Carron is probably just his pen name or alias."

"He's just a sculptor..." Meng Ming was still in a bad mood. "Why do we need to look for him?"

"Isn't it because of you..." Duan He turned around and rolled her eyes at Meng Ming. "You insist on dueling against Zhou Lun Yu on the midterm exam. How could you possibly be his opponent in your current state! Uncle Carron is very skilled at cheating. If he gives you advice, maybe you'll make a breakthrough. However..."

"However?"

"I haven't met Carron in over a year. I only know that his personality is a bit strange..." Duan He paused and thought to herself: Well, actually I should say Carron is a bit of a nutjob... She then continued, "He's married multiple times, and even has nine kids."

"Nine, nine kids?!"

Duan He nodded and said, "Yea. It's a pity that not a single one of his wives or children stayed by his side. Basically, Uncle Carron welcomes C-types to go and visit him! But, if he doesn't have a good impression of you, he won't casually teach you anything!"

.....

“Then why are we looking for him!!!”

Neither Meng Ming nor Huang Qiao Yi had expected that their destination would be an old, abandoned district. There were absolutely no signs of cars in any direction. They parked the car on the roadside, and then followed Duan He, weaving back and forth through the rain. Finally, they reached a relatively deep alley. This place was both shabby and messy, and it was extremely difficult to find a path that people could pass through.

Meng Ming just couldn't understand why the uncle would live in such a run-down place...it seemed he had already have lost all interest in this matter.

Duan He, who had visited before, said, “Nobody knows why he lives here, but it seems to be related to one of his wives. I heard that the neighboring areas are abandoned business districts. They could even be called ruins...apparently there's even a tomb nearby.”

“Tomb...no way, why would he choose such a creepy place to live!”

They passed through quite a few piles of junk, then went up a rusty metal staircase. Finally, they stopped in front of a run-down door on the second floor. No matter how much they looked around, there were no signs of human habitation, giving it a strong feeling of an overgrown wilderness.

Duan He knocked on the door, and it was opened soon afterwards. A bald uncle wearing sunglasses stood before them. His physique was clearly sturdy, and he was also sporting a small beard.

This uncle is Carron? And I thought that an artist would have messy hair... When Meng Ming saw Carron, he was surprised that a sculptor's head could be so shiny and clean.

"Mr. Carron, it's been a while!" Duan He greeted him. She hadn't thought that they'd be able to find him so easily today.

When Carron saw Duan He, he quickly pushed the door open wider, then approached them to look a bit closer. Afterwards...

"Waaaaa!" Carron shouted, "So it's Miss Duan He how kind of you to visit I'm really sorry I can't offer you much hospitality although the office has no other occupants it's really too messy I didn't get the chance to clean it but if you don't mind then please come in and sit!"

Meng Ming's eyes went wide. This old baldie spoke so much in single breath, isn't it tiring...!

"Oh? Who's this cute little boy?" Carron asked in slight disdain, as he stood in a posture that seemed to be looking down at Meng Ming.

Cu-cute?! Meng Ming felt extremely disgruntled. That damn old baldie...how the heck do I look cute?

"We came to request for Mr. Carron to teach us some things." Duan He introduced as she followed Carron into the room. Huang Qiao Yi had also entered; only Meng Ming stood outside in a daze, his expressionless face not showing any indication of what thoughts were running through his



head.

“Meng Ming, hurry up and come in!” Duan He pulled Meng Ming into the small, messy office, then turned around and said Carron, “This is Zhuge Meng Ming, C-type, a new one. I specially brought him here to request for Mr. Carron to coach him a bit.”

This office didn’t have any tea reserves or anything to entertain guests. Carron didn’t directly take care of them either, and just nonchalantly told them to sit on some wooden chairs. He then buried himself in a dark corner of the office, fiddling with some messy and incomplete wooden carvings. He picked up one, then another, and muttered to himself—

“You want me to coach him...that’s out of the question...”

He began to write calligraphy as he fiddled around with random things, completely preoccupied.

“Come, come!! You guys, look at this, it’s my newest work,” Carron suddenly stood with a medium-sized wooden carving in his hand, holding it up for everyone to see. The wooden carving was of a female and a cow. “How about it?! It’s a work made from my heart’s blood, and it’s called—<Lies>!”

Li...es?

Why is it called that...

Are a woman and a cow somehow related to lies?

The three people stared blankly at the carving without showing any reactions...

"It looks like you guys were all intimidated!" Carron conceitedly raised his head up high, "Hahahaha! My outstanding creativity produced this fine carving!" He crazily laughed with his creation in his hand.

.....

"Mr. Carron...we came here for a certain matter.." Duan He interrupted him.

"Ah? Aaaahh? —Oh, oh!" Carron seemed to respond slightly, then pretended to be super earnest. He placed his hands in front of his chest and lowered his head, as if pondering something, "Oh, cough cough, oh... what matter did you come to discuss about with me?"

Meng Ming's expression had already become extremely twisted. Is this guy really a cheating expert...

After Duan He explained in detail, Carron finally understood. He pointed to Meng Ming and asked, "Oh? You're saying that this boy is a newbie? Oh, you want me to teach him a bit huh...oh...oh..."

As Carron said this, he slowly turned around and sat down to play with his wooden carvings once again.

Duan He could only secretly whisper to Huang Qiao Yi and Meng Ming, "There's nothing we can do...Uncle Carron's mind is just like that. When he's contemplating something, he doesn't really listen to others. However, he's really very formidable, so as long as we're patient, it'll be fine."

Then why exactly must I learn from him specifically... [Meng Ming]

"Um..." Duan He patiently said to Carron, reminding him from time to time, "Mr. Carron, how about it?"

"Oh...oh...?" Carron just kept saying 'oh'.

"Uncle...."

"Oh~, this place needs to be deeper..."

Just by sitting there, Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi were already feeling incomparably awkward.

"That being said..." Huang Qiao Yi seemed to make a discovery. This whole time, she'd felt that this place was different from a normal office, as if it wasn't very coordinated. Only now did she finally realize the problem. She asked Duan He, "Isn't Mr. Carron a sculptor? Why haven't we seen any sculpting tools?"

Meng Ming was thinking that perhaps he hadn't taken them out.

Duan He turned around to tell them, "Mr. Carron doesn't use any tools,

he uses his fingers and nails to carve the wood."

What?! Meng Ming was internally shocked.

"He's that powerful? Mr. Carron's fingernails must be very strong."

"That's not necessarily true." Duan He glanced at Carron, who was still fiddling with an item. After thinking back for a while, she continued, "As long as one understands the grains and texture of the wooden materials adequately enough, one can use their finger to skillfully to carve it with ease. However, there are also times that carving does require a tool. But the only one that Carron uses..." Duan He pointed to Carron's left hand, and looked more closely.

But to her surprise, Carron's left hand was bare.

"Hm? Weird, where did his 'Ravine Apparition'...go?" Duan He was puzzled.

"Mr. Carron? Can you teach him a bit?" Duan He said extremely patiently to Carron, who was still playing with wood.

"Oh, I can." Carron said.

They weren't sure if he had replied after careful deliberation, or if Carron had just replied randomly, but at least he finally said he would.

Ah! What, what's wrong with him...

Weird, he just agreed...?

"That, eh..." The abrupt reply left Duan He at a loss on how to respond afterwards.

"What's wrong with you guys?" Carron said, "I was pondering the matter as I flipped through things just now!"

REALLY—?!" The three of them gaped at him in complete disbelief.

Carron cast aside his wood and slightly turned around to face them, "It's just some advice, isn't it? Of course I can. However..."

When the three of them heard 'however', they finally let out a breath.

"Why are you guys..." Carron thought the students were strange, "I say 'I can' and you guys are scared. I said 'however' and you guys let out a breath of relief...you, what exactly is wrong with you guys?"

"Nothing..."

"We were just thinking, that, that..."

"Anyways Mr. Carron, however what?"

Carron rubbed his sunglasses, "However...if it's asking for me to coach

him, mm, it's best to just forget it."

"....."

"....."

"Why forget it?!"

"Because coaching him wouldn't be beneficial to me at all," Carron said.  
"Why would I instruct him?"

That was true.

Seeing that was the case, Meng Ming just stood up, "Then let's leave."

"Brother Meng Ming, we're just leaving?!"

"Wait, wait a minute!"

But Meng Ming had already made his decision. He felt that if he stayed here any longer, it might give rise to some other strange matter.

"Meng Ming, let's just wait a bit more..."

"Stop pulling at me, let's just leave!"

The three of them pushed and pulled at each other, eventually reaching the office door. At that moment, Carron seemed to come to a sudden realization and said, "Ah, I suddenly realized that coaching him actually is beneficial to me!"

"Did you hear that!" Duan He hurriedly pulled Meng Ming back in.

"But, but..." Meng Ming already clearly knew what was going on: this uncle was just playing with them.

After waiting for everyone to sit down once more, Carron clapped his hands, "Basically, it's fine if you want me to coach you. However, I only teach people who have high aptitudes. Otherwise, it's very hard to communicate. Hmph," he pointed at Meng Ming. "Does this little student have what it takes?"

"Mr. Carron, if you say it that way, aptitude..." Duan He thought a bit, then made some calculations and said brightly, "Zhuge Meng Ming is definitely good enough!"

She didn't care about what kind of benefits Carron had come up with after all his deliberations, and just thought it'd be better to take advantage of the situation and persuade Carron first.

Carron looked at Meng Ming, "He looks all clean, anyone would think he's too well-behaved to be skilled in the art of cheating...."

"Oi...can you not judge people by their appearances," Meng Ming objected, then pointed his thumb at himself. "This has absolutely no

relation with appearance. Cheating is something I've received training in since I was young!"

"Oh~?" Having been shouted at, Carron felt quite shocked.

The other girls used their hands to cover Meng Ming's mouth, silencing him.

"Oh, heh...?" Carron feigned a mysterious expression, then lowered his head to flip through a pile of junk. At the same time, he said with slight contempt, "Is that right...you've received training. Then that's fine. You... sharpen this pencil for me to see." He pulled out a few pencils from the pile and tossed one at Meng Ming.

Duan He had once heard Carron say: If one wanted to see a person's basic cheating skills, one first had to watch the person sharpen a pencil.

Thus, Meng Ming caught the pencil. The two girls also turned to look at the pencil in his hands.

It was a very old pencil, and was also quite dirty. However, its outer appearance was extremely normal; it was one of the types sold on the streets..

Sharpen a pencil...without any tools? Piece of cake. Meng Ming thought. He had long since become an expert at sharpening pencils.

Meng Ming picked up the pencil without any hesitation, and activated



the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique unique skill—Igniting Flames! The pencil fiercely brushed across the side of the chair, and immediately burst into flames. Afterwards, Meng Ming rotated the pencil constantly to control the flames, then eventually blew them out. By that time, everyone could see that the pencil had been burned to reveal a beautiful point tip.

How about it, convinced? Meng Ming looked at the beautiful work created by his own flames and arrogantly lifted it up.

“Oh~~~!” Carron only glanced at it, then began to flip through the pile of junk again. “In terms of aptitude, hm, you really aren’t lacking...oh, but the training of one’s finger skills is endless...” Carron pulled out another pencil from the pile. After inspecting it from various angles, he slowly turned around and held up the writing end of it to face everyone.

What’s the old baldie going to do? [Meng Ming]

Could it be that he’s going to display a skill even more amazing than Brother Meng Ming’s? [Huang Qiao Yi]

Carron’s left hand brushed over the pencil. It was as if he was holding a lighter—he had four fingers wrapped around the pencil’s body, while his thumbnail dug into the pencil shaft. He lightly exerted force, and then flicked his thumb. With a ‘pop’ sound, the pencil burst out like a bottle of champagne, wooden shavings flying out like a cork, revealing only a sharp point!

What, he sharpened it....so simply?! They were all dazed.

"Alright." Carron stretched out his left hand and handed the pencil over to Meng Ming.

Meng Ming accepted it and closely examined the pencil over and over. Isn't this pencil...already sharpened? What else does he want me to look at?

Huang Qiao Yi didn't understand what Carron was doing either. Only Duan He's expression remained indifferent, as if she had long since guessed what was happening.

"What...?" Meng Ming asked. He was actually extremely shocked at Carron's skill just now. When Meng Ming's hand relaxed, the pencil tilted. In that moment, the pencil quickly split into 6 sections, each one displaying a beautiful tip! Fwoosh, six beautifully sharpened, short pencils fell to the ground, one after another.

.....

They were all completely stunned.

These pencil tips had all been made by Carron's thumb just now?! When he looked closer at all the tips that Carron had made, Meng Ming realized that their angles were actually the exact same as the tip that he himself had burned out.

Only Duan He had seen this skill of Carron's before. This carving method not only requires one to be familiar with every single grain on the wood and its level of hardness, but the user must also be able to master

extreme precision with their finger strength...I had seen it only once before, and hadn't imagined I'd be able to witness it a second time..."

Carron put away the pencils and said to Meng Ming, "Your basics aren't bad, but you can definitely do better. Oh, then, do you have any interest in accepting my suggestions?"

"Not rea—" Before Meng Ming had finished speaking, Duan He and Huang Qiao Yi covered his mouth again.

What are you guys doing! [Meng Ming]

"No interest? That means that you aren't interested because you're afraid it'll be too difficult..." Carron turned around, prepared to continue fiddling with the wooden carving again. At the same time, he said, "Indeed, some matters are just very difficult to understand. That's why, I think it's better if you just forget it." They hadn't been together for long, but Carron seemed to have already understood Meng Ming's character quite well.

"Oi!" Meng Ming hurriedly pulled the hands blocking his mouth away, firstly to overtrump the girls, and secondly because he was irritated at Carron's words. "Alright, just hurry up and tell me any suggestions then! ...Difficult to understand? I'm not afraid of that at all!

"Oh, so you mean that you're interested?" Carron snickered to himself in a corner.

"I'm not interes—no, but, no matter what kind of proposal you give to

me, it won't be a problem!" Meng Ming seemed to have been pressured by the two girls behind him, and thus hurriedly changed his words mid-sentence.

"It's very hard you know~" [Carron]

"Hard? No matter how hard it is, it won't be an issue." Meng Ming said fearlessly, "Didn't you say it's difficult to understand? I'll just show you how intelligent I actually am!"

"Fine," Carron turned around and pointed at Meng Ming. "Then, go and retrieve my 'Ravine Apparition'."

## Quiz 24: Practice Exam Questions

It turned out that “Ravine Apparition” was the name of a diamond ring. —It was the sole carving tool that Duan He had mentioned Carron used.

It was said that this ring had been given to Carron by his third wife. He had given it to his daughter with the third wife to keep. This daughter was Carron’s ninth one. What Meng Ming needed to do was to retrieve the “Ravine Apparition” from this daughter’s home and bring it back to Carron.

—“It’s just stealing a ring, isn’t that too easy?!” Meng Ming had said.

—“If you haven’t done anything yet, don’t just go calling it easy. Here, this is their address,” Carron had replied with a serious expression on his face. “The difficult point is that you don’t know the Ravine Apparition’s exact location.”

—“Then where did you place this Ravine Apparition? In which drawer or under which pillow?”

—“Sorry, I forgot.”

This had been their conversation yesterday.

There was another related issue. The Ravine Apparition was made from diamond, and was actually a diamond carving edge. Such a valuable item was bound to have been hidden in a secret location—this issue was

something that Duan He had already pointed out to Meng Ming.

The drizzling had long since stopped. The next afternoon, Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi arrived in front of the door at the address Carron had told them about.

It was the 9th floor, and the door number was 909. The iron door had been newly renovated, and the inner wooden door seemed to have been changed recently too.

Meng Ming still didn't see anything difficult about it, since he knew Carron's daughter lived by herself. The difficulty would at most be finding the ring's hidden location.

"He's really underestimating me...ha!" Meng Ming laughed, "I won't just dumbly sneak in and search! I'll just knock the door and tell the daughter that her father wants the ring, and get her to give it to me directly. If she doesn't believe me, I'll just give her a down payment first, and everything will be fine!"

Huang Qiao Yi had remained silent the whole time. Ever since she had first heard the address at which Carron's daughter lived, she had felt that something was off about the situation.

"Brother Meng Ming..."

"Mm?"

The two of them were standing at the front door, and hadn't yet

knocked. Huang Qiao Yi said with a somewhat stiff expression, "Brother Meng Ming...this time, the matter is your own business, so I think that you should work hard to complete it yourself." She patted Meng Ming's shoulder and said, "I'll go home and await your news." She then smiled and flew down the stairs to go home....

"Oi...Little Qiao?" Meng Ming hadn't even gotten a chance to stop her before Huang Qiao Yi had managed to run off! "This is the ninth floor.."

They'd just painstakingly climbed up to the ninth floor, but she had suddenly left.

Meng Ming found it strange, but he could only turn back around to stare at the door in front of him.

As he faced the door, he began to think: Forget Little Qiao for now. This ninth daughter should be quite young in age, so she should be easy to trick! I'll first tell her that her father asked me to come, then coax the location of the ring out from her. If all goes smoothly, she may even take the ring out to show me! Then, I'll take advantage of when she pours out tea for me or something....

.....

Meng Ming pressed the doorbell.

The person behind the door seemed to have heard the bell, and some loud sounds immediately ensued from inside the apartment—"Boom!

Bang...kwang!" ....After a long while, the front door finally began to move.

Meng Ming stood at the entrance, prepared to immediately greet the ninth daughter.

The wooden door was slowly opened, extremely cautiously, as if afraid the one that had knocked on the door was a monster.

The door finally opened wide. Meng Ming was just about to speak, but the two people's gazes met. It was actually...!

.....

"Bang!" Suddenly, the wooden door was slammed shut.

Bai Jiu....

There were two people, one on either side of the door, both completely shocked out of their wits.

How...that old baldie's ninth daughter is actually...! Meng Ming was momentarily unable to recollect his senses.

Why did Meng Ming suddenly come to my home... The girl inside was also extremely shocked by her classmate's sudden appearance outside.



Already 20 minutes had passed since Meng Ming had first rung the doorbell. During this period, Bai Jiu had changed her clothes at lightning speed, cleaned the place, and then completely re-checked for any places that gave off a “messy” feeling. Only then did she re-open the main door.

The two of them sat in the living room, neither of them saying a single word. Because Bai Jiu had never really had guests come here before, she'd originally thought that some salesperson had come. She hadn't imagined that it would actually be Meng Ming!

Although this was the first time he'd ever visited Bai Jiu's home, Meng Ming was still extremely focused: I have to stay calm, or else I'll fall right into that old baldie's trap! I need to stay clear-headed: I came to retrieve something. Since it's classmate Bai Jiu, the task should be easier! He thought that since it was just a ring, he might as well ask Bai Jiu about it directly.

“Classmate Bai Jiu!” Meng Ming had prepared himself, and began to speak.

“Yes?”

“Do you know Ravine Apparition?!”

—Meng Ming went straight to the point.

“I, I know it of course. I was just studying that text.” Bai Jiu was a bit shocked. How did classmate Meng Ming know what I was currently struggling with? Could it be....

Text? Meng Ming was a bit astonished, "No, not a text..." He was just about to deny this, but Bai Jiu was immersed in her own thoughts, and didn't pay attention to Meng Ming's response at all. Instead, she confidently declared her own conclusion, "Classmate Meng Ming, you came to my house today to study with me, right!"

Meng Ming was stunned.

"So it was like that! That's right, we had agreed that we'd study together last time!" Bai Jiu stood up, so excited that she forgot to prepare tea. Instead, she immediately went to her room to rummage out the notebook and learning materials she had been using just now. She placed these in a pile on the table with some pens and paper. "Alright, let's work hard together today!"

"Work hard...?" Meng Ming didn't recall ever arranging anything like that. In the end, he looked at the text on the table, and found that it was actually called <Ravine Apparition>.

That name....how, how could it be so coincidental!! Meng Ming felt extreme regret. He believed that he had definitely been tricked by Carron! How could a ring have that kind of name! ...Carron had definitely know that Bai Jiu was currently studying, and had thus come up with that name to trick Meng Ming... That old baldie, he knew all along that I was planning on directly knocking the front door to get in! <Ravine Apparition> is the text's name, and Little Qiao didn't even bring it up to me...

"That, ring, is a carving knife..." Meng Ming wanted to explain, but he

was afraid that he'd end up encountering another situation like that "text" one, and end up further and further trapped.

"Hm?" But Bai Jiu only looked at Meng Ming innocently.

"..." Meng Ming didn't know what to say, as it would be wrong no matter what. Now, he could only first play along with Bai Jiu's intentions and study with her for a bit. He'd deal with the matter later when the situation about the ring was properly sorted out.

That damn baldie... The more Meng Ming thought about it, the worse his mood became. To think that he'd drop into such a pit.

"Thanks, classmate Meng Ming." Bai Jiu gratefully said to Meng Ming as they sat across each other at a table. She picked up some reference materials and said, "I had just reached a part I didn't understand, and wanted to ask you! These two reference materials don't say the same thing—this one, in the ninth sentence of the ninth paragraph, says..."

Meng Ming was rubbing his forehead in distress, thinking: Classmate Bai Jiu actually fell into her academic persona so quickly...

In only half a minute, Bai Jiu had already completely returned to her studying state again! Meng Ming had absolutely no clue what the question she had asked meant, and only roughly understood her words.

"That sentence just now..." Bai Jiu earnestly passed the book over for him to look at.

“Eh, oh....”

Meng Ming was still pondering how to ask her about where the ring had been hidden under such circumstances. However, this situation was definitely not as simple as just finding the ring—Bai Jiu was currently asking him a question! Meng Ming didn't know the answer at all. Although it would be ok if Meng Ming didn't know how to respond 1-2 questions, if Bai Jiu asked any more than that...it wasn't like Meng Ming could say he didn't know any of them!

Crap.... Meng Ming finally realized this really wasn't a simple task. I need to cheat...? Then I'll try this....

“Excuse me,” Meng Ming suddenly came up with an idea and said to Bai Jiu, “My phone went off.”

Meng Ming took out his cellphone from his pocket—actually, nobody had contacted him. However, he still pretended to answer it, “Hello, hello?”

As he spoke, he walked towards Bai Jiu's balcony...

Not long afterwards, Meng Ming returned from the balcony with a smile on his face.

He picked up Bai Jiu's reference materials, and pretended to glance over them once. Then, he slowly began to explain them to her.

“....In short, I don't think the books are saying it correctly.” Meng Ming

confidently said as he closed the reference materials shut.

“Wa...” Bai Jiu was very shocked. She had never considered that the two reference books would be wrong! This was the first time she had ever seen a student state that all of the content in the reference materials were wrong, and yet have such justified reason! “So it was actually like that...!” She thought back and reflected over the matter, and affirmed Meng Ming’s explanation.

Heh.... Meng Ming sniggered to himself, his hand still holding his phone. Now I won’t be afraid of any questions she asks!

Actually, Meng Ming had secretly called Huang Qiao Yi to beg for help just now on the balcony...so Huang Qiao Yi had agreed.

Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Brilliant Blossom! Meng Ming hid the cellphone in his palm, and secretly pressed buttons to send texts. Using such a simple method was really too appropriate in this situation!

Well, I’ll just keep going like this for now. When she’s tired of studying, I’ll take that opportunity to ask!.... After Meng Ming finished explaining, he picked up a notebook and held up his pen, pretending to flip through the book. With Huang Qiao Yi’s help, he wasn’t afraid of any question Bai Jiu could possibly ask!

“Meng Ming, this part...” She pointed out another place to ask Meng Ming.

.....

"Ah, I understand, thank you very much." Bai Jiu immersed herself into studying once more. She hadn't discovered any mistakes in his theory at all, and even thought to herself: Studying together with Meng Ming is really too efficient.

Afterwards, Bai Jiu brought up many more questions, and Meng Ming explained all of them to her.

Like this, the two of them continued to study in the living room.

Time continued to flow. Bai Jiu didn't seem to mind that there was an extra boy next to her side, and was just as concentrated in studying as she had been before. While she was studying, she seemed to have forgotten the time and her surroundings.

Meng Ming had already secretly searched through every part of the apartment. The table and chairs, the coffee table, the tea cabinet, the carpet, the electric fan, etc. There was no TV, and the clock hanging on the wall indicated that it was 5 o' clock.

It's already 5, and she still isn't resting... Meng Ming was constantly hoping for Bai Jiu to stop writing. He felt that Bai Jiu's studying willpower was even stronger than a gambler's willpower.

With a whoosh, Bai Jiu finally cleaned up her books!

The end?!

But then Bai Jiu took out another large set of white booklets and said, "Now let's do these problem sets!"

It hadn't ended! Meng Ming gloomily asked, "What...what problem sets are those?"

"They're just practice tests. Meng Ming has definitely done them before." Bai Jiu said, flipping through one of the papers. She thought to herself: Good thing Meng Ming came, my studying tasks will be completed much faster.

I've actually never done a practice test before... [Meng Ming]

"I have multiple copies of this practice test, does Meng Ming want to do it together with me?" [Bai Jiu]

"Ah? I..." Meng Ming thought: Maybe I should just pass...

"You don't want to? Do you think these questions are too easy?"

"No, that's not it..." Meng Ming was momentarily at a loss on how to respond.

Taking practice tests...is something that Little Qiao can't help me with, so I should just reject...

But then Meng Ming suddenly thought of something: Hm? That's right!

This is actually...a chance! Meng Ming hadn't forgotten his original intention. He had come here to retrieve the ring! That meant he could use this practice exam chance...

Bai Jiu and I can compete in taking this practice test. If I win...yea, I'll do that!

"Alright!" Meng Ming was suddenly motivated, "Classmate Bai Jiu, I'll do the same exam as you!"

"Hm? Ok." Bai Jiu pulled out an identical test paper and handed it to Meng Ming.

"Since we're doing the same test, let's do a competition!" Meng Ming said excitedly.

"Comp—competition?"

"Yea. This problem set has answers, right?" Meng Ming asked.

"Yes." Bai Jiu flipped through the practice exam and said that this kind of problem set did have the answers as well.

Meng Ming immediately replied, "In that case, we can compare and correct our exams after we finish. Let's see whose score is higher!"

Although Bai Jiu understood Meng Ming's intention, she didn't actually have any experience with these kind of competitions. "Although I've seen



a lot of people that like competing these kinds of things, I've never participated in such an activity. Meng Ming's grades are so good, you must have quite a bit of experience...if I go against you, I definitely won't be able to win...."

I'm the one that actually has no experience.... Meng Ming saw that Bai Jiu seemed reluctant, and said, "But, there's nothing wrong with just trying..."

"Yea! Either way, it won't matter if we lose, right?" Bai Jiu asked.

"Eh..." Meng Ming choked a bit. Just now, what he had wanted was for Bai Jiu to give him the ring if she lost. Now that Bai Jiu had brought up the point, Meng Ming was instead in a situation where it was difficult to make such a proposal.

"Mm? Does Meng Ming still think that we must bet something...?" Bai Jiu asked from her impression; she remembered that her classmates seemed to always make bets for these things.

"That..." Meng Ming rubbed his head. He felt that saying such things out loud was really too embarrassing.

Seeing Meng Ming's reaction, Bai Jiu agreed, "Then that's fine, let's make a bet. Just don't bet anything too significant."

"Ok!" Meng Ming hadn't thought that Bai Jiu would actually agree, and he immediately said, "Then how about this—the loser won't be studying anymore tonight; the winner can request something from the

loser!"

He thought that as long as beat Bai Jiu, this would prevent Bai Jiu from immersing herself into studying again, and she'd be able to help him find the ring.

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Meng Ming gradually began to feel that the room's atmosphere was a bit off.

Crap...I seemed to have said something wrong...

.....

Bai Jiu's mind had been thrown into disarray by Meng Ming's words.

Meng Ming was just about to try explaining something...but then Bai Jiu said with a blush, "Request something...what kind of request is Meng Ming referring to?"

Meng Ming found it difficult to explain, and struggled for a while.

"Then fine."

Huh? Meng Ming hadn't even explained anything yet, but Bai Jiu had already simply agreed, "It's a bit nerve-wracking, huh. Let's just bet that then!"

## Quiz 25: Just Give Me The Answers!

Thus, the two of them sat across each other at the table, and started their practice tests at the same time!

Bai Jiu lowered her head and began to earnestly write down the answers. Every time she studied or did problems, she would be deeply immersed, as if possessed by a demon. When Meng Ming saw Bai Jiu's serious expression, he thought: Getting a higher score than her is very easy... He didn't attempt to do any problems, and instead turned around to look at that white booklet just now. Those contain the answers...!

Meng Ming first looked at the problems on his own practice test and memorized them so that searching for the answers would be easier.

That white booklet was placed next to a pile of books, and was around 2 meters away from Meng Ming. Grabbing it wouldn't actually be difficult. He needed to get closer first, and then he could use the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Secret Exchange. It was really too easy!

I need to draw Bai Jiu's attention away first. Meng Ming had already surveyed his surroundings. Easy.

He picked up a piece of draft paper: Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Water Splitting Blade Draw!

In an instant, the single pieces of draft paper had become very thin. He then used the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique's secret folding skill—and managed to use the Water Splitting Blade Draw to split the paper into

tons of pieces!

The draft paper in his hand was swiftly folded into a very long and flexible piece of paper. Meng Ming secretly stretched a long piece of paper underneath the table.

I'll tickle her...! When her concentration is broken, I'll take the opportunity to grab the answer set! He had used this move during the entrance examination.

Meng Ming began to tickle the skin on Bai Jiu's lower body.

Five minutes later...

...Why, why hasn't she reacted?

Meng Ming tickled her endlessly, and even tried in 10 different locations. But Bai Jiu still remained completely focused in writing her answers, and didn't show any signs of being ticklish.

During this moment, Bai Jiu hadn't reacted at all. She had already finished answering many questions.

Crap, I definitely cannot let her finish writing first! Meng Ming realized that tickling was useless! He put away the paper and thought: What should I do now...is there any better method of shattering her concentration...

In his sudden anxiety, Meng Ming began to feel hot.

...Hot?! He looked around, That's right...I can try using that!

He saw that there was a revolving electric fan on the ground endlessly spinning.

I'll turn off the electric fan! That way, she'll feel even hotter, and go over to turn it on! ...That's right, she just needs to leave for a moment. No matter how short that moment is, it'll be enough! Meng Ming eyed the electric fan's switch. He quietly picked up a pencil, aimed it at the switch, then tossed it out, directly hitting it! The electric fan was turned off.

The electric fan stopped turning, and the room's temperature gradually began to rise.

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Another 5 minutes passed. Bai Jiu had already answered dozens of questions, and she didn't seem to feel the heat at all!

How has she not reacted?!.... In the end, Meng Ming was the one that felt even hotter, and he was starting to feel uncomfortable. Zhuge Style Cheating Technique... He picked up another pencil and brushed it against the bottom of the table. Igniting Flames!

Meng Ming was going to create a man-made heater!

The hot air diffused outwards, and the temperature below the table increased very quickly....

At that moment, Meng Ming suddenly saw that there were beads of sweat forming on Bai Jiu's chest!

Great, as long as she thinks it's warm, she'll immediately go turn on the fan...!

Bai Jiu's sweat slowly dripped down, and she'd unconsciously wipe it away from time to time.

You should feel the heat now....

...

But Bai Jiu just wiped her face a few times, her concentration still focused on the exam paper!

Meng Ming was burning to death.

The sky was already darkening outside, but Bai Jiu's pen hadn't once stopped writing on her practice exam! She had already finished a large portion of the questions!

...Is it really that hard to get a booklet of answers?! Meng Ming began to panic more, and secretly sent a text to Huang Qiao Yi: "Little Qiao, give a call to Bai Jiu! It doesn't matter what you talk about, anything is fine!"

Huang Qiao Yi replied: "Her phone's off."

Does she really have to turn off her phone when she studies!!! Meng Ming was helpless. And when it's dark, she doesn't turn on the light? ... And at this kind of time, she doesn't feel hungry either?!

No matter how their environment changed, it absolutely wouldn't affect Bai Jiu's work! Her concentration was completely assimilated in the sea of questions.

Meng Ming inwardly let out a sorrowful sigh. Bai Jiu becomes a robot when she studies.

It was getting darker and darker outside, but judging from how Bai Jiu was going, she would probably finish the exam before night fell!

Meng Ming thought of many more schemes, but all of them failed. If things continued like this, Meng Ming wouldn't be able to write a single answer, and he'd immediately be screwed!

Time passed minute by minute, second by second. Meng Ming finally realized that his thought process seemed a bit wrong. Don't tell me....

He slowly got up and directly reached out to grab the answers.



Meng Ming had just come to a realization: If Bai Jiu is so concentrated, I can just grab it directly, and she won't discover it!

He openly reached out to grab the answers in his clutches.

"Ah?"

Bai Jiu suddenly lifted her head, and just happened to see this scene, causing her to cry out in surprise.

!

Meng Ming was in utter shock. His hand was still reaching halfway towards the pile of books! Crap, I'm screwed...!

"Meng Ming...?" Bai Jiu stared at him with wide eyes and cried out in astonishment, "You..."

"Eh, I...wasn't Bai Jiu working on the practice test the whole time?" Meng Ming was so frightened that he didn't know what to say. I was... caught by her...?!

Bai Jiu put down her pen and stretched her arm a bit as she said, "Yes. But just now, the problem I was doing was quite difficult, and I couldn't do it, so I stopped a bit before thinking over it again. That way, it's easier to open my mind to more trains of thought."

And so she just happened to see Meng Ming stealing the answers?! How come you just had to do it then... Meng Ming was in a complete mess.

Bai Jiu said passionately, "Meng Ming finished it so quickly, and wanted to compare answers? So amazing! I only finished a bit over half..."

"Eh...I..." Meng Ming eyed his own blank practice test, and hurriedly hugged it against his chest as he pragmatically said, "Y...Yea...! I finished!"

Thus, Bai Jiu earnestly replied, "Wait a bit, and we'll compare together. We're competing in accuracy, not speed."

Meng Ming retracted his hand bitterly and replied, "Well, I've already finished!" He rolled up the practice test and placed it on the table, "Then I'll wait for you to finish..."

After saying this, Meng Ming stood up to stretch and left the table. He didn't touch the answers again and thought: Thank...thank goodness she thought that I had tried to get the answers because I had already finished...but I already said I finished, and placed the practice test there... isn't that equivalent to handing it in?

Meng Ming's practice test was still blank! —Haven't I lost already?! He was about to go crazy. What kind of expression would Bai Jiu have later when they compared answers, and saw that Meng Ming's was still blank?!

As Bai Jiu watched Meng Ming leave, she thought in admiration: Meng Ming finished so quickly, and doesn't need to even double-check...really too amazing.

Meng Ming stood alone on the balcony, and sighed.

Copying the answers in front of her is unexpectedly so difficult...

The moves that he had used multiple times before had all failed. To the intelligent Meng Ming, it seemed like Bai Jiu was extremely difficult to defeat.

...And I had even said that I'd definitely obtain that ring. That old baldie seemed to have anticipated all of this, and was completely pulling my leg! Now I'm screwed, I lost to the L-type, Bai Jiu, and got 0 points....

That's right, Meng Ming had already said that he'd finished, but he was handing in a blank paper...

Should I take advantage of this time to search for the ring? But I might not necessarily find it... Meng Ming wildly thought: I've handed in a blank paper, so I've already lost...

He turned around to look back at Bai Jiu, who was still trying her all to answer the questions.

—I hate students that cheat on exams the most.

Bai Jiu's words suddenly flashed in Meng Ming's mind!

No...it, it still hasn't ended!!! Meng Ming suddenly aroused from his thoughts. If Bai Jiu saw that he hadn't done the exam, wouldn't she....

Meng Ming's hands curled into fists. I, I have to win! The competition hasn't yet ended...that's right, as long as classmate Bai Jiu hasn't finished hers, I still have a chance! Meng Ming immediately returned to his previous mentality. I must think of a way to defeat her...!

He inspected his surroundings once more, and thought back a few more times. Balcony, table, practice test....

The sky was getting even darker, and the light was barely enough to write anymore.

The most annoying part is that I admitted I finished already...so I can't touch the practice test again... Meng Ming mulled over the issue.

He saw that Bai Jiu was currently in deep concentration and hurriedly finishing her practice test.

...Hm?! Meng Ming suddenly thought of something else. That's right, she thinks I already finished, so can't I just use that...?!

Dusk arrived, and the room became dark. He thought: I, I have an idea! As long as I do this...

Meng Ming secretly walked back into the room.

Classmate Bai Jiu really thinks that I finished my practice test in the living room ages ago. But she definitely hasn't considered that I'd complete the test after handing it in!

The competition hadn't ended yet; Meng Ming wanted to use this discrepancy in time and location to cheat!

In the dark living room, Bai Jiu was still diligently working, and she hadn't noticed Meng Ming's presence at all. Fortunately, it's evening now, so she won't notice me. Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Secret Exchange!

He'd gotten it!

Silently, Meng Ming managed to retrieve his pencil, his practice test, and the answer booklet!

He then gleefully ran back to the balcony.

Why didn't I think of such a simple method earlier? I can just finish writing my practice test on the balcony! It's so dark out, she definitely won't believe that I'm doing it out here. But it isn't a problem to me at all! Meng Ming twirled his pencil. Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Igniting Flames!

The sun had mostly set already, and the slight flame lit up the practice test in front of Meng Ming. He stood there on the balcony, facing the

scene of nightfall outside the room, and picked up his pen to start copying the answers.

He'd finally be able to fill in all the answers on this blank practice test without a hitch!

"Meng Ming?"

Bai Jiu's voice came from behind Meng Ming, causing him to jump in alarm.

"Aiya?!" Meng Ming was so shocked that he almost dropped the pencil in his hand off the balcony. He discovered that Bai Jiu was standing right behind him looking at him in amazement.

Bai Jiu, she...already finished?! Meng Ming hurriedly hid the practice test in his hand.

"I haven't finished yet. It's so dark that I can't see the words, so I got up to turn on the light." Bai Jiu asked, "What is Meng Ming doing on the balcony?"

"I...I," Meng Ming was still holding the large booklet in his hands, and couldn't hide it! "This..."

"Meng Ming was doing other problems?" Bai Jiu had seen him flip through the book earlier, and said, "You're really hard-working. But the light outside here isn't enough, come in and write."

I, am doing other problems? Meng Ming thought this over, then immediately played along with Bai Jiu, "Ah, that...no, no need, I'll just write here..."

"Can you see it clearly enough on the balcony?" Bai Jiu asked. "Or is Meng Ming saying that you're afraid of disrupting me? Don't worry, I'm very concentrated!"

"It's not like that! I just...I actually really, really like doing problems on the balcony..." He bitterly smiled.

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Is that so? Bai Jiu couldn't do anything about it, so she only turned on the lights inside the room. "Alright...then I'll continue doing my practice test." And she went back to the table.

Exactly why... Meng Ming had been so frightened that he had broken out into a cold sweat. She doesn't go earlier or later, but just has to go turn on the lights now...! The old baldie couldn't have possibly calculated this too....

He felt at his practice test and answer booklet to check that they were still in his hand. However, because he had hid the practice test so quickly just now, it had already been crumpled up into a ball.

## Quiz 26: Flaming Arrow

"So amazing! How'd you solve them?"

The practice tests had been finished. Bai Jiu looked at Meng Ming's perfect paper and asked him in shock, "How come no matter how much I calculated this question, I kept getting a different answer...but Meng Ming is able to solve it immediately? Can you teach me first?"

Meng Ming felt that managing to copy the entire test paper was already quite difficult. He had originally wanted to relax, but then Bai Jiu immediately asked him how to find the answer instead. Unable to endure it any further, he could only feign, "I'll explain it to you after school next time..."

"But..." Bai Jiu passionately said, "I still want to understand how to derive the solutions to these questions first....! Otherwise, I won't have any appetite to eat..." Nobody could possibly move her from her desire to solve the questions.

Meng Ming could only feel extreme admiration towards her dedication...

"Ah, right, the bet just now with Meng Ming..." Bai Jiu asked in embarrassment. Because she hadn't gotten a higher score, Meng Ming could make a request.

"Yea, of course I remember!" Meng Ming tapped his fist to his palm. "Then, if I make a request now, you'll agree?"



Bai Jiu's face suddenly turned red. Her back nervously straightened stiffly and she nodded, "Yea...."

Phew, it's finally over. Meng Ming happily said to her, "Then, can you give "Ravine Apparition" to me?" Meng Ming didn't know how to mention the ring, so he just asked for "Ravine Apparition" once more.

"Ah? The text?" Bai Jiu didn't understand.

"No, not that!" Meng Ming hurriedly explained, afraid that Bai Jiu would talk about something related to studying again. "I'm referring to a ring. It should've been...placed here by your father."

"Meng Ming knows my father?" Bai Jiu thought back, but couldn't recall it. She said, "Apparition, I've never heard of any apparition..."

"Ah?! But...! Well more precisely, that ring is actually a carving tool...you don't know of it?"

Meng Ming was dumbfounded. He hadn't thought that after putting in so much effort, Bai Jiu actually didn't know anything about it at all! ....I, I did that all in vain?!

"Ah! If you say it's a carving tool, I seem to have some memory of it..." Bai Jiu suddenly recalled something.

"Mm?!" Meng Ming hurriedly focused again.

"I remember Mother once said that name to me...! It's Ravine..."

Before she had even finished speaking, the frightening sound of breaking glass suddenly rang from the inner room.

Bai Jiu jumped in alarm, and Meng Ming also raised his guard, "Who's there?!"

The two of them quickly ran into the inner room. The room was completely dark, and the window had been broken open. The glass fragments were scattered around the ground, and the contents in the cabinet had all been flipped through.

Suddenly, two black figures appeared in the room, and jumped from the window with something in their hands. "Halt!" Meng Ming wanted to shout, but they were both very nimble. With a single leap, they disappeared into the air above with a whoosh, leaving no traces behind!

"Who were those people?" Meng Ming hurriedly asked Bai Jiu.

Bai Jiu said she didn't know; something like this had never happened in her home before!

Thieves?! Meng Ming reacted extremely quickly, and immediately realized—not only were those two people thieves, they also had a specific objective!

Bai Jiu told Meng Ming that nobody ever came into this room, and it was used to store random items. She didn't know what kinds of things were here either.

Don't tell me.....

—"It'll be quite difficult to obtain the Ravine Apparition~"

Carron's words suddenly echoed in Meng Ming's ear!

The Ravine Apparition had been stolen! Meng Ming immediately came to a realization. Could it be that the old baldie knew this would happen, that people would come to steal Ravine Apparition? That's why he asked me to come and retrieve it...?!

He realized that because the Ravine Apparition was a ring made of diamond, it was very valuable. His mood grew darker: Damn baldie, why didn't you tell me that first! ...The ring has already been stolen away...?!

Meng Ming remembered that the two thieves had jumped out the window to escape, and had actually disappeared upwards...this was the ninth floor, the tallest floor. Thus, he could determine that they had definitely used ropes to flee to the roof! Meng Ming didn't know what exactly was going on with this ring, but he believed that he had to chase after it! If he didn't retrieve the ring, he not only would be ridiculed by the old baldie, but he'd probably be told something like "You lost it, so you have to go retrieve it".

Meng Ming hurriedly ran out of the inner room while asking Bai Jiu,

“Classmate Bai Jiu, do you have a pistol?”

“Pi—pistol?!” Bai Jiu was alarmed, “No, I don’t...”

Meng Ming had calculated the time, and he’d still be able to make it if he tried to catch up now! But if he wanted to face off the two people on the roof at the same time, a gun would be the easiest way.

But Meng Ming still didn’t know that China forbade guns!

“Not even a pistol?!” Meng Ming began to panic. If he was later by just a step, those thieves would be able to escape from the corridor. Meng Ming suddenly thought of something, and grabbed a bunch of normal pencils from the table. He said to Bai Jiu, “Wait here!” and immediately charged out of the door, racing towards the roof.

“Meng Ming...?”

Meng Ming left immediately, leaving behind the bewildered and dazed Bai Jiu standing there. Pistol...? What she really didn’t understand was why Meng Ming had grabbed all those pencils.

The old, run-down door to the roof was violently kicked open by Meng Ming.

As expected, the two black figures were still on the roof, and were just about to run away through that door!

"Ha! You guys can't flee anymore!" Meng Ming laughed. When the two black figures saw Meng Ming, they immediately increased their distance from the door, cautiously jumping back quite a few steps.

Meng Ming walked onto the roof and said, "This is the only path down. You can return the items you stole now."

The black figures had cloaks over their bodies, and had masked their faces. They wordlessly and coldly glared at Meng Ming.

"I've already said that you guys no longer have any place to run to." Meng Ming continued to provoke them, trying to get the other party to speak. "If you could safely jump down from such a height, you would've already done so. As long as I obstruct this exit, you guys won't be able to leave here."

The two people silently flashed their weapons.

One had taken out a thick and heavy chain, while the other had taken out a bunch of knives to toss out.

They want to fight with me?! Meng Ming inspected them more closely. Their positions... Meng Ming seemed to have seen the techniques they were using on TV before!

The two arranged themselves into formation, then came charging at Meng Ming. They were planning on knocking him down to run away!

Their speeds aren't that fast, I should be able to defeat them... Meng

Ming prepared himself to face the attacks. Although he wasn't a physical type of person, the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique didn't only study agile motions. There was also another point—even the weak can defeat the strong! Meng Ming definitely wouldn't have a problem defending the area around this exit.

Meng Ming lifted a pencil in each hand to block the two incoming attacks!

The enemy's movements were nimble, but Meng Ming didn't show any weakness. He used flexible movements and graceful steps to neutralize the enemy's attacks one after another. The chain and knives were surprisingly unable to break the pencils! During their exchanges, Meng Ming had managed to block the chain's powerful attacks and seal the knives' blades just by changing his pencils.

"Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Secret Exchange!"

Meng Ming took advantage of the opening he had generated and charged forwards, immediately searching their bodies for the hidden items. In an instant, he managed to retrieve the ring!

He reached out to touch it: Fake?

At that moment, the two enemies shot each other a meaningful glance, and immediately rushed towards the exit, planning to just directly leave! Meng Ming didn't relax at all, and bounded over in a single step to block their paths.

“Unfortunately for you, I’m a gambler. Regardless of whether it’s paper money, gold, or diamonds, I can tell what’s fake or not from a single touch.” Meng Ming threw the fake ring onto the ground and thought: As expected, these people are circus performers...

Meng Ming determined that if they had prepared a fake ring, they had definitely come to steal the Ravine Apparition! But there was still a question that remained: Why would circus performers try to steal that ring? Is it because it’s valuable?

Meng Ming said, “Hurry up and hand over the item now. Otherwise, I’ll act.” They had only exchanged some moves, but Meng Ming already knew that while the opposite party’s movements were nimble, feeder fish were still feeder fish. His own strength was superior to these two’s.

The two people remained silent and gripped their weapons with an aggressive air. They didn’t seem very willing to reveal their voices and identities.

“Fine then, I won’t hold back.” Meng Ming said, counting the number of pencils in his pocket.

He took out 3 pencils. With a flick of his hand, the sharp pencils quickly shot out like arrows towards the knife user.

The enemy watched the aimed pencils coming at him. With a wave of his knives, he instantly deflected the pencils.

Meng Ming’s attacks were really too ordinary.

“Oh, then how about this?” Meng Ming sniggered. He grabbed another pencil and brushed it against the wall, “Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Igniting Flames!”

The pencil tip suddenly lit up, causing the enemies to jump in alarm.

Zhugé Meng Míng’s move hadn’t ended yet. He said confidently, “This pencil in my hand makes me think of another interesting move...” Meng Ming raised a few flaming pencils and shot them out towards the knife user, “New Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Flaming Arrow!”

The ignited pencils broke the darkness of the night with its flaming trails, like comets, but more eye-catching! It seemed like this was still a really simple move.

A few clanging sounds rang out, and the burning pencils were deflected by the knives once more. But this time, the knife user was unexpectedly pierced by one of the pencils!

He cried out sharply in pain. There were a few non-ignited pencils deeply pierced into the palm of his hand, causing blood to endlessly flow out.

The Flaming Arrow in front had been a facade. The flaming trail had caught the people’s attentions, limiting their hindsight. The pencils in the darkness behind were the real attack!

Meng Ming said, “The first pencils I threw were to figure out how your



knife-wielding hand moved around, and the second time was to capture you. Did you think I was just using pointless attacks?" Meng Ming blocked the entrance, and continued to threaten them with his words, trying to get them to speak.

The knife user's pierced right hand was already in so much pain that he couldn't move it anymore; his injury wasn't light. Judging from the situation, the two people wouldn't be able to force their way through the door for a while!

It looks like they're still not willing to reveal their identities; as expected, they must have some ulterior motives. Why exactly did they have to break into here and to steal a ring? As Meng Ming was still pondering this, he saw the two people exchange glances again, and immediately disperse, fleeing off to different sides of the roof.

"What? They're going to split and run away separately!" Meng Ming stepped forward to stop them, but it was clear to see that their objective was to jump off from the roof!

They want to jump off? If they can jump off safely, why didn't they do so earlier? Unless...

Meng Ming recalled that just now, when they were in Bai Jiu's home, they had directly broken in through the windows from the roof!

That's right, with their skills, they could flip into another person's home! Now they want to break into another person's residence to flee?!

Meng Ming immediately began to chase after them. But the other party had 2 people, who was he supposed to chase? He didn't know which one of them had the Ravine Apparition...

"I have to think of a plan—got it!" Meng Ming made his decision, and chose to first chase the chain user. He took out some more pencils and threw them at the chains!

The pencils all accurately pierced through the chinks between the chain links, and like nails embedded into the cracks on the floor, the chains were completely locked in place!

The person decided to just toss the chain and continue running away. Meng Ming picked up the left behind chain, "Thanks, this is precisely what I wanted."

The two enemies were just about to jump off the roof, but Meng Ming brandished the chain! After 2 tugs, the chain tightly wrapped around the enemies' cloaks. The instant they jumped off the building, their cloaks were peeled off by the chain with a swoosh.

The two of them had run away,

They got away, hmph, they're quite quick-witted. But I got the ring back. Meng Ming quickly retracted the chain, inspecting the inner folds of their clothes.

When he had used Secret Exchange earlier, he had already felt that there was something strange within the cloaks. He shook the clothes a

few times, and heard a series of jangling sounds as many, many rings dropped out.

He picked some up to examine them. They were identical fakes...

Although he could differentiate a fake diamond from a real one, he hadn't actually seen the true appearance of "Ravine Apparition" yet.

The real goods must be in here somewhere. He couldn't be bothered to search through them all, so he just pocketed all the rings on the ground. But who were those people...

There was a large pile of rings in Carron's office. The sun's rays struck it, forming a glittering rainbow...

"Look, I brought them all!" Meng Ming declared. "How about it, this is what you requested."

"Oh~! Not bad, not bad!" Carron sat across from Meng Ming and picked a ring. "There are so many, but is the real one among them?"

"Probably."

"Have you checked?"

"No." Meng Ming hadn't really verified it yet. He just thought that if he brought back all the rings, the real one would be among them

somewhere.

"Actually, I..." Carron thought a bit before continuing, "Always had a matter that I was too embarrassed to speak about..."

"Ah? What did you say?" Meng Ming asked in interest. He thought: Could it be that the old baldie saw this large pile of rings and finally admitted to my intelligence?

Carron said, "Actually, after you guys left that day, I remembered something. My Ravine Apparition was in my office drawer this whole time."

"AH—?!" Meng Ming's jaw dropped open.

Carron turned around to flip through his own drawer, and momentarily found it!

"See, it's here." Carron flashed the Ravine Apparition for Meng Ming to see.

This ring was indeed the real Ravine Apparition. Its outer appearance was extremely exquisite, and much more brilliant than the fakes on the table. The ring's head had an especially sharp diamond carving edge that glittered and sparkled.

Carron put the Ravine Apparition on his left finger.

Afterwards, he rubbed his sunglasses for no reason, and immersed himself into sculpting again.

Meng Ming stood there, stunned, unable to speak for the longest time.

No wonder Bai Jiu hadn't known where it was, the ring had never been placed in her home in the first place!

Carron had said before: The difficulty lies in the fact that you don't know where exactly the Ravine Apparition is located.

.....

Meng Ming finally realized: No wonder the old baldie wasn't impatient at all...!

He said crankily, "I obtained this stuff by putting in tons of effort you know..."

"Oh, it was indeed difficult, wasn't it?" Carron said as he played around with some wood. "I said before that it was very hard, but you insisted on doing it. Moreover, you clearly didn't complete the task. —In the end, the item was found by myself."

"Oi," Meng Ming stamped his foot. "That's because you tricked me!"

"No, I just remembered wrongly." Carron said, "Besides, aren't you very

smart? Why didn't you just use that smart brain of yours to figure out that I was spouting nonsense?"

Carron suddenly sensed that Meng Ming was slightly angry, and he hurriedly laughed at himself, "Haha, don't be mad. I just wanted you to go out and do an errand for me. Don't take offense to it."

His words became more and more infuriating! This simple errand had screwed him over so much?!

Meng Ming shouted angrily, "How could it be so convenient! Your daughter first tormented me for a long period of time, and then some people came to steal it!"

"Oh, what kind of people were they?"

Carron's voice suddenly became very steady, and he stopped his working hands as he asked the question.

Huh?

Seeing Carron's manner, the angry Meng Ming was suddenly shocked. He thought back to how those fishy thieves weren't even willing to reveal their voices. Did that mean they had some relationship with Carron?

...The old baldie's true motive is to get me to scout out the other party's identities? Because he'd scare them off? That damn baldie..." Meng Ming could only tell him that there was a knife user and a chain user, both of them having some sort of performance skills.

.....

Carron straightened his body and rubbed the Ravine Apparition with one hand. He then immediately laughed and said, "Oh~! That's fine then. You can go back first."

"....."

Hearing this, Meng Ming's anger was ignited again. Carron's tone gave Meng Ming that impression that he was clearly judging Meng Ming as a scaredy-cat! Meng Ming thought back to the moment when Carron had said: Ah, guiding him will actually be beneficial to me!

Meng Ming argued, "Your so-called benefit was getting me to help you run errands, right?!"

Carron didn't respond, and simply continued to make those strange 'oh' sounds.

"Oi, don't put on a pretense! You damn old baldie, you can't just randomly send people off on errands, you have to at least give an explanation!"

## Quiz 27: Unexpected Visitor

One could occasionally hear the sounds of tea being poured in the peaceful tea house. Duan He was carefully sipping the tea and looking out at the streetscape while speaking to Zhou Lun Yu.

"Delaying it won't be a problem?"

Zhou Lun Yu placed his hand on the window, and without turning his head, he replied, "It won't suddenly worsen. As long, as long as it's before the college entrance examination next year...I'll make it..."

He was calm on the outside, but actually restless on the inside.

Duan He daintily sipped her tea and said, "Ok. Lin Xian's midterm exam is nearing as well. Your duel..."

"Do you mean Zhuge Meng Ming?" Zhou Lun Yu thought about it for a bit, then put on a disapproving front. "I just wanted to see for myself. If he really does have the strength...."

.....

"In short, we'll head out right after the midterm exam."



Today, Meng Ming was currently reading in his room. Suddenly, the unfamiliar sound of knocking could be heard from outside the room.

"Little Qiao? You can just come in..." Meng Ming felt that something was off, and he ran to open the door. The sight he saw as soon as he opened the door caused him to break out in cold sweat.

A visitor he couldn't describe suddenly appeared before him....in typical description, he wore sunglasses, was bald, and had a beard.

"Heyo." The guest nonchalantly said as he made a saluting gesture that wasn't quite a proper salute.

...Why is it you... Meng Ming didn't even invite the guest in, and simply stood there blankly with black lines written all over his face.

"I came to teach you how to cheat, hahahaha." He said, not mincing his words and cutting straight to the point.

Soon afterwards, Huang Qiao Yi also ran over, and unexpectedly saw a strange uncle sitting with Meng Ming. Meng Ming was beyond awkward; he didn't know what to say, but he also couldn't kick the man out.

After Huang Qiao Yi steeped some tea, Carron clarified the reason for his visit a second time, and seemed very sincere. This made Huang Qiao Yi suspicious. "Wasn't Uncle Carron immersed in art? Why did you suddenly..."

"Oh. Art." Carron said, "Creation is art; cheating, is also a type of art. For

the sake of pursuing art, I obviously have to properly teach him something."

"Hey! Wait!" Meng Ming rushed to chime in, "Old baldie, who said I wanted you to teach me?"

Although Meng Ming also wanted to increase his training, he just wasn't comfortable with having the old baldie coach him. Moreover, he believed that he was already able to see Zhou Lun Yu's red threads, there was nothing else to learn.

The old baldie remained calm. He lifted his tea cup and said, "It doesn't matter what you think. Either way, I've already decided to teach you art."

"What does your decision have to do with me!! You still haven't given me an explanation for the matter last time! Who were those circus performer people?"

"If you want to know, you have to get stronger first." Carron said, "In addition, didn't you set up a duel with things at stake during your midterm exam?"

"And so what? I'm going to use the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique to prove to that guy that no matter how strong he is, I can still beat him!"

Carron didn't immediately reply. He rubbed his sunglasses, and slowly sipped his hot tea. He then lightly placed the cup down, clasped his hands together, and completely relaxed his body as he slowly and

sincerely said one thing—

“My ninth daughter doesn’t seem to know that you cheat. It’s fine if you don’t learn from me, I’ll just go tell her..”

.....

Meng Ming’s imposing manner immediately deflated like a burst balloon.

This, this old baldie...!

“Brother Meng Ming...” Huang Qiao Yi smiled, “Behave. He’s already willing to teach you, so you might as well just learn a bit. It’s not like you’ll lose anything from it.”

Meng Ming really didn’t know how to respond to Carron’s words. It was a good thing that Huang Qiao Yi had spoken a word from the sidelines; after mulling it over for a bit, he felt that Huang Qiao Yi’s words were quite reasonable. Although he wasn’t exactly happy about it, Carron’s might was really too crucial. Moreover, he still had a duel to take part in. He secretly thought to himself that perhaps learning from the old baldie...would be pretty good.

Meng Ming turned around to look back at Carron. He was leisurely drinking tea, as if he had long anticipated that Meng Ming would obediently listen. Meng Ming couldn’t really retort, and he was more concerned that Carron would really pull something else behind his back... helpless, Meng Ming could only nod his head now covered with cold

sweat, his expression still one of an innocent youth being bullied.

Seeing Meng Ming reply accordingly, Carron immediately said, "Alright! There are still 2 weeks before your midterm exam, and the special training will start now! ...You can just train here at your home, hurry up and go prepare!" Carron said in a strict and serious tone. He shouted, "Oh...just let me first understand what your current level is!"

"Prepare?"

"...Prepare what?"

"Prepare to eat lunch." Carron said, "Zhuge Meng Ming, go make this dish—Pot roast. You have a time limit of 20 minutes!"

Meng Ming was completely caught unprepared with suddenly being told to cook. He had never cooked before, yet Carron had immediately told him to make such a thing, and claimed he wanted to see Meng Ming's level?

Cook? Interesting...does he think I can't do it? Meng Ming thought. To him, this was like an amusing challenge.

The ingredients were already prepared, and were retrieved from the kitchen downstairs. Carron quietly sat in the living room to wait, letting only Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi enter the kitchen. Meng Ming was still wondering why Carron had asked him to cook.

Pot roast...can he discern something from this dish?

Huang Qiao Yi placed the appropriate ingredients down and said, "Brother Meng Ming, pot roast is a very simple home cooked meal. These are potatoes, this is beef..."

"Of course I know that...just tell me how to make it. First, let's cut it all up!" Meng Ming skillfully raised a knife with one hand, and a few potatoes in the other. Just as he was about to slice them, Huang Qiao Yi stopped him, "First peel them..."

Meng Ming tossed one of his hands up, causing all the potatoes to simultaneously rise up and turn around beautifully in midair; his other hand holding the knife was gracefully propped up in a position so that the edge of the blade only slightly touched the potato skins. As the potatoes rotated in midair, the skins were peeled off in single strips, all at once, and directly fell into the bowl. Finally, Meng Ming picked up these skinless potatoes, and after looking at them closely, trimmed the edges to make them so flat and smooth that there were no longer any protruding angles.

"So round!" Huang Qiao Yi said, "Then slice them into pieces and place it into the pot."

"Do I cut them into squares? Can I cut them into harder shapes...like into words, or carve a bird or something?" Meng Ming asked cautiously. After all, he had no experience, so if he wanted to do something on a whim, he had to ask Huang Qiao Yi first.

Seeing that Meng Ming wanted to give it a complicated appearance, Huang Qiao Yi didn't stop him, and only suggested, "Perfect

dodecahedrons then, if possible, cut them into perfect dodecahedrons... that way, their surfaces will be easier to cook."

With a few flashes of the knife, dozens of perfect dodecahedrons appeared in front of them, falling in a straight line into a basin of water that'd just been prepared.

"The potatoes are done for now. Now, cut the beef. As long as the pieces are slightly smaller than that of the potatoes, it'll be fine. Then, we'll add seasoning." Huang Qiao Yi said.

It was a very large chunk of meat, and extremely soft as well. It seemed like it was impossible to cut it into sharp and clear-cut shapes. Thus, he just cut the beef into pieces, placed them on a pan, and mixed it with some seasoning.

"Brother Meng Ming, you can put the knife away now. Boil two pots of water. One pot will cook the potatoes, while the other one slightly warms up the beef."

"In other words," Meng Ming caught the general gist of it, "As long as I cook the potatoes until they are done, and then dump the beef inside as well, it'll be ok?" He boiled two pots of water, and placed all the sliced up vegetables in a place where he could take them and dump them in the pots at any time.

Huang Qiao Yi replied, "That's right, pour them into the pot. In the end, turn on the fire at low heat, and it should be complete in an hour."

"Oh! ...Wait, Little Qiao, did you just say..." Meng Ming placed the potatoes in the pot as he heard Huang Qiao Yi say the time, and suddenly realized something was wrong!

"One hour?! That old baldie just said I had to finish in 20 minutes!"

"Ah?"

Huang Qiao Yi suddenly began to panic, "He gave you a time limit of 20 minutes? How is that enough...just cutting and preparing the ingredients earlier already took five minutes."

"I can't just keep the fire cooking it for 15 minutes?" Meng Ming hurriedly asked.

"The water is boiled in a small pot with a small fire, so if cooked for short of a time, the flavor won't seep in. Also, it would become mushy..."

Originally, Meng Ming had believed that he wouldn't have a problem. Only now did he realize that the issue was his shortage of time. So cooking something requires this amount of time! If I want to cram it within 20 minutes, it would be very hard to make something edible...

He thought back to when Carron had claimed that he'd wanted to see Meng Ming's level, which was why he had proposed such a problem. Meng Ming somewhat understood Carron's intention now.

Interesting!

"Little Qiao, turn up the heat!" 15 minutes later, Meng Ming suddenly decided to change traditional practice!

"But, if I turn up the heat, it'll be harder for the taste to diffuse evenly throughout..."

"That's fine, I can make it diffuse evenly then!" Meng Ming said.



## Quiz 28: 3mm Pot Roast

A plate of steaming pot roast was placed in front of Carron.

Meng Ming confidently smiled, "Go ahead and taste it!" He arrogantly thought to himself: It's not easy to assign something that would challenge me.

"Oh, done? Not bad, you completed on time..." Carron eyed the dish, and closely examined the colors of it, "Very beautiful, and it looks completely cooked too. It has a nice aroma as well."

Of course!

Meng Ming thought back to his method of using the large fire just now—he'd abandoned the pot and the water! He had roasted each item over the fire with chopsticks. That way, the slices of beef and the potato chunks were immediately cooked. He then tossed the cooked beef and potatoes into the pot over the small fire, and added the water and seasoning afterwards. In other words, Meng Ming had used his super swift hand movements to roast each piece of beef and potato individually within 20 minutes, then mixed it together and added seasoning at the end!

As long as Carron thought it was tasty, Meng Ming's level wouldn't be questioned!

Huang Qiao Yi smiled and also urged Carron to eat. Thus, Carron picked up his chopsticks and gently grabbed a piece of potato. "Oh, this level of

hardness isn't bad either." He placed the potato into his mouth.

.....

Outside of both their expectations, Carron didn't have any evident reaction after his first taste. A few seconds later, he suddenly made a very strange expression, which shocked both Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi. —But he still didn't say whether it was delicious or not!

Exactly how is it...?? Meng Ming was anticipating Carron's assessment very much; even a single word was fine!

But Carron still hadn't spoken. He maintained that same expression, and picked up a chunk of beef to place into his mouth. After that, he picked up another piece of potato...

Meng Ming was growing more and more anxious. Why did that old baldie give such a strange reaction just now! Exactly what is his assessment?!

Carron's expression remained unchanged as he slowly ate, picking up another piece, eating it, repeating the process many times. Like this, a large portion of the food on the plate was silently finished by him.

Finally, he put down his chopsticks and straightened his chest, as if he had found an answer.

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi were both waiting for his response.

"Oh." Carron sighed comfortably and said carefreely—

"I'm full."

.....

"You came just to eat?!!!" Meng Ming was so furious he almost chucked the pot and ladle at Carron.

"Ok." Carron finished eating and stood up, "I've also...pretty much understood your level."

Understood?! Meng Ming was shocked once more. Just from tasting some pot roast, Carron could...understand a person's strength?

Carron asked Huang Qiao Yi to bring a few pieces of paper and some pencils over. He stood up and walked backwards a few meters, then tossed a pencil at Meng Ming. With a piece of paper raised in his hand, he said to Meng Ming, "Come, use that pencil to burn this piece of paper."

Meng Ming was several meters away from Carron. He thought to himself: Piece of cake, and used Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Igniting Flames, to light the pencil up! Then I'll use New Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Flaming Arrow! The blazing pencil shot out from Meng Ming and hit the center of the paper. The flames quickly burned the paper until it completely disappeared.

"Oh, not bad. But what about this?" Carron picked up another set of pencil and paper, and drew a horizontal line through the middle of the paper. He then tossed the pencil at Meng Ming. "Do it again. This time, you can only burn it up to here. Burn off the bottom half of the paper, but leave the top half intact. You cannot pass the line."

Huh?! Like that... This was the first time Meng Ming had heard of such a burning method. He thought about it for a bit: That means...I need to control the power of the flames? Meng Ming first lit up the pencil in his hand. But then he looked at the horizontal line, inspecting it for a long time before resolutely throwing it.

It was extremely imperfect. Although the flames accurately burned the paper's bottom half and began to rise upwards, the growing flames slowly continued burning, and reached further and further past the horizontal line. The entire paper was basically burned up.

"See that, just like this." Carron said seriously as he shook off the ashes. When Meng Ming saw Carron's expression, he felt like Carron had completely seen through his strength, which made Meng Ming feel uncomfortable. Carron said, "From the dish you just cooked, I could tell—that your control over fire only reaches the first level, and that you cannot control it up to the second level."

First level, second level? Meng Ming didn't understand, "What do you mean?"

Carron explained the crucial point, "In other words, your manipulation of fire is very, very good, and you can burn anything in your hands however you want. But you've only reached the first level. Once the flames leave your hands, you lose your control."

It was hard to believe that Carron had figured this out from tasting the pot roast the Meng Ming had cooked earlier!

He then continued, "I said before that judging a C-type's basic skills requires looking at how they sharpen a pencil. Your foundation was using flames. Thus, your first level of skills have already been mastered. But if you use flames as your basic abilities, you need to rely on them to give rise to more changes. If you want to duel in the examination, you need to at least train to the second level—you must still be able to accurately control the flames after they leave your hands."

What the old baldie is saying is very correct...Meng Ming immediately understood where he was lacking! —If he couldn't control the fire properly, it would not only be bad to use, but fires too large would draw the proctors' attentions. He had to train in the concept of "appropriate amount"! Meng Ming suddenly felt the urge to ask, "Then how do I practice", but the question didn't leave his lips.

Carron told him, "Your last name is Zhuge, so you must understand this principle as well: Intelligence, adaptability, and control over the whole situation are what give you dominance in a competition. On the other hand, skills and abilities will not necessarily give you the lead. It is indeed true that people with low technical skill still have a chance of winning. But these kinds of skills are necessary tools. That's why you should continue practicing. Make some more pot roast, and properly learn how to control the fire! This time, the amount of potatoes and beef will be decreased by 100g, and each piece will be reduced to 8mm in diameter."

Decreasing the volume of ingredients? Would this kind of training really

teach Meng Ming how to master the second level?

Meng Ming once again went to prepare pot roast. This time, he cut the pieces smaller, and then placed them individually over the fire to roast them again. Because they were only 8mm thick, the ingredients quickly cooked.

They're done so quickly? It's a bit difficult to grasp the timing...! As Meng Ming used the chopsticks to hold them over the fire, he discovered that cooking the beef and potato pieces so that they were evenly well done was indeed not easy! Especially doing all the 8mm thin pieces in succession.

He quickly finished another dish, but Meng Ming didn't bring it out. After only a single time, he felt that he wasn't yet used to it. He shouted to Huang Qiao Yi, "Potatoes and beef! Do you still have any?!"

Meng Ming gradually became more and more deeply immersed into the training, and began to get a better feeling of it. He practiced it over and over without stopping! Soon, the kitchen was filled with dozens of pot roast platters. The fragrant aroma diffused through the air, inciting hunger in anyone that smelled it.

Time continued to pass. Meng Ming began to feel somewhat tired, but his mind was abnormally excited still. He had finally perfected the roasting of the 8mm small pieces of beef and potatoes under his control!

Carron only took a single taste, before he immediately said, "Not bad, there's improvement. Now go practice with 5mm pieces."

Because of the training just now, Meng Ming quickly mastered the 5mm chunks.

“Alright, now try this.” Carron picked up a pencil and paper, and drew a horizontal line on the paper before throwing the pencil back at Meng Ming.

Meng Ming caught the pencil, and closed his eyes to gather his concentration, searching for the feeling he had when he was cooking. Then, he suddenly snapped his eyes open, quickly ignited the pencil, and abruptly threw out a Flaming Arrow. The fire’s strength was controlled extremely well! The pencil brushed past the edge of the paper, and the fire quickly spread, burning the surface to just barely past the boundary!

“What do you think, you can feel how much you improved, right! Next, practice roasting 3mm thin ingredients.” Carron said, “You need to train the accuracy of your fire so that it lands right on my line, no more or less. —This training is different from your previous ones; 3mm pieces of beef and potatoes will immediately finish cooking, so it’s nearly impossible for the human hand to control it. No chef can perfectly achieve this. This is the ultimate challenge!”

“Of course that isn’t a problem.” Meng Ming re-entered the kitchen, and sliced the materials until they were only 3mm thin. He then began the training,

As expected, just as Carron had said, the 3mm thin pieces were very hard. The fire was large, and the ingredients were small. In less than a

second, the potatoes had already become extremely spongy!

Alright, I not only have to increase the speed of my movements, I also need to control the fire's temperature!

Meng Ming grew more and more spirited, and earnestly faced this ultimate challenge.

"Hehe, try it." Meng Ming laughed.

It was the second morning, around 1am. Carron had gone home to sleep ages ago, so Meng Ming told Huang Qiao Yi to lift up a piece of paper with multiple horizontal lines drawn across it. He picked up a line of pencils in his hand, and stood around 10 meters away from her.

Meng Ming suddenly lit up one of the pencils, and fiercely threw it at his target. As it brushed past the paper, it lit up the bottom half. The fire's strength was just enough, and stopped perfectly just as the flames reached the bottom-most horizontal line! Meng Ming made Huang Qiao Yi hold the middle part of the paper and said, "I'll do the top and bottom at the same time!" He ignited two more pencils, and tossed them simultaneously from his hands. The two pencils touched the top and bottom sections, and the fire spread to both of the lines before stopping perfectly at the correct positions.

"Alright! The Flaming Arrow is nearly perfect!" Meng Ming grew more and more confident, "Little Qiao, draw a shape!"

"Is any shape ok?" Huang Qiao Yi took a new piece of paper and



sketched a large spade, then held it up in the air.

The paper fluttered randomly in the air. Meng Ming watched for the perfect moment, lit up four pencils, and shot all of them out at the same time! The pencils all hit the paper so strongly that they sent the paper flying and nailed it to the wall. The four Flaming Arrows then burned the paper from all four corners. Gradually, the flames burned the paper accurately into a white spade!

## Quiz 29: Heavenly Eye Training

There are always holy areas outside cities that nobody knows of. It was an emerald-green hill without any flowers, but one could see some small streams trickling through the shallow valley. There were paved roads on top of the hill, and some small, unadorned white slabs of rock. This area was an abolished back garden a few hundred meters behind Carron's office.

Currently, Carron was leading Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi down a weed-infested hill road through the woods of the shallow valley on foot.

"Old baldie, why did you bring us here?!"

It was the weekend, and a rare chance to read some novels. However, Meng Ming had been forcefully dragged to this valley. There was still a week left before the midterm exams, and he'd been repeatedly practicing his control over flames for the past few days, having mastered the second level until he knew it by heart. He had strived so hard to get to that point, and he was already feeling extremely proud of himself. Meng Ming had truly felt that there were many interesting things around him, but he still didn't show any willingness to be dragged around by Carron like that.

"Oh, it's here."

In the middle of the small woods next to the creek, Carron found a group of large trees and told everyone to stop there.

Meng Ming lifted his head to look at the trees. Judging from their height and grandeur, he could tell that these trees were at least 80 years old. The trees stood side by side in the middle of the woods at certain distances from the small trees around them. There were different types of trees; from left to right, they were: Mango, Lychee, Peach, and Plum. Their leaves were lush, but their fruits had all been picked.

"Why are there old trees here?" Huang Qiao Yi asked. "And can different types of trees grow in the same place?"

"Oh, because..." Carron rubbed his sunglasses and said loftily, "They were planted by me."

How is that possible... Meng Ming shot a sideways glance at the guy feigning stupidity, "...That lie is too overboard."

"Ignore the trees for now. Let me ask you," Carron walked towards the row of trees and turned around to ask Meng Ming, "What kind of methods do you normally use to cheat?"

Methods? He means the cheating techniques, right... Meng Ming reflected on it for a bit. Aside from basic training, there were only 4 skills he was most familiar with that he used again and again:

Brilliant Blossom—Cleverly hiding an item in one's hands so others cannot see it. In gambling, it's used to hide cards in one's hands, and call upon them to use at any point in time.

Secret Exchange—Uses quick finger movements to retrieve an item that

one desires from outside. In gambling, it's used to steal or exchange other people's cards.

Water Splitting Blade Draw—Splitting a piece of paper apart from the edge of paper. It is the most fundamental skill of Zhuge Style Cheating Technique, and is used for the most basic changes in cards. This is the first level skill in the Zhuge Style's manipulation of paper.

Igniting Flames—Burns items. Although it is also a basic, it is a top secret skill in the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique that causes flammable items to suddenly decrease, or entirely vanish without leaving a single trace! It is the first level skill in the Zhuge Style's manipulation of flames. It can light up the end of a pencil to sharpen it before a test... but aside from sharpening a pencil, what other uses does it have?

"Yes...what uses does it have?" Carron contemplated. The more he thought about it, the more he felt that there seemed to be something hiding in this information. "These just sound like useless arts, but...fire and paper...oh, as expected from someone with the name 'Zhuge'."

What exactly is he thinking... Meng Ming couldn't be bothered to explain, since he himself didn't understand it.

After roughly analyzing the information, Carron said, "There's no time to train in your paper manipulation. There's a more urgent issue that needs to be addressed right now..."

Carron began to speak extremely methodically. His appearance really didn't seem a wacky artist's—

“Oh, firstly, what do you use to cheat? Think about it, during an examination, how many methods to obtain the answers without knowing anything are there?”

How many types? If it's restricted to just during an examination... Meng Ming bluntly answered, “Copying!”

“That's right!” Carron said, “Copying is the only method. There are two types of copying: the first type is copying yourself, which also means bringing a cheat sheet. You can use your first move, Brilliant Blossom, to complete this. The second type is copying others. You should know that in large-scale examinations, the factors at an exam site are extremely uncertain. There won't ever be an L-type willingly cooperating with you. You have to depend on your own abilities to find the correct answers in the exam site. However, all the students' test papers are placed flat on their desks. With your height, there's no way you can see them. Out of the skills you just mentioned, which one can give you the ability to copy others?”

Meng Ming carefully thought this over. Relying on cheat sheets for all exams was definitely not possible, because he didn't know the questions of the exams ahead of time! Only after Carron's mention did Meng Ming realize that he indeed didn't have a method of copying answers—although he knew that the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique definitely had a move to see others' cards, he'd never learned it.

“If you want to cheat, the first condition you need to fulfill is being able to copy others!” Carron said. “This is the most basic part of cheating methods.”

Meng Ming understood, and began to get a somewhat basic idea of

“cheating”.

“In that case, let’s prepare just before this battle.” Carron turned around and faced the few, large trees next to him. “We’ll explore a bit, and find a simple method of cheating that’s suitable for you to use temporarily, then try to master it in this short period of time.”

He knocked on a tree trunk and said to Meng Ming, “These large trees are actually a set of pretty cool things. They’re tools used to train C-types in copying methods. These passing years, the older these trees get, the more new C-types of each generation gradually become cheating experts...”

“Like who?” Huang Qiao Yi asked. She didn’t believe that many people knew of this place.

Carron fell silent for a moment before coughing in reply, “Me.”

The western breeze blew a badly damaged leaf past. Carron then continued, “People have 5 senses: smell, hearing, vision, touch, and taste. All information passes through these senses and into the brain. There are very few people that use taste and smell to gain information during an exam. There are also people that use touch, and others that use hearing, but most people use...”

“Vision?!”

“Right. In a peaceful exam site, vision is the easiest to use.” Carron asked again, “How’s your eyesight?”

Meng Ming replied that it was no problem. He remembered that he'd done vision training before for quickly finding a desired item among a group of other objects; an instant sweep was enough for him to remember the order of all cards.

"Really?!" Carron didn't know Meng Ming had gone through such training before. When he heard this, his interest was immediately piqued, and he wanted to test it immediately.

He walked up to one of the trees and pulled out a large wooden mallet.

"Where in the world did he materialize that mallet from...?" [Huang Qiao Yi]

"It clearly wasn't there when we came..." [Meng Ming]

"I just made it, stop asking questions!" Carron said to Meng Ming, "Look, there are many stones next to your feet. You have to use those stones to split apart all the leaves that fall from this plum tree! You must not touch any of the lychee tree leaves!" Then, Carron fiercely hit the trunk of the plum tree with the mallet, and a large number of the leaves floated down. He then ran to the lychee tree and gave its trunk a hard whack as well. Both trees shuddered violently, and the loud rustling of falling leaves could be heard as countless leaves mixed together in the air.

Meng Ming quickly bent down to pick up some rocks. With the training he had received before, attacking the mixed leaves definitely wasn't an

issue! He aimed at the falling leaves and quickly threw out multiple rocks. The scene was like the firing of a machine gun as he struck multiple plum tree leaves in succession!

Slowly, the leaves fell silent.

After seeing Meng Ming's performance, Carron walked next to some leaves and kicked a few as he said, "Oh, it seems that you've indeed gone through quite a bit of training. But... there are some plum tree leaves that haven't been pierced."

What?! Meng Ming refused to believe it. "Did you see wrong?! I definitely hit every single one!" Before he had even walked up to check, Carron kicked some intact plum tree leaves into his hands.

This... Meng Ming held these plum tree leaves and thought in bewilderment: Huh? How come I didn't hit these....

Carron walked forward a few more steps, then lifted up even more perfectly intact plum tree leaves and waved them in front of Meng Ming.

Meng Ming couldn't really believe the mistakes in his hand. He had been so confident, how could this kind of problem have occurred?!

"No, that's not right... " Meng Ming murmured to himself, "These leaves... according to my memory, I didn't even see them!"

"Didn't see them? You, remember that?" Carron had originally planned



on ridiculing him, but after hearing this, he suddenly thought of something. "Oh. If that's the case, I get it..."

Carron slowly walked up to the tree and patted the trunk. "These trees can quickly train one's eyesight, and some vision-related skills as well. For you...according to the training you've received before, there's only one type of original cheating method you can learn right now..."

"What is it?"

Carron rubbed his sunglasses, then turned around to lean his back against the tree. "Normally, students only crane their heads to copy adjacent examinees' test papers. And even though they angle their heads, they may not be able to clearly see the paper flat on the desk. Based on your performance just now, I can see that are you indeed able to remember the order of cards from a quick sweep. This means that you can definitely remember a page of answers on a test instantly as well."

"I can. But I forget it after a while," Meng Ming interrupted.

"That's right. After memorizing it, you can immediately write it down, ; you just need to master the timing," Carron said. "Did you ever realize that during an exam, there are many instances where all examinees will voluntarily raise their test papers for you to see?!"

"What?!" Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi simultaneously exclaimed in shock. They didn't believe such an outrageous event existed. "When?!"

Carron replied, "Tests are very large, and have multiple pages. That's

why after finishing a page, all examinees will always flip to the next page. At the moment they flip the page, they have to raise the paper into the air!”

So it was like that...! Meng Ming suddenly realized. Huang Qiao Yi had mentioned before that all the exam papers had many pages. In addition, most examinees would check the exam in the beginning and at the end. Thus, the examinees next to him would definitely flip through the pages over and over. It was at these instances that he could use his eyes to capture a lot of information!

“This is the most powerful type of early cheating method. But it requires very skilled capturing and instantaneous memory abilities, making it typically impossible to learn. But these are conditions that you just happen to be prepared with,” Carron said to Meng Ming. “This kind of vision skill allows you to directly look at other people’s test papers, and pretty much nobody will be able to obstruct your view. That’s why its name is Heavenly Eye Technique.”

He gave a rough introduction to the other vision skills used during examinations.

Tracing Eye—Locking one’s gaze onto the end of another party’s pencil, and determining their writing based on their pencil’s movements or their hand gestures. This move is very normal, and is only used on a single target.

Sky Eye—Looking at multiple people’s test papers at once from above. The user needs to meet certain physique conditions. Mainly uses skills that allow the user’s eyes to see from higher up.

Division Technique—Looking at the surrounding test papers laid flat on desks, mentally dividing them into blocks, then reproducing all these designs together onto the user's own paper in order to analyze the answers. This move requires very powerful spatial imagery ability, resulting in basically rotating the test papers at various angles as a 3D image.

Digital Eye—Uses the reflected light from graphite to clearly discern the pencil markings on one's test paper and scantron laid flat on the desk. It is like how a computer reads and scans scantrons. This move requires a strong ability in judging distance. The user must determine how far the reflected light is from the edge of the scantron to accurately determine the answers.

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"Heavenly Eye...that...name sounds so cool," Meng Ming said.

Carron proudly stated, "Hmph, its effects definitely live up to its name. After you use it, you'll understand. But very few people use the Heavenly Eye Technique because one, it is too difficult for people to grasp and two, because it has a limited field of vision. The furthest you can see is an examinee one desk away from you. In addition, you can't make any obvious head movements during the exam. Aside from sitting in a corner or next to the wall, you can only see 12 people's test papers maximum. — In other words, this Heavenly Eye Technique isn't perfect, and you cannot achieve a 'perfect cheat'."

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12 people, should be enough...! Meng Ming believed that he could just copy all 12 people, and then compare all the answers to see which ones showed up the most to choose the correct one on the answer sheet. He'd definitely be able to get majority of the correct answers.

Carron said, "Although there are faults, this technique is the easiest for you to grasp in a short time period. Besides, very few people can learn it."

"Heavenly Eye Technique...I'll learn it!" Meng Ming began to feel excited.

Although he was eager to give it a try, Carron reminded him, "Oh, do you know where your problem was?"

Meng Ming said he didn't.

"Just now, you weren't able to see some of the falling leaves. In other words...it wasn't that your aim was off, or that you couldn't remember them, but that your eyes are only trained to observe a small, fixed perimeter. The space between these two trees is quite large, and the tops of the trees are also quite far from the ground. You were unable to grasp such a large space. Test papers and cards are different from each other; cards are very small, while test papers are whole, large papers. According to your current habits, you'll find it very hard to accurately capture all the information on an entire sheet of paper, and you will easily get the positions of questions and answers wrong."

Meng Ming immediately understood and said, "Then I'll practice that!" He lifted his head to look at the trees.

Carron raised his mallet to whack the tree trunks again, "Not bad. Today, we'll start your training for observing a larger perimeter, starting from these two trees!"

Meng Ming once again threw rocks, but he still missed some leaves.

"Continue! Your aptitude is quite good, so you'll pick it up quickly after practice. Try to train yourself so that your vision can observe the perimeter around three trees before sunset," Carron said, then passed the mallet to Huang Qiao Yi. "You accompany him."

Dinner that night was at Carron's office. Meng Ming wolfed down his food like a glutton.

“Oh, you’ve worked hard today...” Carron ate in an extremely refined way. “But I really never imagined that...”

Huang Qiao Yi also seldom saw Meng Ming with such table manners, and was sweatdropping on one side.

Although it was a cheating training in the last minutes before the battle...that little demon already managed to observe the perimeter around 4 trees in a single day. Carron felt some admiration towards Meng Ming’s natural aptitude. “Then, it looks like you’re already able to smoothly copy others. However, you cannot forget to continue practicing tomorrow to strengthen the Heavenly Eye Technique.”

Meng Ming nodded, with no time to talk, and continued gorging himself.

Huang Qiao Yi also wanted to say something, but she was a bit embarrassed to do so—Those trees already look like Uncle’s head by now...

“The remaining thing is that the fight between C-types is at an examination site. There are problems with attacks and defenses between the two participants...” Carron said as he ate. Meng Ming was very interested in this segment—

“Basically, cheating has 4 skills: copying, interfering, counter-interfering, and communication. In regards to copying, you can now use your Heavenly Eye Technique. Interfering is an attack to actively disturb your opponent from cheating. Counter-interfering is the original source of interference being disturbed back as the opponent’s defense.

Communication is the exchange of information between C-types during an exam. Your midterms will be solo duels, so you don't have to worry about communication for now...although your original few skills are only up to the first level, they're enough for counter-interfering. But using them for attacks isn't very practical. The only one you've reached second level for is fire. You can use your expertise in flames to launch interference attacks."

"Flames...?" Only now did Meng Ming understand why Carron had made him do the pot roast practice. It turned out that it was for training his attacks. "With pencils?"

"Not entirely. There are only a few pencils given during an exam, so you can't waste them like that...but judging from what I know, nobody has ever used fire at an exam site. If you use it well, fire can be extremely destructive. You've mastered the second level of fire manipulation, so it should be more than enough for an attack. Ah, I also need to ramble to you about something—the types of exam questions are different each time, so the cheating methods you use will also have differences. I'll teach you that another day. Either way, there's still a bit over a week until your midterm exam, so there's still time..."

Carron had originally planned on following these plans, and had even methodically finished speaking. However, Huang Qiao Yi's phone suddenly went off just then. The caller was Lin Jing Xuan.

"Hello?" Huang Qiao Yi answered the phone, "Yea...ah?! ...Oh, oh...yea, ok...got it." She hung up.

"What happened?" Meng Ming said with mouth full of food.

Huang Qiao Yi closed her eyes and sighed. "Lin Jing Xuan just received news that the midterm exams were pushed earlier to next Monday, meaning tomorrow. All the schools' midterm exams have been shifted to tomorrow."

"What?!!!" Meng Ming almost dropped the bowl and chopsticks in his hands. "How could they do that?"

"This happens quite often...exams will often catch the examinees off guard according to the examinees' adaptabilities..." Huang Qiao Yi helplessly explained, "Because college entrance exams will often suddenly change dates, especially when the schools want to test their students' true grades, they do this to prevent students from seizing the opportunity to prepare last minute...I've encountered this in junior high before too. No matter how many times the exam changes, you won't know until the actual day."

Carron also nodded, indicating that he understood these kinds of matters as well.

"How come I'm the only one that didn't know...?!!" Meng Ming said gloomily.

This time, the news actually came in quite a timely manner.

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The exam is about to start, so soon....?! Meng Ming's expression



changed. The exam was tomorrow, didn't that mean that tomorrow was also when his duel against Zhou Lun Yi would take place?

Tomorrow.

"Such a short amount of time, I still haven't practiced enough...."

"No problem," Carron said, calming them down. "If your skills still aren't solid, then you can practice them again tomorrow during the exam... since you need to take the test soon, I'll just hurry and teach you how to attack now. Oh, I had originally planned on slowly telling you..."

Carron stood up and flipped through his pile of junk as he said, "C-types that use their fingers normally have tools that they commonly use, or you could also call them weapons. These weapons must be things that can be easily brought into the exam."

Meng Ming immediately understood this. In other words, the tool that Zhou Lun Yu is an expert in would be those red threads; Qiu Min Ke doesn't use his fingers, but his bugs should also count as weapons. Then I...do I really need to use pencils?

Soon afterwards, Carron walked back with a few wooden blocks in his hand. "Perhaps pencils wouldn't be bad for you."

Meng Ming nodded.

Carron said, "Oh. If it's pencils, then there's no question about whether or not they can be brought into the exam." Pencils were distributed at the

exam sites. Using pencils to initiate fire manipulation was really the most appropriate choice.

“There is only the evening left. If you’re willing, I can directly teach you my attack method.” Carron lifted the wooden blocks.

Earlier, Carron had mentioned that using pencils was pretty wasteful, because the pencils weren’t in unlimited supply. The other issue was that pencils were too large, and they could be easily discovered by the proctors. As Carron explained this, he lightly used his finger to slice apart the wooden blocks in his hand to form sharp, small, and fine toothpick shapes with lengths of 3-4mm, something that the average person wouldn’t notice.

“This is one of the weapons I used back then. I call them short arrows, or just ‘arrows’. They can be used during an exam to initiate a piercing attack,” Carron said, and passed a pencil over to Meng Ming for him to try.

After seeing Carron carve out the little toothpicks, Meng Ming learned how to break the wood on the pencil into toothpick shapes that were quite similar in appearance to Carron’s.

“These are ‘arrows’?” Meng Ming looked at them, and felt the name was a bit crude.

Meng Ming lightly tossed out the short arrows he had carved, accurately hitting the center of the door’s keyhole.

"Oh, very accurate. The arrow's elaborate structure also makes it fly very straight!" Carron said. "A single pencil can be carved into many arrows, making it quite a good attack weapon. It just depends on how you use it. Also..."

Carron carved another very small item, a thin, disk-like object. "This is the flying disk, or just 'disk'. It can fly outwards in arcs."

Meng Ming learned how to carve this as well. He touched the pencil in his hand and sliced the pencil at its cross-section, making a very thin, round wooden chip, the disk. Carron told him, "The disk is mainly used for slicing attacks. Its power is greater than the arrow's, but isn't as fast. I normally only use it when the other party is defenseless."

Meng Ming cut out a few more of the thin disks and flicked them out with his fingers. All of them flew into the keyhole as well—as accurate as his arrows and his poker cards.

After teaching Meng Ming only two basic carving methods, Carron could already tell that Meng Ming would definitely make some new breakthroughs with these basic wooden carvings as a base.

"Brother Meng Ming, you've never touched these kinds of tiny things before, so how can you carve them so similarly and throw them so accurately?" Huang Qiao Yi asked.

"Of course I can," Meng Ming chuckled in reply. "My fingers weren't trained for no reason. If I use pencils, I definitely won't have a problem!" He picked up another pencil and asked Carron if he had any harder devices.

"Oh, next is..." Carron carved another thing, about the same size as the previous two weapons.

"This...this is!!"

The two students were shocked at the sight of Carron's new carving. It was a triangular cup with beautiful designs on its surface. It looked exactly like ancient bronzeware! The cup not only had a long and delicate mouth, it also had an ergonomic handle for easy usage. Its curves seemed to be naturally formed, simple but elegant...it was really a rare piece of art!

Carron introduced, "This is the cup, or just 'cup'. It's used to drink tea during the exam."

## Quiz 30: Rules of the Exam Room (1/2)

In early morning, a large, red placard was posted on Lin Xian Central High's entrance with great fanfare. This indicated that the whole-school midterm exam was starting today. It might have been to show off, or to intimidate others, but this placard was even more eye-catching than those discount advertisements outside! With the placard posted, people began to take detours, and cars only dared to brush past the entrance.

The students all prepared themselves for the sake of grades and scores, and began to head towards the school.

Please, be patient for just a bit longer. Zhou Lun Yu looked out the window from the room he was standing alone in. He changed into his uniform while seemingly deep in thought, washed his hands, and carefully tied his hair.

Under the sunlight, Zhuge Meng Ming was currently standing outside the school entrance with his backpack. Students with varying expressions on their faces walked into the school one after another. He raised his head and confidently looked at that red placard.

Let's go. I won't lose to you!

It was right before the exam, and he hadn't yet gained enough practice with his vision skills. However, he wasn't the least bit afraid. Carron had also said that Meng Ming already understood the theory. Now that the situation had unexpectedly changed, he could only gradually strengthen his skills during the official exam.

Meng Ming knew that this examination determined whether or not he could obtain the student ID, and it was also a showdown against Zhou Lun Yu. He had to treat it seriously.

At that moment, a sound from behind Meng Ming suddenly made his skin crawl—

“Isn’t this one Sire Zhu?”

It’s Shi Yun...I’ll just cleverly enter school first... Meng Ming shuddered, then walked forwards without turning his head back. But Shi Yun persisted in calling out his name.

“Sire Zhu, don’t, please don’t walk so quickly.” Shi Yun grabbed Meng Ming’s wrist.

Meng Ming felt goosebumps form all over his body. I really can’t stand it...why did I have to encounter something like this right before the exam...”

“There are a total of 4 subjects. The first exam is in literature and language. In any large-scale examination, the first test is always literature and language. This is a tradition that has gone on for 100 years, and has never changed.” Shi Yun declared elegantly, “Literature and language is the subject that I am most proficient in!”

I know that even without you saying it...I beg of you, please let go of my hand... Meng Ming couldn’t shake it off.

"If Sire Zhu doesn't mind, would you like to cross swords with me during this exam?" Shi Yun actively proposed a war against Meng Ming.

All L-types wanted to compete purely in test scores.

With lack of better option, Meng Ming could only reply, "Ok, ok, hurry up and let go..."

Seeing Meng Ming reply, Shi Yun finally loosed his grip. He walked up to Meng Ming's ear and lightly added, "I very much anticipate the moment the scores are announced," then hopped into the school building.

Who wants to compete against you... Meng Ming thought. He still had a more troublesome opponent, how could he possibly be in the mood to deal with this strange character.

Soon after, Meng Ming bumped into another person.

"Yo!" Lin Jing Xuan greeted Meng Ming, and the two entered the school side by side.

This classmate still counts as being more on the normal side... Meng Ming thought. Lin Jing Xuan immediately asked Meng Ming, "How much have you prepared? Because they had suddenly moved the exam date up, I didn't get the chance to properly study the last subject."

It sounded like Lin Jin Xuan was already extremely confident in the other 3 subjects.

"However, even if Meng Ming doesn't prepare that much, you will still get a high score!" Lin Jing Xuan patted Meng Ming's shoulder and said, "The first round is literature and language...we still don't know where the official exam is, so let's go to the classroom first."

Thus, they walked up the building's stairs. Suddenly, they bumped into the Three Missing One Quartet!

Meng Ming thought that he had encountered another inconvenience, but the reality was different from his imagination. The Three Missing One Quartet not only didn't chase after Meng Ming, they had even said to him with a serious air:

"Master, the exam will start soon. We'll get the most amazing grades and show them to you!"

"After seeing our grades, you'll definitely take us in!"

"It's a pity that we aren't in the same grade as Master; otherwise, we'd compete against you!"

"Nonsense! How could you dare to compete against Master?"

They argued quite fiercely, still blocking the path, making it impossible for Meng Ming and Lin Jing Xuan to pass through.



“Basically...” The leader, Boss Ma Que said, “Master, please watch us work hard!”

Finally, the four of them displayed a very ugly formation, as if trying to show that they were revering something.

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The atmosphere outside the room was gradually filling with more and more with uncertainty. But inside the room, it immediately became passionate!

Most of the students were already in their seats, reviewing the content they had studied one last time. The constant sounds of writing and flipping through books could be heard. Some of the people were speaking as well, trying to boost each other’s moral. There were also students that wanted to compare relative superiority with each other during the exam. In order to gain even the slightest bit more points on this exam, all the students were preparing for battle. Although their strengths were all different, every single one of them had plentiful examination experience. Solemnness, nervousness, excitement.

The moment Meng Ming entered room 301, a ton of gazes suddenly locked onto him—

“It’s Zhuge Meng Ming, we need to take note of his grades.”

“He’s a very formidable L-type with extremely high scores. I don’t dare

to face him head-on..."

"Indeed, we cannot forget about Zhuge Meng Ming's existence...sigh, it looks like my ranking on this exam will probably be pushed down a bit."

"It looks like," Lin Jing Xuan stepped into the room first. "Meng Ming has already become the target of a multitude of attacks. But don't worry, I won't try to do anything towards you for the time being." He smiled and sat down, flipping through his books to study.

Meng Ming had only walked forward two steps before he saw Bai Jiu in the front row. She hadn't noticed the disturbances happening around her, and definitely hadn't seen Meng Ming enter the room either. She was only revising her studies very earnestly.

Meng Ming had long since understood Bai Jiu—to her, exams were a method of self-refinement; grades were like her blood. She would never allow herself to fail.

"Ah, you still have time to look at girls!"

A male voice came from behind Meng Ming. This was the third time this had happened today.

Zhou Lun Yu?! Meng Ming whipped his head around.

Zhou Lun Yu had that usual smiling expression on his face. He walked around Meng Ming and stated, "It will start soon. If you have time, you

should think more about how to avoid losing too many points.”

Hmph, you’re finally here. Meng Ming said, “Just forget it. I’ve said before that no matter what, I won’t lose!”

Zhou Lun Yu replied, “I’ve also said before that I’ll completely dispel your self-confidence. Just listen obediently to me after the exam is over.” He then walked to his seat.

Annoying bastard. He clearly wants to request help from me, but refuses to say it out loud... Meng Ming indignantly walked to his seat as well. This time, I definitely won’t let you get your way.

After returning to his seat, Meng Ming thought: For Zhou Lun Yu to run back to Lin Xian to request for help, what exactly happened? ...Hm... At this, he suddenly narrowed his eyes and scratched his head. Why am I thinking about that! I should be thinking of how to beat him right now instead!

In short, Meng Ming’s main goal this exam was to beat Zhou Lun Yu in total points!

The last person Meng Ming saw today was Huang Qiao Yi, who sat in the back row waiting for him.

“Brother Meng Ming, have you finished preparing?” Huang Qiao Yi asked.

“It probably...shouldn’t be that big of an issue.” Although Meng Ming

was confident, he wasn't certain if he had practiced his skills enough. He thought: I have to slowly try them out during the actual exam...and that guy's red threads will definitely be annoying.

"Then that's fine." Huang Qiao Yi relaxed a bit and said, "Look at your drawer."

Look at my drawer?

Meng Ming was confused, and lowered his head to pull out his drawer and look inside. "Wa!"

Dozens of letters came pouring out of his table and fluttered down to the ground, almost pushing Meng Ming over.

"What in the world are these?!" Meng Ming randomly picked up a letter and opened it to read it.

They weren't love letters...but declarations of war! Some were from his classmates, while quite a few others were from other classes in his grade! The majority of them were challenging Meng Ming to compete single subject grades in this midterm.

Meng Ming was nonplussed.

Why can't I just be a more normal student in this school...

"Brother Meng Ming is really famous. The more formidable L-types

seem to all be coming at you," Huang Qiao Yi chuckled, looking completely unburdened.

"I..." Meng Ming sighed, "How would I have the mind to deal with these people! ...Did Huang Qiao Yi not receive any letters of challenge?"

Huang Qiao Yi reached into her drawer and pulled out a letter. "I, mm, I have one!" The challenger wants to compete with me in total points."

Meng Ming was just about to grab it, but Huang Qiao Yi built the suspense and put it away, "You want to know who it's from? I won't show it to you until after the exam." Instead, she told him something else, "This morning, Teacher Wang called me to the headmaster's office to draw Class A's exam room and proctor. She'll come to announce them later."

"What's that mean?" Meng Ming didn't understand, "Draw exam room and proctor?"

Huang Qiao Yi explained, "It means that not all the classes in the school take the exam here. Oftentimes, the locations to take the exam that are drawn will be in other places. The seats will be arranged last minute, and exam room will be completely confined. In addition, the proctors are also drawn randomly. —This is all because the college entrance exam is the same."

Only on the day of the exam would the exam sites and proctors be drawn. This not only tested and raised L-types' abilities to adapt to their environment, but also tested C-types' abilities to make impromptu changes to their capabilities. That way, it not only would prevent people from messing around with the exam room or bribing the proctors

beforehand, but also allowed them to keep a tighter watch. This was a custom that had started dozens of years ago.

“Ohohoho!! You guys have pretty good luck!!” Teacher Wang finally appeared at the teacher’s desk. She held up her pointer and shouted, “Now, I’ll announce the exam site that this class has drawn!”

Hearing this, the whole class gulped.

Teacher Wang happily said, “The exam site you drew is pretty relaxing! The location is—Lin Xian Library’s third floor!”

Lin Xian Library?! That’s...

That was where Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu had first met.

“That’s right...” Huang Qiao Yi sighed, “It’s the place I hate the most....”

Meng Ming whispered to Huang Qiao Yi, “Then, why did Teacher Wang say we were fortunate, and say it was super relaxing?”

Huang Qiao Yi looked at the ceiling and said helplessly, “Because, other classes...although they can draw the other floors of the library, they can also get terrifying places like the museum, the zoo, the detention center, and even the hospital’s psychiatry ward...” She also added, “Those places have their own various exam regulations.”

Teacher Wang explained the exam site's arrangements, "All the exam sites set up by the school were officially applied for, and have been approved of. Because the school attaches the most importance to making all the students equal opportunities, all these public locations have stopped their operations, and the staff members will clear all the people inside the place, as well as expel the surrounding people. This provides the students a peaceful exam environment. Our class will conduct all four exams on the third floor of Lin Xian Library. After everyone finishes reading the <Examination Regulations>, we'll immediately board the bus and depart, and get there in less than 10 minutes! Remember, you aren't allowed to bring anything with you, especially electronics...Also, everyone's seats are assigned by the computer, ohohohoho...!"

There was still 30 minutes left before the exam would begin. Teacher Wang handed each of the students a piece of paper with the title: Library Examination Regulations.

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## Quiz 30: Rules of the Exam Room (2/2)

### Library Examination Regulations

1. Examinees are not allowed to bring any suspicious items into the exam site. Stationary is prepared by the school.
2. When examinees enter the site, they must verify their identity, and sit in their appointed seats. They are not allowed to exchange seats with others as they please.

3. Before the exam, the examinee must check the stationary on their desk. If any problems with the stationary are discovered, the examinee can notify the proctor before the exam starts. After the exam bell rings, no compensation will be offered.
4. After the exam bell rings, the examination formally begins, and the students can only then start moving their pencils. There are 120 minutes given for every test.
5. After the exam begins, the site must maintain silence. No form of conversation and interaction are allowed.
6. Anyone that arrives later than 15 minutes will not be allowed into the site. Examinees may hand in their tests and leave the site after 30 minutes.
7. Examinees can only raise their hand to ask questions about the test's printing or points distribution. They cannot ask the proctors anything related to the solution's content.
8. Examinees must write their answers with the distributed pencils, and write as clearly and neatly as possible.
9. Examinees must follow the questions' directions and write their answers in the appropriate spaces. Any answers written on the draft paper are invalid.
10. Aside from the provided spaces on the test for writing the examinee's name and test number, do not mark up any other spaces.



11. Examinees cannot look at other people's answers, test papers cannot be exchanged, etc.

12. If any abnormal circumstances occur during the exam, the examination is to continue as long as the proctor does not declare the examination suspended. The exceptions are any life-endangering situations, circumstances that threaten personal safety, or instances where the proctor is unable to make any announcements.

13. If an examinee hands in their test early, they must immediately leave the site. They cannot loiter near the site, discuss it, or return to the site.

14. After the exam bell rings, the examinees must put down their pencils, and are not allowed to further touch any stationary afterwards.

15. Any students taking an examination in the library must follow the above regulations. If any of the regulations are discovered to be violated, it will be treated as cheating.

"Are you going to utilize these regulations?" Huang Qiao Yi asked Meng Ming.

"Look at #15," Meng Ming pondered it for a bit and said, "As long as one is caught violating any regulation, it'll be immediately viewed as cheating..."

"That's right! Hm, as long as Brother Meng Ming forces Zhou Lun Yu to violate a regulation, then..."

Meng Ming tossed the regulations sheet in his hand, having seemingly memorized it already. He leisurely smiled and said, "Cheating isn't like that. We already agreed earlier that we'd be competing in total points, not who would get caught. Regulations, I'm sure we'll both violate; moreover, it's necessary. What we need to is—make sure our violating actions aren't discovered by anyone."

"Eh..."

Although most of the first year Class A students had been to Lin Xian Library before, that didn't mean they knew how the test site arrangement was like. After several minutes, the students all alighted the bus at the library. When they saw the sign in front that said "Occupied by Lin Xian Central High For Midterm, Suspended Business For 4 Days", they weren't sure whether to laugh or cry.

The examinees in Class A all used the elevator to get to the third floor. After walking out, they saw a pair of glass doors on their left with a seal stuck on them.

This was the exam site.

This room had originally been full of bookshelves, but those shelves had been moved to another place to clear out many spaces. Afterwards, the large tables and chairs from the reading area had been brought in for the examinees to use.

The exam site is pretty simple... Meng Ming inspected the entire room.

The large, square-shaped room had surveillance cameras hanging from all four corners of the ceiling. These devices had originally been used to prevent people from stealing books, but were now being used to proctor the exam. The tables and chairs were arranged from east to west, so that the windows facing the south provided enough light. The reading area had originally been in the north, but because it was a small area, it wasn't being used for the exam.

"Not bad, there are surveillance cameras in every direction." Meng Ming hadn't seen these kinds of cameras in ages, and grew slightly excited, "Those models are way too old. The camera lens is actually exposed on the outside."

Hearing this, Huang Qiao Yi couldn't help but say, "...The other exam sites I mentioned earlier, including the zoo, all have surveillance cameras..."

Teacher Wang had already left. The students all stood outside the exam room, waiting for their proctor to come and break the seal.

"Zhuge Meng Ming." Another male voice called out to Meng Ming. This time, it was Qiu Min Ke.

"You won't have a problem with the surveillance cameras, right?" He said, "I won't get involved this time." He then left with a strange expression.

Actually, Meng Ming hadn't even noticed him.

At that moment, someone came from the elevator. It was the first year Class A's proctor! When the students noticed him, they all turned around in excitement to look—and discovered that it was actually that geography teacher with a patch of his hair missing! He was normally pretty muddle-headed, so the fact that they had drawn him as their proctor made the L-types feel happy, thinking that the exam would be pretty relaxing.

The old man was wearing his fake hair, and had a key tightly gripped in his hand. He said to the students, "You students can all enter now. Don't think of cheating; it doesn't matter if I can't see it clearly, as the four surveillance cameras on the ceiling can definitely catch it."

He then ripped open the seal in front of the door.

Now that they were about to enter the room, everyone began to feel nervous about where their arranged seating was. Meng Ming was no exception.

He thought: No matter how many surveillance cameras there are, I'm not afraid of being caught with the Heavenly Eye Technique. I just cannot sit in the frontmost row...compared to the surveillance cameras, I need to be more cautious of that guy.."

Meng Ming glanced at Zhou Lun Yu, only to see him run his fingers through his hair and calmly enter the room, as though any exam environment would be unable to phase him!

Hmph... Meng Ming rubbed his fingers together and began to run

some mental calculations. It's a good thing that old baldie taught me the flying disk. As long as I use the disk, I can cut his red threads. Let's see what you do then! He followed the crowd and walked into the exam site as well.

After entering the room, the people were all shocked at seeing the arrangement of the tables and chairs.

They were normal rectangular-shaped tables, with no drawers, so the stationary was placed on the tables. The tables were each 2 meters apart, and perfectly filled the entire square-shaped room. The seats were arranged in 7 rows and 6 columns, but the main point was—that the tables were arranged in opposite direction of those in the adjacent columns!

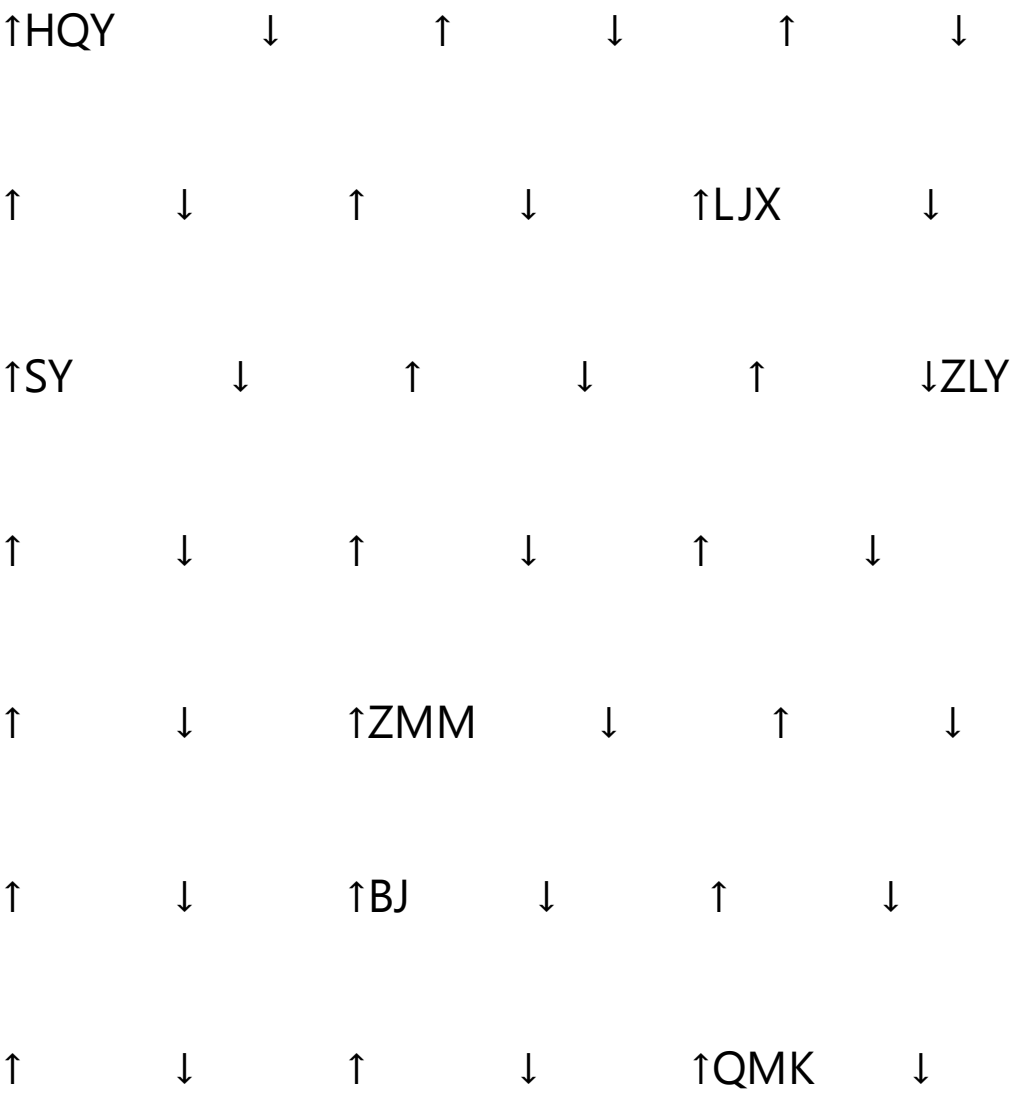
The point of this arrangement is to decrease the chances of examinees looking at others' tests...if the text on the test papers are backwards, it'll be much harder to copy. Meng Ming immediately analyzed the intention of this arrangement. However, this isn't any hindrance to the Heavenly Eye Technique.

"Very interesting!" Just like all the other examinees, Meng Ming searched for the seat that corresponded with his student number. Luckily, it was in the middle! The fifth seat in the third column. After Meng Ming sat down, he reflexively looked around again. It felt like he'd just entered a casino, and sat down at a gambling table.

He continued to analyze: ...Zhou Lun Yu's seat...is at the window on the right. He's facing this direction, I really don't want to see him...Little Qiao is in the upper left corner...the other people don't matter, but..."

Meng Ming turned around to look—

↑East



Why is Bai Jiu sitting behind me...! When Meng Ming saw the girl behind him, he began to panic.

Just then, Zhou Lun Yu seemed to look around as well.

Finally, the two people’s gazes met again!

Just before the exam began, Zhou Lun Yu organized his stationary and smirked at Meng Ming: Zhuge Meng Ming, do you really think you have the skills to beat me? You're about to experience just how great the difference between our strengths is.

On the other hand, Meng Ming was extremely confident: Difference? The Zhuge Style Cheating Technique is the quintessence. No matter how good or bad the situation is, anyone has a chance of winning! I'll prove that to you in this exam!

## Quiz 31: Confrontation Under The Surveillance Cameras

The fated exam bell suddenly rang, shaking every examinees' heart. Lin Xian Central High's first round of midterm exams in all the exam sites had formally begun!

The literature and language exam, time duration: 120 minutes.

The test papers were specially delivered by assigned messengers from the outside. The entire library instantly fell silent. The surveillance cameras on all three floors of the exam site swivelled back and forth, and the old man very dutifully handed the test papers out to each examinee.

They each had 3 pencils, one eraser, and one small blade. There was a certain number of draft paper sheets, and one scantron. The scantron was the exact same as the one from the entrance exam, but this time they were to put their student number instead of their exam number.

There are only 3 pencils, I must use them carefully... Zhuge Meng Ming checked his stationary.

He recalled how before the exam, Carron had told him the points distribution of the literature and language test. The beginning was multiple choice, the middle was fill-in-the-blank, and the last part was an essay that was worth 40% of the points.

"The multiple choice needs to be answered on the scantron. The fill-in-the-blanks must be written on a specific answer paper. For these two question types, students will typically write the answers on the test paper



first, then move their answers to the scantron and answer paper. That's why, you should take advantage of the moment they flip their papers over to use your eyes to look at the content! As for the essay, it's written on the essay paper...just write something random. If you don't know how to write it, then whatever. Either way, you'll get all the points from the first 2 sections, so that's already 60 points." —Those had been Carron's words.

"....." Meng Ming helplessly recalled his memories.

Each examinee received a packet of papers. The test had 3 pages of questions and a 1 page answer sheet, as well as one essay paper. All the students in the quiet room simultaneously began to move their pencils!

However, Meng Ming didn't rush to peek at others' papers; he had an annoying opponent to go up against. He simply wrote his name and student number, then immediately focused his concentration on using the corner of his eyes to observe Zhou Lun Yu to his right.

I still don't know Zhou Lun Yu's true strength, so I can't act blindly...Zhou Lun Yu is writing very fluently...he must be using his red threads right now. As he watched Zhou Lun Yu write his answers, Meng Ming realized that those invisible red threads must already be secretly suspended from some places around the room.

Zhou Lun Yu remained expressionless. His right hand grasped the pencil as he fluidly wrote down answers, while his left hand was naturally resting on the table. Meng Ming could tell that Zhou Lun Yu was extremely serious based on his expression. He wasn't underestimating his enemy at all, constantly guarding against external powers.

It seems like he doesn't plan on interfering with me. He wants to first see how I act, then attack me? Fine... Meng Ming had always hated Zhou Lun Yu's arrogant attitude. If it was just competing whose copying was more accurate, Zhou Lun Yu would definitely win! Meng Ming knew that he would have to take the initiative to attack first in this exam.

There was already a neat row of 'disks' on Meng Ming's table that he had sliced from a pencil.

I'm prepared to sever his threads at any moment. First, I need to find their locations...

Zhou Lun Yu's seat was in the sixth column. Meng Ming surmised that his red threads had to be originating from the his left side. Meng Ming looked closely at the empty space between the fifth and sixth columns: Since he's using the threads, they must be pulled tautly, which means they are in a set location! They're locked in place. I must look closely... more closely...

He fervently searched around, his eyes looking for the locked positions as they swept over the area at least 20 times. Sweat gradually began to form on Meng Ming's forehead; it had been ages since he had last been so concentrated. He was watching the surveillance cameras' movements extremely closely as well.

The old man proctor was leisurely sitting down. His vision wasn't good in the first place, and he mostly left the proctoring to the surveillance cameras. The devices on all four corners of the walls were turning back and forth along 90 degree angles without stopping.

10 minutes. Meng Ming searched for 10 straight minutes.

I can't see them....

His whole face was already covered in sweat, yet he hadn't discovered any traces of those threads. He thought: Using this method to search for the red threads should be correct! Why...

Although Zhou Lun Yu was writing his test, he clearly knew what Meng Ming was doing as well. He didn't act at all, and thought to himself that Meng Ming would definitely never find the red threads in his hand. Hmph, if you just look at that spot, it'll be weirder if you do find them. Just continue wasting your mental energy. If you continue like this, I'll be able to slowly figure out your tricks.

A student's action on Meng Ming's right instantly interrupted Meng Ming's concentration—the student had finished one page and was flipping it over!

Crap! Meng Ming hurriedly shifted his gaze towards that elevated test paper, wanting to quickly use the Heavenly Eye Technique to capture the paper's content. Unfortunately, he was one step too slow, and was only able to see the first two answers of the sheet.

Zhou Lun Yu also noticed Meng Ming's actions.

That's...?! Some memories resurfaced in his mind. That seems to be called... Heavenly Eye Technique? Why is Zhuge Meng Ming able to use

such a difficult move? But... Zhou Lun Yu had only heard a bit about the Heavenly Eye Technique before, and had never actually witnessed someone using it during an exam. Using such an imperfect skill, is he rushing things last minute?

Meng Ming had been too concentrated on the red threads, and had ended up missing the flipped test just now. But that movement... suddenly triggered an idea.

Flipping the test page...? Why do I feel like the movement isn't very natural... Meng Ming thought. He locked his gaze onto the space between the fifth and sixth columns, analyzing the elevation of the pen and paper. That's right, the height at which examinees flip their exam papers definitely has to be higher than when they write! If Zhou Lun Yu is pulling straight a thread that is directly coiled around the end of an examinee's pencil, then won't flipping the page shift or sever the connection?!

Although Meng Ming didn't know about the red threads' tenacity, it was clear to see that a student's flipping of the paper definitely impacted the red threads' operations! If he was Zhou Lun Yu, he'd never let such a large loophole appear under his control.

In other words, the red threads Zhou Lun Yu was using weren't directly pulled!

Then, I get it... Meng Ming hadn't been able to find them at all before, but now he finally somewhat understood.

He surveyed the entire room. The ceiling didn't have any electric fans,

just some openings that let in cool air that had been sealed by wooden planks. Zhou Lun Yu not only has to pull the threads taut, the threads' elevation also has to be higher than the test. That's why, there must be a fulcrum somewhere in the site. Once the red threads are looped around this fulcrum, they would form the shape of a polygonal line!

Meng Ming had seen through it.

He wants to stabilize the upper part of the red threads, so the only possible place... He raised his head to look around the spaces surrounding the surveillance cameras.

There!!

As expected, Meng Ming saw an extremely thin thread wrapped around the camera's round supporting pillar. Afterwards, he tilted his head up to look at the other 2 sides, and discovered that there was a strand wrapped around every pillar next to the surveillance cameras!

Zhou Lun Yu brought out four red threads!...He can copy four people at once. Meng Ming finally touched the 'disks' he had personally prepared. Using Brilliant Blossom, he hid them in the cracks between his fingers.

It had been 15 minutes since the exam had started. Meng Ming had finally finished searching.

Meng Ming smiled. Soon, you won't be able to copy anymore.

The instant the surveillance cameras were all facing the side, Meng Ming's four right-hand fingers immediately acted! He simultaneously shot out four spinning disks! The four blade-like disks quickly flew out in different directions!

This was Meng Ming's first active attack.

All the red threads were taut, and none of the four disks seemed to deviate from their targets. Zhou Lun Yu had long since raised his guard; when he noticed Meng Ming's attack to sever the red threads, he didn't panic at all! The instant before the disks neared the four threads, the fingers on Zhou Lun Yu's left hand moved fluidly! The red threads on each finger curved like waves as they quickly stretched outwards.

The red threads can jump about?! Meng Ming knew Zhou Lun Yu wanted to evade the attack. He fixed his vision on the red threads; the moment they seemed they were about to be cut, Zhou Lun Yu caused them to undulate so that they curved away just perfectly! The four threads all fluctuated and jumped about, evading Meng Ming's four disks, before straightening out again.

Zhou Lun Yu's evasion had made Meng Ming's attack hit only empty air. How could such a normal attack cut me? You're too simple-minded! If you don't show some real skills, I won't even need to pay you any mind. He didn't bother counterattacking, and continued to immerse himself into writing his own test, waiting for Meng Ming to show his moves first.

So the red threads were actually so agile... Meng Ming hadn't even gotten a chance to think of a new countermeasure, before a few classmates next to him began to flip their pages. He hurriedly widened

his eyes and locked his vision on the papers, simultaneously memorizing quite a few of the answers. —There was no way for him to concentrate on defeating Zhou Lun Yu.

The Heavenly Eye Technique...I'm still not proficient enough with it. I can only see so little... Meng Ming furrowed his brows. Although he had been able to see all the answers on the first page, he could only remember two answers. However, 5-6 of the surrounding tests had been flipped already. On the other hand, a few students still hadn't finished, so Meng Ming still had chances to obtain more answers.

I need to copy the tests while also preventing Zhou Lun Yu from writing answers...The pressure that Meng Ming felt gradually increased. Zhou Lun Yu was still calmly writing, his answering pace identical to the examinees in the palm of his hand. If Meng Ming didn't interrupt Zhou Lun Yu soon, then Zhou Lun Yu would obtain four copies of complete and reliable information!

A portion of the exam students had already started to fill in the answers for the second page. Meng Ming resolved that he had to copy all of its content! On the other hand, Zhou Lun Yu inwardly sniggered: Zhuge Meng Ming's method of copying tests is limited to looking at only the people surrounding him, so his accuracy rate won't be as good as mine. I locked onto a few people with good literature and language grades, so my overall score will definitely be higher. If Meng Ming didn't reveal his strength, Zhou Lun Yu could completely ignore him!

Zhou Lun Yu is still hiding himself, waiting for me to attack first? Fine, then I'll first master this vision technique... His score was more important,

so Meng Ming decided to temporarily ignore Zhou Lun Yu. He quietly waited for the surrounding students to flip their page.

Finally, after the 20 minute mark had passed, Meng Ming saw some people flip over their first page, and he smoothly wrote down the answers.

As long as I focus my concentration, this move doesn't seem really hard! Gradually, Meng Ming began to familiarize himself with the Heavenly Eye Technique. It didn't matter what angle the examinees were flipping their tests from, he was still able to finish copying all the answers. ...Multiple choice is fine, it's just a few characters. But the fill-in-the-blanks later seem to have quite a bit of content. Can I accurately see them...

As soon as Meng Ming thought this, a male student to his front right flipped the second page of his test!

Fill-in-the-blank page?! Ah, I can see it! Meng Ming caught it, and remembered all the content on the page, immediately recording it onto his draft paper! Success...

Just as Meng Ming believed that he had mastered the rhythm of the Heavenly Eye Technique, two people on his left and right simultaneously flipped their tests.

Haa... Meng Ming was unsure of where to look for a moment, and ended up unable to see either.



.....

...Still no good! Is learning it at the scene of the exam really any use...?

Zhou Lun Yu was using his red threads to copy information down this whole time. When he saw Meng Ming's foolish appearance, he mocked him: You dare to take this test even when you're so slow-witted?

Meng Ming analyzed: Right now, the examinees have all progressed around 1.5 pages. When the second page is finished, everyone will start working on the essay on the third page. If I don't hurry up and finish copying the stuff on the first two pages, I might not get another chance. People were constantly flipping through their tests, and Meng Ming gradually gathered the answers for 1.5 pages. However, Zhou Lun Yu was definitely advancing in a similar way.

Zhou Lun Yu, that bastard, still hasn't acted... Meng Ming eyed Zhou Lun Yu. He knew that the two of them were different from each other; Zhou Lun Yu could choose who to copy, locking onto students that definitely had good grades! If this continues...

That's right! Meng Ming suddenly thought of something. As long as I find who he's copying... He lifted his head to look at the red thread attached to the surveillance camera on the left corner! Meng Ming followed the thread's path, slowly probing around, before finding the table the examinee was sitting at—like this, he knew who Zhou Lun Yu was copying!

Shi Yun?! Meng Ming saw that this red thread was wrapped around Shi Yun's pencil.

Meng Ming scanned all the red threads attached to the surveillance cameras.

The front right one connects to the classmate in the front of the third column...the back right one connects to the fifth seat of the fifth column...the back left one... Meng Ming craned his head to look. Judging by that angle...it's connected to Bai Jiu's pencil?!

Meng Ming originally wanted to interfere with Zhou Lun Yu; just cutting off each of the red threads connected to those particular students' pencil tips would be enough! But he hadn't expected that Zhou Lun Yu had locked onto the examinee behind Meng Ming...how was he supposed to deal with someone behind him?

I'll ignore that for now! If I can't even properly deal with the people in front of me... Meng Ming once again tracked the surveillance cameras' trajectories, and slightly revealed the small weapons hidden in his hand. Since he can dodge the disks, then I'll just attack the examinees' pencils. This time, I'll use the short arrows!

The instant all the surveillance cameras were facing the side again, Meng Ming aimed at the three pencils in front of him that had red threads wrapped around them, shooting out three short arrows in succession! The arrows split in three directions that accurately flew towards their targets.

Zhou Lun Yu saw the short arrows, but wasn't concerned at all. He thought: Hmph! It's not those flying disks from before; rather, he wants to pierce my red threads with just some toothpicks? Does Zhuge Meng

Ming only have these two moves? I observed him for no reason...

The three arrows didn't hit the red threads, but instead hit the pencil shafts around the threads! Zhou Lun Yu was smug: He can't even hit them, yet he wants to pierce through them?

But Meng Ming's attack hadn't ended! He had long since anticipated that the red threads would be difficult to cut. After the three arrows hit their respective pencils, they suddenly burst into flames! The tiny bundle of flames instantly burned out the few red threads attached to the ends of the pencils!

Zhou Lun Yu hadn't imagined it would turn out like this at all!

What! ...That's, fire?! Flames, this really shocked Zhou Lun Yu!

The three red threads dropped off.

Meng Ming swung his pencil around: New Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Small Flaming Arrows! Since I've mastered the flames to the second level, I can control them like this.

The exam had now nearly reached the 40 minute mark. Zhou Lun Yu hadn't been able to dodge, and Meng Ming had managed to burn away three of his red threads! —Those aren't toothpicks, but matches!

Zhou Lun Yu was intrigued. Zhuge Meng Ming actually had such a hand!

Making fire...! This is the first time I've ever seen such a move. It looked like that was Zhuge Meng Ming's special skill, no wonder he didn't show his true strength before... Zhou Lun Yu had been observing Meng Ming's actions the whole time, and finally figured out Meng Ming's skill! However, he still didn't adopt any countermeasures. ...No rush, I have to endure for a bit longer and see if he has any other skills!

Zhou Lun Yu clearly knew that if he wanted to duel, he had to first figure out everything about his opponent no matter what. Otherwise, he'd definitely suffer. Besides, Zhou Lun Yu was still dominating this situation.

Now, only the red thread behind Meng Ming remained! Would he shoot out a fire arrow behind him?

It's just the table behind me...but this can be said to be advantageous for me as well. Meng Ming thought it over: The students are all immersed in writing, and the old man is also sleepy...at such close distance, as long as I can avoid the surveillance cameras, I can just turn around and directly sever the red thread.

Thus, Meng Ming picked up his small blade, and pushed out a few sections of the blade. He then began to calculate the timing at which all the surveillance cameras would point towards the side again.

Zhou Lun Yu noticed this: He wants to use the small blade to cut the red thread directly?! That...I have to block him! He thought that Meng Ming

not using any move meant he wouldn't be able to gather any intelligence from him. If he just watched Meng Ming cut that fourth red thread for no reason, Zhou Lun Yu's advantage would be lost! I not only have to block him, I must also continue controlling him! The method is...

He quickly stretched out a hand to reveal a large number of red threads. Zhuge Meng Ming....you indeed have some skills.

Avoid the surveillance cameras...turn around... Meng Ming finished his calculations, and the four surveillance cameras all began to turn towards the side....

It's now! Meng Ming gripped the small balde, and was just about to turn around to cut the thread...but suddenly, something strange stopped his actions!

Meng Ming suddenly realized that the surveillance camera in the right corner was pointed straight at him, and had stopped its movements!

Meng Ming's body was momentarily motionless—

Zhou Lun Yu's left fist was pulling many new red threads, all wrapped around that surveillance camera in the right corner, forcibly locking it in place! In order to protect the fourth red thread, Zhou Lun Yu had hijacked one of the surveillance cameras, forcing it to face Meng Ming the whole time.

Meng Ming couldn't move around at will any longer.

# Quiz 32: The Fifth One

With the surveillance camera pointed directly at him, Meng Ming couldn't move rashly, or else it would be seen as cheating. He knew that Zhou Lun Yu still had one more red thread left that he could use to keep copying Bai Jiu's test! If Meng Ming didn't obstruct it, Zhou Lun Yu could rewrap new red threads around the previous students' pencils...

If that happened, all of Meng Ming's efforts would go down the drain. He had to break through this surveillance camera.

Meng Ming immediately recalled the three methods he'd learned before about evading surveillance cameras—

First, use obstacles to block it. This was the most basic method;

Second, move faster than the rate at which the surveillance camera could process. This method was the hardest one to accomplish.

.....

Basically, I can't let the other end of the surveillance camera catch anything peculiar about me! Meng Ming began to calculate the angle that the camera was at.

The camera was above him, so it couldn't see below the desk. This meant that all Meng Ming had to do was cut the red thread behind him from underneath the table!

He arched his body backwards slightly, his two hands naturally stretching out underneath the table to evade the camera. His right hand hid a disk. He aimed it behind him, closed his eyes, and carefully pinpointed the red thread's position.

Just then, Meng Ming abruptly opened his eyes, and used the strength of his thumb to flick out the disk!

The fourth red thread was instantly cut.

Zhou Lun Yu felt that the fourth red thread on his left hand had snapped as well. He wanted to reattach new ones, but after thinking it over, he realized that these reattached threads would not only be easy to sever, they would also take quite a bit of effort to reattach. He decided: Even if the fourth red thread was severed, it's not a big deal...I still have a surveillance camera under my control.

Meng Ming had no intention of relaxing. He hurriedly copied down the answers for the multiple choice and fill-in-the-blank sections from the two tests in front of him as they were being flipped. Luckily, he had managed to gather the majority of the answers for points. On the other hand, Zhou Lun Yu had already answered the initial questions as well, and was only missing a few more fill-in-the-blanks.

Meng Ming knew that if he wanted to beat Zhou Lun Yu, he had to prevent him from pulling out new red threads to get points!

The surveillance camera in the upper right corner of the room was still locked onto Meng Ming. He still had 3 pencils remaining on his desk.

Thus, he filled in a portion of the answers on his scantron and the fill-in-the-blank answer sheet. He did this all while also guarding against Zhou Lun Yu's actions, as well as watching Zhou Lun Yu...

But Meng Ming suddenly discovered: Strange, Zhou Lun Yu's red threads should've all been broken...why is he still writing?

In his confusion, he searched the upper part of the room; there were no other red threads to be seen.

However, Zhou Lun Yu was filling in the last fill-in-the-blanks, and looked like he was confident that his answers were all correct.

...There were five red threads?! Meng Ming considered this possibility. That's right, there are five fingers on one hand, so he should be able to send out at least five threads!

Thus, Zhou Lun Yu had no need to remedy the previously fractured red threads!

Where is the other red thread...?! Meng Ming had only thought of this when the fill-in-the-blank section was almost at its end. He looked around the room from the corner of his eyes, yet couldn't find any trace of a red thread. Thus, he changed his train of thought: Who would Zhou Lun Yu copy...whose answers would he have confidence in?

Meng Ming immediately thought of Huang Qiao Yi. If it were him, the person whose answers he'd have the most faith in would be Huang Qiao Yi's! He hurriedly looked over to her pencil, and carefully examined it.



It's not there...

Huang Qiao Yi's pencil didn't have a red thread!

It was reasonable to say that he could only copy Huang Qiao Yi's test. In addition, Huang Qiao Yi sat in the corner, while Zhou Lun Yu sat by the window. The red threads could go around the whole classroom, and had many possible trajectories.

Thus, Meng Ming just picked up his pencil, preparing to probe out the red thread's location again.

Zhou Lun Yu had almost finished writing the first two pages, but he could vaguely sense that Meng Ming had started looking for the fifth red thread.

Still looking? Is a single surveillance camera not enough to restrict his movements...Zhou Lun Yu saw that even while under the surveillance camera's scrutiny, Meng Ming was still looking at the tests around him without restraint, simultaneously searching for the red thread. Now, Meng Ming was even preparing to act! Zhou Lun Yu thought: Zhuge Meng Ming is going to use fire again?! That's a bit troublesome; if my fifth red thread is cut by him, it'll be hard to deal with. No matter what, I have to disturb him somehow and stall for time...as long as I finish copying the last few questions, I'll definitely win!

Meng Ming began to move! Although Zhou Lun Yu didn't know what Meng Ming wanted to do, he still watched for the right moment to disrupt Meng Ming!

Zhou Lun Yu temporarily stopped moving his pencil. He shifted his right index finger, casting out a red thread! Without Meng Ming noticing, this red thread attached directly to the old man proctor. Zhou Lun Yu thought that as long as the old man proctor disturbed the exam site for a bit, Meng Ming and the other students would be temporarily thrown into disarray, and he could gain some additional time to finish copying the last few problems!

The red thread neared the sleeping old man. It nimbly wrapped itself around him, and with a quick flick of a finger, swiftly hooked onto the old man's fake hair! This shocked the old man awake. The old man proctor saw his own fake hair leave his head, and suddenly fly into the air, descending towards Meng Ming's table! In great shock, the old man hurriedly ran away from the front desk to catch the hair.

The students in the middle of the room were all distracted by the old man's movements. The old man went to go chase his fake hair! This way, Zhuge Meng Ming won't be able to use his fire! Zhou Lun Yu's plan had succeeded, and he immediately picked up his pencil again to continue writing his own test.

The scene in front of Meng Ming was outside of his expectations. The old man's fake hair had unexpectedly flown into the air, and was even falling towards him?! Crap! Zhou Lun Yu is manipulating me to keep me from acting? What do I do...no, this, this is...

Meng Ming's eyes flashed—A chance!

Seeing the soaring fake hair, a lightbulb went off in Meng Ming's head,

and he changed his plans: I can use this! Meng Ming quickly took out a single long arrow, and aimed. At that moment, the surveillance camera, the fake hair, and Meng Ming were all lined up! Just at that instant, Meng Ming's right hand powerfully shot the arrow out. The arrow pierced through the fake hair, bringing it along as it flew towards the surveillance camera in the upper right corner of the room !

Zhou Lun Yu discovered that the situation was off; the fake hair had changed its trajectory? The old man's fake hair was now being dragged by Meng Ming's arrow towards the upper right surveillance camera's lens. The arrow accurately jammed itself in a crack of the camera, while the fake hair covered the lens!

The lens was completely blocked by the hair, so Meng Ming would no longer be threatened by that camera anymore!

Zhou Lun Yu quickly responded: What about this?! His two hands cast out all of his red threads, wanting to take the advantage of this chance to point the other three cameras at Meng Ming, and locking them there!

Seeing Zhou Lun Yu's movements, Meng Ming immediately realized his intention! There was only one bundle of fake hair; if the other three surveillance cameras were pointed at him, his situation would become extremely dangerous! His mind once again brought up the three methods of avoiding cameras—

First, use obstacles to block it;

Second, move faster than the rate at which the camera can process;

Third, .....

The third way! Meng Ming didn't have the time to think too much about it; he had to act before Zhou Lun Yu did! He violently sliced the two pencils on his table into four sections. New Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Flaming Arrow! While the three cameras were turning to point towards the center, Meng Ming sent out flaming pencils towards all four corners of the ceiling!

The four pencils hit each of the surveillance cameras, breaking all of the lenses. The flames then penetrated the insides of the cameras, destroying all of its internal parts! With a few zaps, and finally four bangs, all of the surveillance cameras were completely incinerated.

The third method—break the surveillance cameras.

The old man saw that his fake hair had been burned as well, and he shouted, "Who did this!" Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu both ignored him, and wrote their own tests instead.

Zhuge Meng Ming's reactions aren't bad! Zhou Lun Yu had used up all of the red threads he had prepared, and didn't make any more obvious movements. However, he had already smoothly finished copying the first two pages using the five red threads from before.

...Piece of cake.

Without any surveillance cameras, Meng Ming quickly finished writing the first two pages. He let out a breath; only the one pencil in his hand remained.

There was still nearly an hour until the end of the exam, and he couldn't compare the initial answers anymore. The only thing left was the last page, the 40 point essay.

But...there was absolutely no way two identical essays could appear in the same exam site. Otherwise, it would be regarded as having secretly had a ready-made essay, and both the identical essays would receive 0 points! ...This meant that Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu couldn't copy. Besides, Zhou Lun Yu no longer had any red threads left, and Meng Ming only had one pencil remaining.

The two of them had finished their duel?

No, it still hadn't ended!

Did you think I'd just give up? [Zhou Lun Yu]

Hmph, then just come at me! [Meng Ming]

There was still time! The two of them simultaneously began to read the question. As they stared at their tests, they began to move their pencils!

One hour quickly passed, and the literature and language exam ended. The old man extremely gloomily collected all the examinees' tests, before dismissing the students.

"Meng Ming?" Bai Jiu's voice came from behind Meng Ming. He turned around, afraid to look at her. He hoped that she wouldn't, under any circumstance, say anything strange.

Bai Jiu whispered to Meng Ming, "Meng Ming, do you know how Teacher's fake hair flew up like that and how the surveillance cameras exploded just now? It scared me to death..."

Of course I know... Meng Ming couldn't tell her the truth, so he randomly made something up. "...Ah, perhaps the old man's fake hair had too much static electricity, and was pulled towards the surveillance cameras. The static electricity was just so strong that all of the cameras... exploded!"

"Ah, so it's like that! Meng Ming is so smart..." Bai Jiu suddenly realized, "Hm? Although I feel that...there's still something off, there's still the math test tomorrow. I'll go home first to prepare." She turned around with a smile and left.

The other students all dispersed while discussing the fake hair, leaving only 3 people in the exam room.

Zhuge Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi were preparing to go home together. There was also Zhou Lun Yu, who was sitting on a table.

Does Zhou Lun Yu really like sitting in high places that much...? [Meng Ming]

May, maybe... [Huang Qiao Yi]

Zhou Lun Yu turned around and asked, "Hmph, how did you see my red threads?"

Meng Ming had mastered the skill of seeing the red threads ages ago. He replied, "The red threads are just extremely thin and transparent threads. Although they are hard to see with the naked eye, light still hits them."

Meng Ming had come to see this reasoning when he had been in the water—"As long as light passes through your threads, the medium different from air causes a refraction!"

Zhou Lun Yu laughed grimly, "Ha, how can you see the internal refractions of things you can't see?"

Meng Ming confidently smiled and replied, "Heh, the eyes' focus obviously isn't on the red thread, but the physical objects behind them—the background! If a red thread is hanging there, the naked eye can easily see a distortion in the background, and thus discern the red thread's location!"

Zhou Lun Yu listened; Meng Ming's analysis was indeed correct.

"You saw it during this test as well," Meng Ming said. "Although these results haven't come out yet, I definitely have methods to defeat you no matter what."

"Hmph, did you think I went all out today?" Zhou Lun Yu jumped off from the table, prepared to leave the room. "I only completely grasped your skills in today's exam. During the second exam tomorrow, I definitely won't just write answers without acting like I did today."

Meng Ming was stunned for a moment before stopping Zhou Lun Yu, "Wait a minute."

Zhou Lun Yu stopped. Meng Ming asked, "Where was the fifth red thread?"

From beginning to end, Meng Ming had never found the location of the fifth thread. Zhou Lun Yu didn't answer directly. He just turned his head to look at Huang Qiao Yi and said, "She might often suffer from oxygen deficiency." With that, he left the room.

As expected, it was with Little Qiao? Meng Ming ran to Huang Qiao Yi's side, but still couldn't find anything. He inspected the pencils that Huang Qiao Yi used, yet couldn't find any trace of the red thread binding them. In the end, he finally discovered a very light impression left on Little Qiao's right wrist.

Zhou Lun Yu actually wrapped the red thread around Little Qiao's wrist. He can determine words like that too...?! In addition, he'd even determined Little Qiao's physical condition...



Meng Ming raised his head to look at the room's doors. Before Zhou Lun Yu had left, he'd said: Tomorrow, I definitely won't just write answers without acting. Meng Ming thought: He didn't attack at all today, and was purely observing me?! ...That means he still has so many tricks that he hasn't used...

Huang Qiao Yi asked, "Brother Meng Ming, are we still not leaving..." Only then did Meng Ming arouse from his thoughts.

"Brother Meng Ming, what's wrong with you guys...it's just the first exam, and you've already destroyed all of the surveillance cameras. By the way, was that fake hair incident also the work of you two?" Huang Qiao Yi had a general understanding of what had gone on between the two. She felt puzzled; no matter how they cheated, there was no need to go as far as to fight so chaotically right in the beginning, right?

"I don't know...in general, as long as I can get even 1 point more, I need to get it. Isn't that every student's commitment?" Meng Ming's answer was very clear.

A man with a massive physique sat in the monitor room. There were many TV screens in front of him, but he only looked at the third floor's exam site's. The scene that those broken surveillance cameras projected made the man's face break out into an indescribable expression.

### Quiz 33: Let's Bathe Together

"Even though we were let out of school, we don't have any homework today, it feels strange." [Meng Ming]

"Even if we did, wouldn't Brother Meng Ming just be copying me..." [Huang Qiao Yi]

"Brat, did you use the skills that I taught you last minute?" [Carron]

"Putting that aside! Why did you appear in my house again!" [Meng Ming]

Huang Qiao Yi was already familiar with the two of them squabbling, and just went to make some tea. When Meng Ming saw Carron sitting in a chair with his legs crossed, he thought: Isn't it just some wooden carvings, is there any reason to act so high and mighty... But he didn't say this out loud, since he had hung on today by relying on these 2 techniques.

Carron asked, "Approximately how many points?"

The grades hadn't come out yet; if Meng Ming had to guess his score excluding the essay...he'd probably gotten at least above 90% of the 60 points from the multiple choice and fill-in-the-blanks.

Hearing this, the other two silently stared at Meng Ming in disappointment—

"That means..." [Huang Qiao Yi]

"You didn't pass..." [Carron]

"Can you two stop talking about passing or not passing!!" Meng Ming wanted to flip the table in anger, "Zhou Lun Yu didn't copy the essay either! As long as I didn't lose to him this round, I'm fine!"

This suddenly made Huang Qiao Yi think of something, "Didn't we hear before that Zhou Lun Yu always got #1, and his total points were always much higher than #2's? If he never did the essay on any exam, there's no way he'd be able to get #1..."

Meng Ming felt that these words made sense, but he still found it strange, "How are you supposed to cheat on the essay?" He turned around to ask Carron for answers, but Carron didn't move from his position as he honestly replied, "I don't know, I don't have any experience cheating on essays."

.....

It was at this moment that Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi seemed to sense something....

"Ah, haha! The next exam is math, huh?" Meng Ming smiled fakely, "I need to start preparing, I can't lose. What kind of questions does math have?"

He couldn't make any mistakes in the next exams, or else everyone would know Meng Ming was a C-type student.

Huang Qiao Yi thought a bit; just as before, there were 3 types. Like the literature and language exam, there were multiple choice and fill-in-the-blank questions. But the last part was an open-calculation response, where the student had to show calculations for each solution. Thus, they needed to write a lot.

Carron interrupted, "How many words can you memorize at most by just glancing at the test?"

Meng Ming considered it, then replied 54 maximum.

"That's also the number of cards in a deck..." Huang Qiao Yi immediately recognized that this number was the amount of poker cards in a deck including jokers.

"Not enough..." Carron thought.

According to his past experience with math exams, calculation questions required hundreds of numbers and symbols in their solutions. One page of the test could contain over 2 calculation questions. A single glance was nowhere near enough for a typical person to see all the content on one page, let alone remember so many people's solution methods.

"Calculation questions should be okay as long as I just copy the final answers, right?" Meng Ming blurted out.

Meng Ming's words made the other two people in the room quickly turn to face him.

Huang Qiao Yi said, "That's not enough. They won't give you points if you just write the answer without its solving process."

"No, no, that should be enough." Carron suddenly said.

Huang Qiao Yi didn't understand.

In the history of math questions, the calculation problems on math tests required one to clearly write the entire process of solving in order to pass. Just writing the answers was useless.

Carron explained, "If you're using the Heavenly Eye Technique, you can first verify the correct answer for the calculation problems. Look at the people around you, and see which answer is written the most. That will most likely be the correct one."

That way, there was no need to look at everyone's solving processes!

"Then..." Carron hadn't yet finished speaking before Meng Ming cut in, "Copy the test that has the least steps and characters in its solving method!"

"Right...right." Carron quickly patted Meng Ming's head and said, "It looks like you improved a bit, you're understanding test-cheating more

and more.”

Who wouldn't think of something so simple... Meng Ming arrogantly thought. He then suddenly saw that Carron was still patting his head. “Stop patting!”

.....

Nighttime was always the period when students were most active. They weren't playing around outside, but diligently studying either at school or in their own rooms.

Not everyone was studying knowledge from books, there were also some students studying cheating techniques similar to the “Heavenly Eye”.

—“Isn't math just finding XYZ, using the four operations, and the 10 Arabic numerals? Cards have AKQJ, four suits, and 10 Arabic numerals, what difference is there? If you can play cards, you can do math.” These were Carron's final words before he left.

That old baldie is quite funny... Meng Ming was home alone, cleaning up the cards he used for practice while also turning on the lamp.

Tomorrow was the math exam. He checked the clock; it was nearly 23:00 already. Everything was quiet. Meng Ming wearily looked at his reflection, and discovered that his eyes had become quite bloodshot. The exam this morning and his training today had overused his eyes.

He took out a change of clothes, and took off his shirt in preparation to take a shower. Just then, Huang Qiao Yi pushed open the door and walked in.

"Wow..." Huang Qiao Yi saw Meng Ming's naked torso and hurriedly asked, "Brother Meng Ming, aren't you cold?"

Ai...? Meng Ming hadn't imagined Huang Qiao Yi would suddenly say that. Although the temperature recently had indeed lowered a bit, he only felt it now. When he saw that Huang Qiao Yi was currently wearing long-sleeves, he began to feel some chills on his bare torso.

"Speaking of which, it's been ages since I saw Meng Ming without clothes." In order to minimize the cold, Huang Qiao Yi quickly shut the door, and walked into the room.

Yea...probably a long time. But...why did Little Qiao come here so late? Meng Ming thought. He was just about to take a shower, but Huang Qiao Yi had interrupted him. He then wondered: It's already so late, and it looks like Little Qiao hasn't showered yet either. No wait, it can't be that... she wants...

When he thought of this, Meng Ming's entire body abruptly heated up. No, no way...! How is that possible... He hurriedly asked, "Little...Qiao, why did you come here so late..."

Faced with Meng Ming's question, Huang Qiao Yi suddenly lowered her head, and looked extremely embarrassed, so nervous that she couldn't speak. The lamps in the room that shone in the night reflected off her face, making it look a bit red. After a long while, she squeezed out in a

small voice. "Oh...I, I'm a bit...embarrassed to say..."

Huang Qiao Yi originally had a weak voice, now her sound was so soft it was practically impossible to hear.

"Wha...what?" Meng Ming didn't hear her clearly.

"It's...!" Huang Qiao Yi made her voice a bit louder, but just as she reached the crucial point, she lost her courage to continue in a loud tone, "That...oh..." Her voice gradually faded out to her previous volume.

...This reaction of hers, Meng Ming saw Huang Qiao Yi's anxious expression. There's no way she actually wants to...no, we can't! Although we're practically siblings, we, we've grown up so much already...

The longer Huang Qiao Yi dragged on, the stranger Meng Ming's expression became. Huang Qiao Yi thought, if she continued to stay silent, it was very possible that she'd turn the matter into a mess. She hurriedly searched for another subject—

"Brother Meng Ming, I seem to have...not done my best on today's literature and language exam. Especially that essay; I couldn't write anything. I might not have even gotten 35/40 of those points." She finally returned to her original volume.

This was the first time Meng Ming had ever seen Huang Qiao Yi panic over an exam. He hurriedly replied, "It should be fine, perhaps the question was a bit unexpected. There's still the math exam tomorrow, don't let this one test mess up your later tests."



Meng Ming felt that something about this was off. Why am I teaching her...aren't these exam mentalities all things that she had taught me?

"Right, that's right!" Huang Qiao Yi recalled the exam today and said, "This essay question was indeed strange compared to previous essays. Did Brother Meng Ming also feel the same?"

How would I know, this the first time I'd ever seen an essay question in my life. [Meng Ming]

"To have come up with such a question, that teacher that wrote the question must be a bit weird in the brain somewhere."

Did Little Qiao come here just to say this stuff...

"Also, there were two multiple choice questions I hadn't completely understood. The fill-in-the-blanks seemed to have been alright though..."

As a conservative estimate, she probably has over 85 points in total.

"I rarely got lower than 90 points in my literature and language exams in junior high. Really, I hadn't imagined senior high exams would be so hard."

I didn't even go to junior high...

"For Brother Meng Ming to be half naked, does that mean you were going to take a shower?"

"Of course!" Meng Ming replied. Did you only just react to that?

Huang Qiao Yi seemed to suddenly wake up, and discovered that her words had gotten further and further from her original subject. She momentarily panicked and rushed out, "Then I'll go back to rest, Brother Meng Ming should also sleep early."

Hah? Then, then just go... Meng Ming found the situation even stranger. If it was just for something this minor, why had she been so embarrassed in the beginning? "Then, there's nothing else?"

This instead made Huang Qiao Yi feel that something was off, "Nothing, did Brother Meng Ming have something else to say?"

"Then..." Meng Ming said, "Why did Little Qiao act so embarrassed in the beginning? ...Also, if you just go back now...you'll stop me from showering again?"

"Showering...?"

"Yes, showering!"

"Oh, that's right!" With showering brought up, Huang Qiao Yi suddenly recalled, "It was like this; just now, when I was sending Uncle Carron back home, I found a baby sika deer next to the road..." Huang Qiao Yi pushed the door open, and carried in a brown, baby sika deer. "It looked too

pitiful, so I brought it home and asked Mother if I could raise it. Mother didn't let me, and said that the zoo's carelessness allowed it to escape...so I thought that I could only bring it back. But its entire body is covered in mud, and is pretty dirty...so I wanted to ask Brother Meng Ming if you would be willing to help me give it a bath..."

Of course it couldn't be raised, it'd grow very large soon. But giving it a bath probably wasn't an issue...

"I was afraid Brother Meng Ming wouldn't be willing...so I was too embarrassed to say it earlier..." Huang Qiao Yi and the baby deer both looked at Meng Ming with innocent expressions.

You, why are the both of you looking at me with eyes like that! Oi...don't I count as the most innocent here! [Meng Ming]

## Quiz 34: Vacuum Blade (1/2)

On the second day of exams, most students went straight to their exam sites from their homes. As long as one was wearing the school uniform while entering and then verified their ID, they'd be let in.

Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi had arrived at Lin Xian Library early. Unlike other students, who had immersed themselves in studying as soon as they'd entered, the two of them were looking around the entire layout of the library's exam site, as if going on a walk.

The first floor didn't have an exam site; the second had some second year class, the third floor was the first year Class A's exam site, and the fourth had another second year class...

"I'm so lucky...that I didn't see the idiot quartet group." Who knew how Meng Ming had thought of those guys.

"I also find it strange how the Three Missing One Quartet haven't stayed back a grade with how they are," Huang Qiao Yi told Meng Ming.

Only when there were only 5 minutes remaining until the beginning of the exam did majority of the examinees enter and sit down. Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi returned to the third floor and sat in their original seats, simultaneously checking the newly distributed stationary.

A small blade, an eraser, three pencils, and quite a bit of draft paper...

It was unknown whether the school had a lot of money, or pencils were just inexpensive, but the exam site always gave every student 3 pencils. By the end of the entire exam period, 10,000 pencils would be used up, just like that. With the addition of the large amount of paper, the entire exam period pretty much destroyed an entire forest in its process. The school disregarded the costs to prevent cheating. That way, they could force students to study diligently in order to deal with the college entrance exam. This would also raise the school's rate of grade promotion.

Moreover, the four surveillance cameras have also been replaced with new ones. However, their lights aren't even on; it looks like these are cameras that are just there, but can't actually survey...they're probably fakes that were put up there last minute, Meng Ming thought.

Regardless of whether the cameras were real or fake, they were very easy to evade.

The old man proctor arrived right before the exam began. Compared to yesterday, he had changed to another fake hair style, and had seemingly stuck it on quite firmly too.

Where's Zhou Lun Yu...Meng Ming twisted his head around, and saw that Zhou Lun Yu had also arrived. He was currently sprawled across his desk sleeping.

Meng Ming wondered if he was still half-asleep, or if he had some kind of crafty scheme.

Zhou Lun Yu said yesterday that he wouldn't hold back today...had he

been analyzing my skills last night to come up with methods to defeat me?!

The exam was just about to start. Zhou Lun Yu seemed to also discover that it was almost time. He got up while rubbing his eyes, and tidied up his hair.

Exactly what...is he going to do...

Meng Ming was unable to forecast what would go on during the exam, which made him once again feel a heavy pressure.

The test papers were distributed again. Just like before, it was three pages! Aside from the multiple choice questions, there were fill-in-the-blank and calculation problems, which needed to be answered directly on the test. The multiple choice questions were each 4 points, giving a total of 40 points; the fill-in-the-blanks were each 4 points, giving a total of 28 points; the calculation problems were worth 32 points overall, with 4 problems total.

The bell rang, the second exam had begun!

Meng Ming watched Zhou Lun Yu's actions as he picked up his own pencil. He had absolutely no clue what tricks Zhou Lun Yu would try to pull this time. When he thought about it, he realized he still hadn't ever seen how Zhou Lun Yu attacked!

He was just about to fill out his student number on the scantron, but the instant his pencil touched the surface, the scantron seemed to sprout

wings and jump away by itself!

Ai?! Shocked, Meng Ming immediately realized what was going on. Zhou Lun Yu was pulling tricks so early? Indeed, Zhou Lun Yu had at some point wrapped threads around Meng Ming's scantron!

Meng Ming could only reach out to grab it. However, the scantron was extremely nimble, and kept dodging Meng Ming's hands over and over again.

Meng Ming gloomily stopped moving, only to see Zhou Lun Yu leisurely drawing out circles in the air rhythmically with his pointer finger.

He was so far, yet he had such ingenious control!

Zhou Lun Yu moved his mouth as if he was whistling, and provocatively glanced at Meng Ming. He then flicked his fingers, and the scantron began to gracefully dance around in front of Meng Ming's eyes.

Is he, playing fetch....?!

Meng Ming grew furious, and quickly displayed his original movement speed with a sudden grab. However, his actions were still seen through by Zhou Lun Yu, and the scantron still slipped away. Brilliant Blossom! Meng Ming had long since anticipated this, and had hidden the little blade in his hand. The instant the scantron flashed away, Meng Ming stuck out the little blade and quickly cut the red thread controlling the scantron!

The scantron slowly floated down.

Meng Ming glared at Zhou Lun Yu in annoyance, but he didn't respond. Just as the scantron landed in Meng Ming's hand, it suddenly flew up once more! —The instant Meng Ming had looked at Zhou Lun Yu just now, Zhou Lun Yu had happily attached a new red thread to play around with Meng Ming's scantron.

Bastard! Meng Ming angrily grabbed the scantron back at an amazing speed.

His swift movements actually managed to shock Zhou Lun Yu, who was momentarily unable to react.

Meng Ming tightly gripped the scantron...

Too detestable. He even pulled such a thing on me... Meng Ming's hand was still hiding the blade. His eyes scanned his surroundings to check for any other threads.

He didn't see any other threads, but instead felt like something was missing from his desk.

...Where are the pencils?! Aside from the single pencil in Meng Ming's hand, the other two had vanished without a trace!

They had been stolen!



It was at that moment that Meng Ming realized Zhou Lun Yu's trick just now with his scantron had been to scatter Meng Ming's attention! Zhou Lun Yu's real goal had been to steal away Meng Ming's weapons—the pencils.

I fell for his scheme?! ...How had Zhou Lun Yu wrapped his threads around it? With just threads he was able to...!

Meng Ming doubtfully glanced over at Zhou Lun Yu's seat once more, and saw that there were now 1, 2, 3, 4...5 pencils on his desk! Zhou Lun Yu smugly gestured: This isn't fetch, but fishing!

The exam was only 5 minutes in, and Meng Ming had already lost 2 pencils! He could only hurriedly clutch his scantron and test paper, firmly grab hold of his little blade and eraser, as well as the remaining pencil between his hands.

He needed to copy others' test papers in addition to defending against Zhou Lun Yu's movements...it would be too easy for him to end up neglecting one or the other.

Zhou Lun Yu didn't bother doing anything else to Meng Ming, and instead began copying answers. He had already cast out the red threads he needed ages ago. This is a psychological battle. I won't bother wasting effort to keep baiting you with your things, but you have no choice but to invest effort into guarding against it.

For several minutes, Meng Ming just blankly sat there, looking at his own test paper. He anxiously watched Zhou Lun Yu write quite a bit down, but he didn't touch his own test at all.

Suddenly, a shadow flashed in front of him. It was a test being flipped! Meng Ming immediately shifted his gaze. With practiced skill, he instantly saw and memorized the whole paper! He picked up his pencil, prepared to write it all on the draft paper. However, an unexpected rustle sounded out as the draft paper flew up again.

Zhou Lun Yu was playing fishing once more?!

Meng Ming hurriedly secured all his things, then immediately re-seized his draft paper. You're trying to pull this on me again? It's no longer of any use! He flattened his draft paper, and was just about to take notes. However, he discovered—

I, I forgot it...the answers I had seen just now...

He had been completely duped! Meng Ming was so frustrated that he wanted to flip the table. It looked like this was the difference in experience!

How am I supposed to take note of so many things at the same time!! This is even more troublesome than a casino!

One could never underestimate the exam sites in China. Meng Ming

suddenly came to a realization: dealing with tests was much more difficult than gambling.

The Zhuge Style Cheating Technique instructed this—no matter what situation one encountered, one must remain calm and persevere. Any unexpected circumstance could occur in any time and place, but one couldn't panic.

Meng Ming felt himself grow more and more impatient; if this continued, the situation would become extremely unfavorable on his part! He knew that he had to stabilize his state of mind first in order to make appropriate judgments and actions. Thus, he steadfastly pressed his things down, closed his eyes, and calmed his heart—

Calm down, persevere, do not panic. Do not slip up on the test, and definitely do not lose to Zhou Lun Yu...

After a while, Meng Ming slowly re-opened his eyes, and immediately caught the two test papers from the students in front of him. With a calm mind, he instantly saw all of the content on both pages. He pressed down his paper, and began to move his pencil.

With his now cooled down head, Meng Ming felt a flash to his side. There's danger. It's a red thread?!

He saw a few red threads currently being pulled next to him! He didn't know what Zhou Lun Yu had sent out these red threads for.

No matter what, I have to block him! Meng Ming used his pencil like a

rod, and quickly twisted the red threads next to him onto his pencil, disrupting the red threads' movement trajectories! He then firmly gripped his pencil, not allowing Zhou Lun Yu to snatch it away.

Zhou Lun Yu's red threads had been used to probe the answers from the two students behind Meng Ming. Unlike the literature and language exam, the math exam had examinees that worked at completely different paces. Relying on only a few people wouldn't work at all. He hadn't imagined that these red threads would be discovered by Meng Ming, and even get entangled onto Meng Ming's pencil! He wanted to immediately retract his threads. After a few tugs, the red threads smoothly untangled themselves! Just when he was about to pull the threads back, Meng Ming reached out and grabbed hold of them!

There's no way I'd let you pull them back so easily!

Meng Ming's right hand grasped the threads that were just about to leave, while his right hand picked up his pencil and began to record the answers he'd seen just now. However, Zhou Lun Yu still had another hand. He flicked the finger that held the thread, swinging all of them into the air. He then forcefully pushed them above Meng Ming's left hand, wanting to cover Meng Ming's pencil! Meng Ming clearly saw all this happen, but the red threads were too many in number, as well as chaotic, which made them too hard to evade. With a sudden flash of inspiration, he opened his mouth and used his teeth to bite down on the approaching threads.

When Zhou Lun Yu saw that Meng Ming had even used his teeth, he believed that the red threads had probably been completely ripped apart already. Zhuge Meng Ming, no matter what you do, it won't matter as long as I reach my goal. He had taken advantage of when Meng Ming hadn't been paying attention earlier, and cast out other red threads

around the surveillance cameras to head towards the pencil he had targeted just now!

The calm Meng Ming had completely gotten into the zone, and discovered the abnormality on top of the cameras. He bit down hard on the numerous red threads in his mouth to break them apart, and while Zhou Lun Yu recollected them, he threw two arrows from his left hand with all his strength to first strike the two pencils that Zhou Lun Yu had locked onto, forming a defense! Just as Zhou Lun Yu's thread was about to cover the pencil, it was split apart by the short arrow!

Stolen away...?! Zhou Lun Yu hurriedly retracted all the red threads he had been using. Although he still had other trajectories, Meng Ming seemed to have suddenly reacted to the exam site in a single burst. His performance isn't bad...unlike before, when he only acted after thinking.

Meng Ming had already smoothly written down many test answers in the meantime! He thought: I think I've pretty much grasped Zhou Lun Yu's red threads. After their exchange just now, he had reached a detailed analysis of Zhou Lun Yu's red threads—

1) Before the red threads were cast out, one had to decide on set trajectories for them to move along. After casting, one couldn't easily change their paths.

2) Although the trajectories could be disrupted, once the head wrapped around the opposite point, the red threads could change their paths and continue being cast out for use.

3) If the trajectory was disrupted and the head hadn't wrapped around the opposite point, the red thread would quietly be retracted.

This means that if I disrupt the head of the thread before it wraps itself around anything, I can break through them!

According to this, Meng Ming began to seriously draft up a plan for battle! But there was still one other question—Where does Zhou Lun Yu hide all these red threads...

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#### Quiz 34: Vacuum Blade (2/2)

Most of the examinees had finished the multiple choice questions worth 40 points. The next questions would be the fill-in-the-blanks worth 28 points. Zhou Lun Yu was beginning to find the exam more and more interesting.

Zhou Lun Yu looked back at the last exams he had participated in and thought: ...It's been a long time since I seriously used my skills. He contemplated a bit and counted the red threads he had brought with him today; there were still quite a few left. Zhuge Meng Ming's techniques have exceeded my expectations; exchanging tricks with him means that I will inevitably encounter something unexpected...if I go against him head-on instead, I'll have a certain chance of grasping victory.

Zhou Lun Yu continued to cast out red threads towards his two previous targets! It wasn't any different from his earlier trick.

Meng Ming found this strange: ...What is he doing? He clearly knows that I can block those! Throwing out a short arrow, he blocked Zhou Lun Yu's red threads once more!

Zhou Lun Yu changed the angle, and attacked in another polygonal line. But this was still shot down by Meng Ming's short arrow.

This repeated over and over as time continued to trickle by. Meng Ming began to discover that his pencil was clearly shrinking in size! Only then did he see through Zhou Lun Yu's scheme.

The arrows were made from pencil. If he used up all of the pencil, Meng Ming wouldn't be able to act any further; he wouldn't even be able to write...! However, Zhou Lun Yu's red threads could be retracted and used once more.

He...stole two of my pencils for this reason! The pencil in Meng Ming's hand was now less than 15 centimeters long. He couldn't continue using it however he pleased!

Zhou Lun Yu smiled evilly. You'd better just treasure your last bullets. In that case, I can just relax and continue attacking! He fiercely casted out another thread, which circled around the camera behind Meng Ming and wrapped around the leg of the sixth table in the first column!

Meng Ming didn't stop it. His current circumstances were forcing him to think of another countermeasure!

Zhou Lun Yu relaxed a finger, and the red thread around the camera fell down. Meng Ming was still deep in thought, and hadn't noticed it! Zhou Lun Yu exerted some strength to suddenly pull the red thread taut, allowing it to fall directly onto Meng Ming's table!

Meng Ming suddenly noticed; a red thread had suddenly fallen from the air? He hurriedly grabbed the items around him tightly to prevent them from being stolen again!

Try this. Zhou Lun Yu had let the red thread fall and press down onto the draft paper that Meng Ming had recorded the answers on! —The threads that come from another dimension, Vacuum Blade!

Zhou Lun Yu pulled the thread straight, and it quickly and powerfully swept across the surface of the draft paper! With a shua, the pencil markings on the paper were completely wiped out by 'Vacuum Blade' right before Meng Ming's eyes, as if removed by an eraser! The entire draft paper had become incomparably smooth. The dust from the graphite had all been scattered through the air, and not a single trace remained on the edge of the blade!

You're pulling it so hard that it actually helps me. Zhou Lun Yu's 'Alternate Dimension Vacuum Blade' used the thinness and toughness of the thread like a sharp blade!

Meng Ming was completely shocked by this sight. He thought that no matter what, there must still be some kind of trace left in the places he'd written on! Raising the draft paper, he tried to see something by holding it up to the light...



Aren't you ignoring my existence too much? Continue suffering from my Vacuum Blade then! Zhou Lun Yu's red thread was still on Meng Ming's table! He lifted his hand, and his finger speedily moved back and forth to direct the thread. With various ripping sounds, the draft paper Meng Ming had held up was sliced into pieces by the Vacuum Blade!

The thread skill's first level was to wrap around objects and probe around, while its second level was to attack.

Don't even try looking for markings on a paper that's been rolled across.

That move, is really formidable... Meng Ming was pressured by the Vacuum Blade, and began to grow impatient. He lifted up his blade, wanting to cut the red thread! Who knew that Zhou Lun Yu would stretch out his hand, causing the red thread to leap up and wrap around the suspended camera once more.

You want to break my thread? You might as well use your toothpicks then. [Zhou Lun Yu]

It managed to escape! ...Exactly how many threads does he have? [Meng Ming]

Meng Ming had put in so much effort to write down all the multiple choice questions, but those 40 points had all been lost at once. Moreover, only half of the pencil in his hand remained! On the other hand, Zhou Lun Yu had definitely gotten all 40 of the points. From the beginning, Meng Ming had basically been pressured as he fought. What was he supposed to do?

Complete defense? Meng Ming hurriedly changed his method. As long as I can copy all the answers here, I won't lose too many points to him, even if I lose this round.

This was indeed the wisest decision under these circumstances.

If he riskily attacked, the slightest mishap would easily lead to being unable to even obtain points. Was he supposed to abandon these thoughts and continue attacking, or instead save up on his own points? Meng Ming definitely wasn't fighting against Zhou Lun Yu for the sake of scores. He believed in his strength, in the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique. No matter how harsh the conditions were, there would always be a chance to turn the tables!

.....

As long as I find where Zhou Lun Yu is hiding his red threads, his weapon will be eliminated, and he'll become like me.....

He didn't have much of the pencil left, so he couldn't go against Zhou Lun Yu head-on.

I still have to defend against that blade-like attack of Zhou Lun Yu's, and can't write very easily...is there any way... Meng Ming had never noticed where Zhou Lun Yu cast out his red threads from. Zhou Lun Yu was wearing short sleeves, so the threads couldn't possibly be hidden in sleeves. Pockets? Wrapped around his body? Anything was possible...

Got it, a method that'll kill two birds with one stone!

Meng Ming wanted to test it: Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Small Flaming Arrow! He sent one arrow flying towards the leg of the sixth table in the first column. With a snap, the red thread wrapped around it was severed.

Hm? Willing to use the toothpicks? Zhou Lun Yu had thought that Meng Ming wouldn't use the pencil anymore, and hadn't imagined that Meng Ming would even throw out the Flaming Arrow, burning the threatening weapons that Zhou Lun Yu had set up around the area. Zhou Lun Yu guessed: It looks like the Vacuum Blade pressured him quite a bit. As long as I continue to attack without stopping... He lifted his hand, feeling around for the threads he'd hid.

This is my chance! Meng Ming attentively watched Zhou Lun Yu, waiting for the moment for him to cast out the red threads. Instead, he just saw Zhou Lun Yu playing with his hair.

Hair?! Meng Ming realized that—with Zhou Lun Yu's hair being so long, that had to be where the red threads were hidden!

Zhou Lun Yu sneered. The red threads being hidden in his hair wasn't

any kind of major secret, and Meng Ming had wasted yet another arrow for probing. The gains didn't make up for the losses.

I know where the red threads are being hidden, which means I can break them all in one attack! Meng Ming thought. But not now...

Zhou Lun Yu had already sent out 4 red threads. They passed through the top part of the room, splitting up to tie around four places to Meng Ming's left and right. This was the might of the 'Alternate Dimension Vacuum Blade'! Meng Ming's expression didn't change. He lifted his little blade and separated all the blade pieces to form 9 pieces in total! Then, he stuck them firmly in a line along the edge of his table.

Releasing the thread was fine, but as soon as it was pulled taut, it'd be severed.

This had really exceeded Zhou Lun Yu's expectations; he had never seen someone doing anything like this before! Meng Ming had invented this blade trap just now. This indeed blocked the Vacuum Blade from erasing pencil marks.

It wasn't a bad mechanism, but Meng Ming still couldn't lift his test paper.

Meng Ming had almost forgotten that he also needed to write down answers. The two people flipping their test in front of him finally snapped him back into attention. His multiple choice questions were already gone; the classmates had just finished filling in the fill-in-the-blanks. He'd lost 40 points, but perhaps he'd be able to make up for it with those 28 points.

.....

Strange! Meng Ming was trying to think of other methods as he recorded the fill-in-the-blank solutions. But just then, he discovered that something was off—

Why is the last fill-in-the-blank question...

## Quiz 35: New Strategy

There were only 30 minutes left before the end of the exam, but Meng Ming's multiple choice and calculation questions were still blank! Meng Ming had only answered the fill-in-the-blank questions, while Zhou Lun Yu's test paper was full of answers to the previous questions. Moreover, there were red threads suspended all around Meng Ming, and his test paper could be slashed by the Vacuum Blades at any time.

The multiple choice questions are worth 40 points...the fill-in-the-blanks are worth 28 points, and each question is worth 4 points; calculation questions are worth 32 points which are distributed across 4 questions... Meng Ming carefully crunched the numbers again. Even if I finish all of the fill-in-the-blanks, I won't have enough points! Besides, the last fill-in-the-blank question is really strange...I definitely need to get back the 40 points from the multiple choice questions in order to win! There's still a chance to copy answers when the others go back to check their test papers...

He waited, and then waited some more. Another 15 minutes had passed, but Meng Ming had yet to see someone finish the calculation questions.

This was the first time that Meng Ming had ever encountered this kind of situation.

If nobody flipped through their tests, then how was he supposed to copy?

Meng Ming craned his head in an attempt to see what Zhou Lun Yu was

doing, and saw Zhou Lun Yu ceaselessly waving his fingers back and forth! He seemed to be manipulating the red threads, diligently searching for something!

Weird, what is Zhou Lun Yu doing?

Zhou Lun Yu looked about over and over again, and seemed to be dissatisfied each time. Meng Ming knew that Zhou Lun Yu had finished copying the multiple choice and fill-in-the-blank questions already, and he should've finished most of the calculations as well...

Meng Ming lowered his head to glance at his own test paper again. He tried to decipher the hideous mess on his paper, but he was completely unable to understand the symbols on it...

A long period of time had passed, but the entire classroom remained completely silent! There was also Zhou Lun Yu's abnormal actions...

Exactly what kind of situation is this?! After contemplating this over and over, Meng Ming suddenly realized something. Could it be that...! The, the four calculation questions...are all problems that nobody knows how to solve! ...These questions are too difficult! ...The reason nobody had filled in the last fill-in-the-blank was also because of this!

In order to copy the calculation questions, Meng Ming had even trained for quite a while.

It's only the first midterm exam, but they've already given such hard problems...all my training before was in vain... Meng Ming now

understood Zhou Lun Yu's actions, but he was also at loss on what to do now. Is Zhou Lun Yu searching the entire classroom for students that solved those questions...?

Meng Ming believed that if the calculation questions were that hard, people would definitely go back to check their previous answers before the end of the exam. —This was a test-taking habit that L-types had. As long as this happened, Meng Ming would have a huge chance to copy the multiple choice questions.

But if Zhou Lun Yu managed to find the answers for the calculation questions, even a single one of them...he could get 8 points! Even if Meng Ming managed to recopy the multiple choice questions and obtain those 40 points, Zhou Lun Yu would definitely dominate this exam.

It's a bit dangerous, but there must be a way to turn the tides! ...Exactly what openings does he have.....

The pencils couldn't be carelessly wasted. The blades were all used up by now, and Meng Ming only had the tiny length of the pencil left in his hand, the scrap paper, and the eraser....

Eraser?! Meng Ming suddenly realized that he'd been ignoring something important this whole time. Can I use it or not...this thing that erases pencil markings. Erase...

Erases pencil markings?!

Meng Ming gripped the eraser, and suddenly thought of an interesting



idea.

What if not a single person in this site can solve the calculation questions! ...I, I can only bet on this now!

Right now, while Zhou Lun Yu was searching hard for the answers to the calculation questions, Meng Ming was secretly doing something underneath the table.

Only the last few minutes remained before the math exam would end.

Zhou Lun Yu used the Vacuum Blades to oppress Meng Ming the whole time while he constantly searched for the answers. He assumed that Meng Ming no longer had any strength left to attack. To his surprise, he suddenly smelled a faint, burning odor. Zhou Lun Yu abruptly lifted his head, and discovered that something black was currently flying towards his hair.

This was Meng Ming's ambush in the last 3 minutes before the end of the exam!

Zhuge Meng Ming tossed something over? What is that? The object tossed high into the air was coming towards him at a pace as slow as a turtle. Zhou Lun Yu found it hilarious. Does this kind of thing pose any

danger at all... He evaded it with a tilt of his head. The black thing's surface area was extremely large, and it fell with a pa onto the ground. Zhou Lun Yu used his foot to step on it a bit, and could tell that it was soft and squishy. It's eraser pulp? He got this by burning the eraser! ... Zhuge Meng Ming, you thought that you could get something as slow as this stuck in my hair...?!

As Zhou Lun Yu was still bewildered, another black object was flung over.

"There's still another one?! Zhou Lun Yu immediately sensed it. He tilted his head once more and dodged it! Oh, the first attack was a fake in order for me to overlook what was behind me? That kind of move.....

He unexpectedly heard a pa sound as the lump of eraser pulp landed on Zhou Lun Yu's table. He hurriedly looked back at his table, and saw that a pile of black stuff had landed in the center of his table.

The scantron!

Zhou Lun Yu's scantron had been completely covered by the eraser pulp, and now the answers on it were completely impossible to see.

Meng Ming's attack on Zhou Lun Yu had been the real fake; the actual attack had been on his scantron!

The eraser cooled down, and stuck tightly onto the scantron. Zhou Lun Yu pulled at his scantron for a long time; it was extremely difficult to completely clean off the eraser mess in one go.

It was almost time to hand in the test papers! Meng Ming had calculated this time to attack. If Zhou Lun Yu didn't clean off that layer of pulp....

....I'll use the Alternate Dimension Vacuum Blade! Zhou Lun Yu immediately used this move on his own scantron, cleanly wiping the sticky mess off his scantron! However, the answers that had been filled in had also been erased!

Zhou Lun Yu had to refill his multiple choice answers! He hadn't imagined that Zhuge Meng Ming would throw this at him during the last minute of the exam...he felt that there was still enough time left, so he immediately flipped through his own draft paper. At this time, he suddenly saw that Meng Ming was also quickly writing on his scantron!

Zhou Lun Yu hurriedly began to fill in his scantron. If he didn't, he'd get less points than Meng Ming!

Right before the tests were submitted, three people around Meng Ming flipped through their tests to double check their answers. Meng Ming glanced at the answers, and directly filled them in on his scantron! Soon after, a fourth person appeared...

As Meng Ming had expected, none of the students around him could solve the calculation questions, so they had all gone back to check the multiple choice section! Meng Ming quickly moved his hands and instantly copied all of the answers onto his scantron in the last minute!

Time was up, and everyone stopped moving their pencils! Meng Ming also put his pencil down, and let loose a breath as he thought—

I lost too much time in the beginning of the exam. However, I can't have lost by too much...

After handing in the papers, the entire exam site buzzed incessantly with discussion—

"Ah...so hard!"

"Yea, what teacher came up with those questions! They were impossible to do!"

"Ugh, it looks like the difference in scores will be greater now. Zhuge Meng Ming and the others must've been able to do them...I couldn't solve any of the last questions!"

As they continued to discuss, the students gradually dispersed. Zhou Lun Yu laughed grimly as he asked Meng Ming, "...Did you finish the multiple choice questions?"

"Yea."

Zhou Lun Yu begrudgingly shook his head, "...I started writing later than you did, so there were 2 questions that I hadn't been able to write, and I lost 8 points. Hmph, it looks like you were lucky for this exam." Zhou Lun Yu immediately turned around to leave.

This means, that I won? Meng Ming felt that the situation was strange. "What do you mean? What about the calculation questions? And the last fill-in-the-blank..."

"Not a single person in the exam site knew how to solve them," Zhou Lun Yu said. He was extremely certain, as he'd checked every single student's pencils! Nobody could write it, so it had instead ended up wasting all of his time.

If all of their answers were correct, Zhou Lun Yu had lost two 4 point questions!

He managed to turn the tides even in this kind of situation? Zhou Lun Yu was bewildered—He calculated all of that in the end...?

Meng Ming's eraser had only eliminated two of Zhou Lun Yu's multiple choice questions.

...It's probably just a fluke. There won't be a second time. I refuse to believe that he can score a victory in any circumstances! Zhou Lun Yu left the exam site.

"You won?"

Huang Qiao Yi was still depressed about how she hadn't solved the calculation questions, and was shocked by Meng Ming's showdown report. "Wasn't Brother Meng Ming being pressured the whole time?"

"Who knows if what Zhou Lun Yu said is true or not..." Meng Ming was just repeating what he had heard just now, and didn't actually know if Zhou Lun Yu was lying. Moreover, if he wanted to emerge victorious in points, he needed to get all of the questions right.

Zhou Lun Yu is too powerful...sending attacks one after another... After receiving so many attacks in succession, Meng Ming was unable to ward them off. In the beginning, Zhou Lun Yu had pressured Meng Ming and gained dominance. If it weren't for Meng Ming's last cunning idea...In addition, I can't use that move anymore...the burning smell is too strong, and it's too slow as well.

"Just relying on adapting to the exam site last minute isn't enough. I need to draft concrete tactics!" Meng Ming said firmly "Little Qiao, the next round is foreign language. Is there a specific question format?"

Huang Qiao Yi thought about the question for a bit before replying, "They're all multiple choice, and there are many pages. Pretty much all of the spaces are filled up on the scantron for any foreign language exam."

"Scantron..."

The scantron was the generic type. Meng Ming lowered his head and thought: I need to formulate some tactics. Tomorrow, everything will be

on the scantron...

Meng Ming immersed himself in his thoughts as he pondered the situation of the calculation questions just now. ...That's right! ...That means...

"Brother Meng Ming, I've been meaning to ask you this for a while now..." Huang Qiao Yi suddenly said, causing Meng Ming to look over at her. "Ask what?"

Huang Qiao Yi crossed her arms in front of her chest in a very serious manner, and said carefully, "Didn't Brother Meng Ming just come back from the Philippines? Did you speak Filipino there?"

"Of course not!" Meng Ming found it strange how Huang Qiao Yi was suddenly asking this now. "We always spoke English there."

"Ah...?!" Huang Qiao Yi hadn't imagined that Meng Ming would say that he was proficient in English. "English...! Our foreign language material is all in English. Brother Meng Ming spoke English over there every day, so why can't you understand this class material?"

"Ha..." Meng Ming helplessly sighed. "Although I speak English very well, I don't understand the material that the Teacher is lecturing on."

After saying this, he went back to his own thoughts.

...Mm, I still managed to gain something from the last two tests. I have a plan now! Meng Ming looked over at Zhou Lun Yu's seat. I can

guarantee that those red threads have an extremely fatal weakness!

.....

Another night passed. It was about time for Lin Xian Central High's midterm exams' third round to begin.

The morning was bright and beautiful. All the examinees had already gathered on the third floor of Lin Xian Library.

Zhuge Meng Ming sat in the 5th seat of the third column; his hands tightly gripped the newly distributed stationary. I won't lose this time. Having fallen for Zhou Lun Yu's stupid trick like that was really too shameful...This time, Meng Ming had already planned an entire set of tactics. He was confident that he was completely prepared! He felt extremely relaxed and eager to begin.

Zhou Lun Yu's hair is really neat today... Meng Ming looked over at his rival sitting to his right.

Zhou Lun Yu's expression was calm, and he was waving his fingers around. He had also finished all of his preparations, and glanced over at Meng Ming. Zhou Lun Yu's gaze was piercing, and the corners of his mouth tilted upwards...from his expression, one could tell that he'd recovered equally well last night.

The third round was just about to begin. The staff responsible for delivering the test papers was also carrying a large, tightly sealed bag.



What...what is that?

All of the examinees were extremely confused. Nobody had ever seen such a thing during an exam before! After distributing the exams, the old man opened his bag, and revealed a small machine and two very large speakers!

Audio broadcast devices? Is he going to play BGM during the exam...?

Meng Ming was flabbergasted as he organized the test papers in his hand. 1, 2, 3 sheets...this time, the papers are double-sided so there's a total of 6 sides. As expected, they're all multiple choice! ...But...

Just as Meng Ming looked up, wondering what the speakers were there for, the old man started speaking first, and announced to the class, "It looks like the English exam this time will be on listening ability."

"Listening—ability?!"

The originally silent exam site suddenly exploded as all of the examinees coincidentally cried out in unison. Nobody had made any preparations for a listening exam!

Although everyone was complaining, the old man proctor found this extremely common. "Alright...stop complaining. Exams are just like this—sometimes there'll be tricks. Only by making questions that nobody had prepared for can we test your true level and basic knowledge!"

The old man's words had indeed made some sense. Unfamiliar question types were like how the exam's time had been suddenly shifted to an earlier day, catching everyone unprepared. The students' thoughts on the other hand, were all different—

"Listening...I've never learned how to take that kind of exam."

"I heard that this kind of question type had been abolished ages ago. Why has it suddenly..."

"We're screwed, we've never done these kinds of questions before. I didn't do very well on the math test, but this I'm actually going to fail..."

There were a few students in the exam site that were still very calm. These students included Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu.

New question type? Little Qiao didn't say this... Meng Ming hurriedly glanced at the test paper. The first few questions are listening...so it turns out that we have to choose the correct choices based off of an audio recording...there are a total of 20 questions, which means 2 points for each one. The remaining multiple choice questions total 80 in number. The first 40 are each 0.5 points, and the latter 40 are worth 1 point.

40 out of the 100 questions were listening; it counted quite a bit! To the L-types at the exam site that were poor at adapting to changes in circumstances, this test bore a heavy pressure on their grades.

Against this new question type, almost all of the examinees were feeling a bit anxious, mostly because they'd never experienced it before.

Of course, there were exceptions—from behind Meng Ming, Bai Jiu's hand had begun to tremble very hard after seeing the question type. Listening...I, I've done this before...if I don't do well...won't my grades suffer...

She was several times more anxious than the other examinees.

This new question type shouldn't affect my tactics. Actually, it might even make them more effective instead! Meng Ming analyzed the current situation.

Zhou Lun Yu glanced sideways and seriously scanned the exam site. He was specifically searching for students that weren't as scared of the questions. After a short period of time, he had finally confirmed his target. It's probably...just her. Zhou Lun Yu turned around to lock his gaze on Huang Qiao Yi in the corner of the room. He wanted to cast out his red threads, but he wished to see Meng Ming's response first. —For the moment, she'll be my only target. I can't let Zhuge Meng Ming destroy it so easily.

Meng Ming had also noticed. Little Qiao...? Zhou Lun Yu's target is her again. Do I block him? Or...

The bell suddenly rang, the exam had begun! The old man had already turned on the speakers, and begun to broadcast the questions. At the same time, he said, "The questions will only be broadcasted once. You must take this very seriously."

No! I'll still stick to my original plan...Meng Ming decided he'd pretend he hadn't seen! Time was limited, and after seeing Meng Ming lower his

head to look at the questions, Zhou Lun Yu seized the chance to hang a red thread on Huang Qiao Yi's pencil.

...I have to endure! Let Zhou Lun Yu copy. Meng Ming picked up his sharpened pencil, and readied his test paper, looking prepared to start answering questions! —This tactic is the one that I used when I'd confronted the Three Missing One Quartet before. I'll pretend to write down all of the answers, and won't disturb him at all. Once Zhou Lun Yu discovers this, he'll definitely turn his attention onto me! Then...

Yesterday, Meng Ming had finally realized the red threads' greatest weakness! —Multiple choice questions were answered in a specific sequence—one only had to answer with ABCD. The red threads could only determine what the examinees were writing, not what problem was currently being solved! That's why, Zhou Lun Yu's red threads had to follow a person starting from the first question. As long as the red threads were severed once....he wouldn't know what question was being answered after reattaching it! —The later answers to the multiple choice questions would be completely useless!

As long as I break Zhou Lun Yu's rhythm in the middle, he won't be able to copy any answers!

The multiple choice questions meant that Zhou Lun Yu only had one chance to release any effective red threads.

Meng Ming began his act. He held his pencil and looked at the questions, pretending to look like he knew how to answer them!

The prelude to the broadcast had started: Lin Xian Central High XX Year

midterm exam, English listening test questions.....”

“First problem.....”

The students were all diligently trying to familiarize themselves with this type of question, and strained their ears to listen carefully. After the first question was read out loud, quite a few examinees could only randomly write something down because they didn’t understand it. At that time, another matter suddenly came to Meng Ming’s attention—!

This, this kind of question...is something I know how to do!

## Quiz 36: Fierce Battle Between Fire And Wind (1/2)

Meng Ming didn't need to fake the listening part? He paid close attention, and smoothly wrote down the answers to the first two problems!

I can do them...moreover, they're really easy!

Meng Ming didn't disrupt Zhou Lun Yu's copying. His plans were very clear—he had to restrain himself in the beginning!

Disrupting Zhou Lun Yu's pace right now won't do anything. With listening type questions, all of the examinees will simultaneously finish the same questions. After doing only two problems, Meng Ming had realized this pattern.

Zhou Lun Yu...hasn't noticed my mannerism yet? Meng Ming began to feel somewhat anxious. It was such a great opportunity—he could actually do the problems in front of him! This was a fact as solid as iron, and something that even Zhou Lun Yu wouldn't be able to catch and expose. He made a self-confident expression, and wrote in a practiced posture...Within the frame of these 20 questions, now is the best time to draw Zhou Lun Yu's attention to me...!

He straightened his posture in his seat; his eyes filled with a thirst for knowledge as he looked at the questions with hot tears of emotion welling up in his eyes.

As expected, Zhou Lun Yu soon noticed his behavior from next to the

window...

Zhou Lun Yu was extremely bewildered. Is Zhuge Meng Ming...a primary school student?

This strange posture had indeed drawn Zhou Lun Yu's attention. Zhou Lun Yu remembered that in the previous exams, Meng Ming had only started writing whenever other examinees flipped their pages. But this time, he had started writing as soon as the test had started. Could it be...

That he was using some kind of new technique?

Meng Ming had already been locked onto by Zhou Lun Yu's gaze. One question later, the both of them wrote down the answers at the same time!

Zhou Lun Yu swept his gaze around Meng Ming, but didn't detect anything suspicious. I don't see anything...what cheating technique is he using?! Not only can I not detect it...but... Zhou Lun Yu recalled the previous two exams, which made him even more doubtful. He's completely ignoring my copying of others this time and remains unmoved? Based on his character...he should be trying his best to intercept me instead.

The more Zhou Lun Yu thought about it, the more he began to doubt it in his mind. He began to think that Meng Ming was using an extremely formidable and hard to detect cheating technique—one that allowed Meng Ming to completely ignore Zhou Lun Yu's red threads.

He toiled over the issue for a long time and only after he'd filled in the sixth answer did an idea flash in Zhou Lun Yu's mind: ...Zhuge Meng Ming can answer the English questions by himself?

Meng Ming had also noticed that Zhou Lun Yu had somewhat reached a conclusion. Did he finally realize...he noticed it faster than the Three Missing One Quartet. He continued to write his own answers.

No, I can't be certain yet... Zhou Lun Yu was still skeptical. If he's acting, then doesn't that mean I have fallen for his trap? I have to personally verify it...

Meng Ming had sensed the doubtful air around Zhou Lun Yu. This was what he had wanted!

Zhou Lun Yu cast out his red threads, and they charged towards Meng Ming!

1, 2...no, 3...! Meng Ming counted the number of red threads. One is really clear, one's somewhat concealed, and the last one went in a really roundabout path in order to avoid my notice. Fine then....

Meng Ming suddenly tilted his head to the right, quickly aiming at the two red threads in front of him. Disks flew out, striking each of the threads down. He didn't target the red thread circling around from the distance, pretending that he hadn't noticed it, and allowing it to land onto his pencil!

The red thread easily wrapped around the pencil, and Zhou Lun Yu felt



that Meng Ming seemed to have thrown this round. It doesn't matter if you're letting me go on purpose, or if you are using some technique and are unable to focus...either way, I need to see if your answers are right or wrong! Moreover, my threads aren't aimed at just you.

Zhou Lun Yu hadn't just sent out three red threads. He'd also used his other hand to shoot a large quantity of red threads towards the examinees around Meng Ming! —This would allow him to better determine the method that Meng Ming was using.

Five questions later, they were now on the 11th listening question! Zhou Lun Yu could tell that among these five questions, the surrounding students' answers didn't match up, and were also very different from Meng Ming's. However...Huang Qiao Yi's answers were all identical to Meng Ming's, except for one!

That means Zhuge Meng Ming isn't copying anyone at all! ...Moreover, his accuracy is extremely high! After scanning this information, Zhou Lun Yu could only come to this conclusion. Is his English that amazing...how come I have never noticed this before?

Another five questions passed, and the answers confirmed Zhou Lun Yu's analysis!

As expected, he can do them...! This had far exceeded his expectations. Zhou Lun Yu had to act first to defeat Meng Ming! But the listening portion of the exam hadn't yet ended, and he was having difficulty getting the correct answers. Thus, it was difficult for him to attack.

Zhou Lun Yu ultimately decided to first ensure that he'd get enough

points first.

Both parties' points continued to accumulate, and both of them painfully restrained themselves. By the 20th question, it practically became a competition of who stayed more calm and collected. Once the 20 questions were finished, the listening portion had ended. Meng Ming had easily filled in all of the answers on his scantron. He then lifted his pencil and lightly spun it, purposely shaking off the red thread wrapped around it.

Zhou Lun Yu retracted the thread and locked his gaze onto Meng Ming. Meng Ming didn't bother paying him any attention at all, and began his non-listening type questions!

He cast a glance at the questions.

As expected, I can't do any of these later problems... Meng Ming could only do listening comprehension. He raised his pencil, pretending to continue the test. Hehe, I'll just let Zhou Lun Yu slowly grow anxious. Let's first see how many red threads he sends out after the listening portion has ended.

Zhou Lun Yu indeed felt slightly pressured, and he finally prepared his move. At the same time, Meng Ming was analyzing the number of red threads Zhou Lun Yu was using. By his calculations, severing those red threads would be enough to render Zhou Lun Yu unable to write down any more answers!

I've searched around many times—there are a total of...eight threads! They're all hanging from the surveillance cameras...if I want to cut them all in one go... [Meng Ming]

Since Zhuge Meng Ming can write all of the answers, then I can only destroy his scantron! [Zhou Lun Yu]

Alternate Dimension Vacuum Blade...! Zhou Lun Yu threw out another three threads which circled towards Meng Ming from his left back! Meng Ming saw this and didn't hesitate to break up the blade on his table, setting up a teeth-like defensive formation as he had done before in the last exam.

Hmph, did you think I'd be hindered by that! Zhou Lun Yu completely ignored Meng Ming's blade formation and directly dropped his threads! Alternate Dimension Vacuum Blade can also lash out from around your defenses! Although it can't erase your writing, it can still tear your paper to shreds!

Three red threads fell onto Meng Ming's desk, pressing Meng Ming's test paper down! Meng Ming was taken aback: He's not afraid of the blade formation?! Just as he was about to whisk the scantron and test paper away, he discovered that it was too late! Zhou Lun Yu yanked his fingers back hard, and the three red threads knotted together in the bottom left direction came apart with a single pull.

Although Meng Ming's blade pieces formed a teeth-like defense, those three red threads were like dental floss as they slipped through the

cracks between the blades and strongly brushed against Meng Ming's desk.

The instant the red threads slashed across the paper, Meng Ming's three pages of questions were immediately sliced into countless pieces! Luckily, the scantron was small, so only a small corner of it had been sliced off. On the whole, it had remained intact.

Hmph, to think that I'd miss the scantron. Zhou Lun Yu still hadn't given up. He had to go all-out and crush Meng Ming's scantron as well, or else he wouldn't let the matter drop. He wanted to attack Meng Ming so that he'd be caught unprepared, and use random blades to forcefully destroy his scantron! Immediately, another three red threads appeared. This time, he aimed all of his attacks at the scantron!

Meng Ming began to panic: Crap! Before I'd even managed to cut those red threads, Zhou Lun Yu violently attacked again like this! The blade pieces on his table had some cracks, and couldn't defend against this... those red threads were so thin that Meng Ming couldn't possibly block this kind of attack from the Vacuum Blades!

In that critical moment, an idea suddenly flashed in Meng Ming's mind! As long as there are no cracks, it should be fine! He quickly carved out long and thin pieces of wood. These pieces were lined up and placed along the desk's right side. I have quite a few pencils this time!

The three red threads had already begun their descent. Zhou Lun Yu had to quickly attack, and had absolutely no time to care about what kind of tricks Meng Ming was pulling: He wants to raise the edges of the table? That's useless, even pencils can be sliced in half!

Meng Ming set the thin pieces of wood in place, linking them together head to tail so there were absolutely no cracks. It was like a short, wooden wall had been built between Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu! In that instant, Meng Ming lit up the short wall—

New Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Blazing Wall!!

The three red threads fell on Meng Ming's table once more. Before Zhou Lun Yu had gotten a chance to retract them, the flames had already begun to burn!

What! That's... Zhou Lun Yu hadn't imagined that Meng Ming's wooden placements were actually for the sake of using flames as a defense. The three red threads were suddenly burnt apart, rendering them incapable of further use.

After mastering the second level of flame manipulation, Meng Ming was extremely proficient at controlling the size of his flaming wall! He made it so that other people couldn't see the fire, even though it was clearly burning!

Flames aren't something that you can cut! At this intensity, it should last until the end of the exam. [Meng Ming]

This move is...an absolute defense against the Vacuum Blades? Hmph, if I want to destroy your scantron, I have more than one way of doing so...!

Meng Ming thought: Let Zhou Lun Yu attack here. At the same time, I can find and use the moment he lowers his guard to once again break his rhythm, achieving victory!

Under such circumstances, Zhou Lun Yu obviously wasn't going to stop attacking! Let me show you...the designated finishing blow for my attack!

The threads also had a fixed finishing blow?!

A large number of red threads were gathered together in Zhou Lun Yu's hand, while at least 10 other threads were wrapped around his fingers. They were tangled together like ropes, and combined to form a long rope half a centimeter in diameter! The Vacuum Blade is just a basic technique. This is the fixed-point attack weapon—Vacuum Whip!

An invisible, long rope whirled around in Zhou Lun Yu's hand.

"And, and what's that...?" Meng Ming saw Zhou Lun Yu's actions. "How will he attack...?"

Zhou Lun Yu used the force from his arms to wave the whip, proficiently controlling it with high precision. Although the red threads formed a long whip together, it remained concealed as it flew through the air!

It's even flexible? Meng Ming raised his head to look over and saw that the long, thick whip was attacking him like a python! Block! This was Meng Ming's first reaction. He wanted to grab the draft paper, and as such, hurriedly began to grope around the desk.

...Hah? Why...

There was no draft paper on the desk! —The English examination didn't provide draft paper.

I'll just use this! Meng Ming picked up the test paper that had been destroyed just now. Either way, the questions aren't of any use to me...! He raised the tattered paper up to block the whip's path. A clean ripping sound rang out as the Vacuum Whip tore a large, unmendable hole in the paper. The whip's trajectory had been disrupted, and Zhou Lun Yu retracted it in the air. However, this didn't mean that the assault had stopped!

You want to block it? Then just keep blocking until your entire test paper turns into paper shreds! Zhou Lun Yu lashed out again, aiming for the scantron.

Meng Ming picked up the scantron in an attempt to evade the attack, but the Vacuum Whip followed its target! Meng Ming could only use his test paper to block it once more. With another ripping sound, the whip was quickly retracted again.

Zhou Lun Yu relentlessly attacked Meng Ming's scantron over and over—it was too dangerous! If this continued, Meng Ming's test paper would be completely shredded apart, which would put the "pretending to be able to solve the questions" tactic to an end! Moreover, the scantron would be hard to protect as well.

I just need to capture it...! Meng Ming thought.

The whip that moved back and forth at high speeds had a set target; Zhou Lun Yu's tactics were extremely clear! ...How could Meng Ming catch it?

—Disturbance.

This term suddenly appeared in Meng Ming's mind again. This was a technique used in casinos! That's right, aren't today's tactics precisely meant to disturb him! As long as Zhou Lun Yu felt any kind of suspicion or doubt, that moment of hesitation would definitely provide an opportunity for Meng Ming!

The Vacuum Whip attacked once more.

Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Water Splitting Blade Draw!

In that short instant, Meng Ming transformed all of the test papers. A large amount of paper suddenly appeared on his desk! There was absolutely no way of knowing which paper was which, making Zhou Lun Yu's mind momentarily short circuit!

What kind of technique is that?!

With so many sheets of paper flying about, Zhou Lun Yu was unable to find his attack target for a moment, and the whip carelessly penetrated the pile of papers! He was about to hurriedly pull it back, but it was instead strongly and firmly held in place amidst the papers. The papers dispersed, revealing Meng Ming's right hand tightly gripping the whip.



Meng Ming refused to let go. Both of them had the whip wrapped around their hands, as if in a game of tug-of-war, eventually pulling it taut.

What does he plan on doing? It can't be...Zhou Lun Yu's weapon had been seized, and he felt that the next step would be anything but reassuring. Meng Ming slowly and unhurriedly placed the whip down so that it touched the ignited Blazing Wall.

Over a dozen threads were completely burnt. The current length was no longer usable.

This situation was extremely strange:

Zhou Lun Yu's attacks had been repeatedly blocked by Meng Ming. Although Meng Ming's test paper was now a complete mess, his scantron was still intact.

Hmph, now that I've seen that move of Zhuge Meng Ming's once, I won't be distracted by it again. Zhou Lun Yu didn't believe that he would lose any more red threads. He pinched together another Vacuum Whip, and prepared to continue attacking.

Alright, just like this! Once Zhou Lun Yu strengthens his offense, he'll neglect his defense. The time is ripe...

Meng Ming finished all of his preparations. He wanted to settle the outcome of this battle before Zhou Lun Yu lashed out with his whip.

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## Quiz 36: Fierce Battle Between Fire And Wind (2/2)

In that instant, the Vacuum Whip suddenly leapt up into the air!

It was time!

Meng Ming had looked for this exact opportunity. New Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Small Flaming Arrow!

While the Vacuum Whip was soaring in the air, Meng Ming shot out eight Flaming Arrows in succession towards the spots that the eight red threads were wrapped around! Seeing this, Zhou Lun Yu immediately recalled the method he'd prepared to defend against the Flaming Arrows—he simultaneously loosened the tips of all eight threads, letting them slip underneath the Small Flaming Arrows' targets. That way, the flames wouldn't be able to burn them! —You want to take advantage of when I'm on the offensive to ambush me? Did you really think that would be of any use?!

Meng Ming had also sensed Zhou Lun Yu's movements. He wants to wrap the red threads around again after the Flaming Arrows fall? I had long since anticipated that you would do this! Meng Ming still had a weapon hidden in his hands. Now that the strings are loosened, let's see how you evade this! New Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Small Blazewind Disk!

Eight burning flying disks also flew out in every direction before the

Flaming Arrows had even reached their targets. The eight red threads that had just been loosened were also unable to evade, resulting in them all being burned apart by the flames that were on the Small Blazewind Disks.

Success!

The eight red threads were all severed by the flames, and were no longer able to transmit any information! Zhou Lun Yu's attack had been too abrupt, and was completely unable to defend against Meng Ming's counter.

Awesome! Now I just need to block that whip of his... Meng Ming shifted his concentration towards the Vacuum Whip, but to his surprise, it had stopped attacking. It was as if it had completely disappeared.

Mn? What's going on...?

Zhou Lun Yu had actually withdrawn midway?

Was it because Zhou Lun Yu had realized he was being too impulsive, and so he wanted to quickly calm himself down? Or maybe...

It was very strange.

Zhou Lun Yu lowered his head, and didn't make any more movements. It was to the point where he didn't even bother glancing at Meng Ming anymore.

Just like that, 20 minutes had already passed.

What is Zhou Lun Yu doing, did he give up? Meng Ming felt that there was no way Zhou Lun Yu would give up so easily...or was he preparing to pull some kind of secret plot?

Within these 20 minutes, Meng Ming had already copied nearly 30 answers. With the addition of the hearing portion, he'd finished a total of half the test paper. On the other hand, Zhou Lun Yu sat there with his head lowered. He had not written a single word, nor had he cast out any new threads!

That's right, without knowing the order of the questions, Zhou Lun Yu has already lost his chance. Meng Ming was certain about this. With Zhou Lun Yu's head lowered the whole time, it was impossible to detect his expression. Meng Ming kept feeling like Zhou Lun Yu must be secretly planning something.

Time continued to slowly trickle by. The examinees' pencils also gradually began to sprint towards the end of the exam. Meng Ming's pencil was the same, but he never lowered his guard in the slightest against Zhou Lun Yu.

After the eight threads had been destroyed, Zhou Lun Yu hadn't made any other writing movements. No other conflict occurred between the two! This felt like the calm before the storm.

The closer I get to the ending, the more alert I have to be. Meng Ming kept his consciousness taut, and maintained it there for over an hour. This

was all for the sake of a complete victory in this exam!

Provided that this exam ended without incident, Zhou Lun Yu would fall behind Meng Ming by many points. Even if he placed his hopes on the final test, Zhou Lun Yu wouldn't be able to get anywhere despite how much he tried if Meng Ming prepared defensive measures for everything.

The exam was ending soon, and the Blazing Wall slowly grew weaker.

There are still...15 minutes! Meng Ming had already finished writing all of the answers; all of the other students were waiting to hand in their tests as well. However, Meng Ming knew that he couldn't, under any circumstances, get careless. He firmly gripped his scantron, and glanced at Zhou Lun Yu from time to time.

Zhou Lun Yu still hadn't made any movements at all, and had yet to even look at Meng Ming!

Time was almost up. The students all began to organize their scantrons, preparing to hand in their tests. It looked like aside from the hearing portion, this English exam hadn't been difficult. The proctoring old man was also influenced by the atmosphere, and he checked the clock before completely falling back into his chair.

There were still 5 minutes left; the Blazing Wall on Meng Ming's desk had just burnt out.

Isn't it a bit early...?! Meng Ming became more alert.

As expected, Zhou Lun Yu slowly lifted his head under Meng Ming's constant watch.

Meng Ming tightly gripped his scantron with both hands, watching Zhou Lun Yu's every single action. He knew that he needed to defend.

Zhou Lun Yu's movements were neither slow nor fast. His hands were already wrapped with many red threads that he had prepared ahead of time, and he wanted to execute his one final attack at this moment! Zhou Lun Yu ascertained: Hmph, no matter how you defend this attack, it'll be useless! —This was Zhou Lun Yu's last war challenge for this exam. As expected, he had been preparing this whole time to make his final move at the most appropriate instant!

He was currently holding almost all of the red threads that he had brought with him! They were all tightly gripped in his right hand. I originally didn't need so many threads, but this final move has to be successful no matter what!

In an instant, Zhou Lun Yu cast out a huge wave of strings! —Alternate Dimension, Chains!

Spirals upon spirals of red threads fiercely shot towards Meng Ming's chest. For the sake of properly protecting his scantron, both of Meng Ming's hands were tightly holding it! With so many red threads, even the test paper wouldn't be enough to block them all. Meng Ming's hands flashed to dodge, but the desk's surrounding area had limited space for movement. He couldn't make any large-scale actions, especially turning around! The scantron evaded the attack, but the large mass of red threads instantly wrapped around Meng Ming's right hand as some more attacked his left. Meng Ming wanted to grab his blade, but he was a step

too slow! Although the ropes were thick, they were also extremely nimble. They quickly knocked the blade aside, wrapping around Meng Ming's outstretched left hand. Zhou Lun Yu yanked the fingers gripping the strings, and all of them instantly pulled backwards, firmly locking Meng Ming's hands in place!

Zhou Lun Yu, he can't be about to... Meng Ming's hands were tightly pressed together, holding the scantron like it was his own life as he tried to throw the strings off.

You think you have the time to struggle free? Although the scantron was between Meng Ming's fingers, Zhou Lun Yu was going to seize it!

One string, just one very thin red thread, stretched out from Zhou Lun Yu's left hand.

So it was...! Meng Ming hurriedly tried to escape the strings. His hands hadn't yet freed themselves to the point where he could properly protect his scantron. No wonder he didn't destroy my scantron, it turns out that...

He was going to steal it!

In the final moment, Zhou Lun Yu's offensive strength was as explosive as a volcano. If the scantron was stolen away, the situation would be completely reversed!

No...that definitely can't happen! Meng Ming couldn't let Zhou Lu Yu prevail. However, his hands were currently unable to make any major movements.

Meng Ming still hadn't thought of any way to deal with the red thread that had already reached him!

...At the very least, I have to secure my scantron! Meng Ming hurriedly made his decision in that critical moment. This was his final concession!

He acted again—Water Splitting Blade Draw.

The scantron was split into two halves! One half was flung to Meng Ming's left, the other to his right.

This made it impossible for Zhou Lun Yu to obtain both at the same time!

Zhou Lun Yu's hands moved in the shape of a hook, and the red threads swept the front half of the scantron away. Because the trajectory wasn't ideal, the back half could only be let go.

Meng Ming finally disentangled himself from the threads, and firmly stepped on those annoying threads. He hurriedly picked up the reverse side of the scantron—it was completely blank. Good thing the back still has the grooves of the answers from the front.

Zhou Lun Yu had used up all of his red threads, but he still happily accepted the gift from Meng Ming. He had originally planned on whisking away the entire scantron; he hadn't expected Meng Ming to spontaneously split the scantron into two.



This time, both of them had complete answers.

In the last 5 minutes, Zhou Lun Yu only changed the student number and name on the scantron. Meng Ming diligently refilled all 100 answers, as well as his student number, on the reverse side according to the indents left behind previously.

In the end, both of them each handed in half a scantron.

.....

The answers were identical, so this time, both of them had gotten the same score?!

"Scary..."

The exam had ended. As Meng Ming tidied up the fragments of the destroyed test paper, he looked at the dispersing students and gave a long sigh. "Such a tenacious move...it was completely impossible to defend against it. Exactly how great is Zhou Lun Yu's strength..."

Huang Qiao Yi put on her backpack and walked over, saying in a soft voice, "Brother Meng Ming, the new question type this time..."

"Oh! Little Qiao, listen to this!" Meng Ming suddenly remembered that he'd actually been able to do that kind of question, and found it

extremely unfathomable, "I could do all those listening questions! This time..."

Meng Ming's thoughts suddenly shifted as he felt that something wasn't quite right. Even if he was able to do them himself, Zhou Lun Yu had still stolen his answers in the end. Meng Ming hadn't gained anything at all.

"Meng Ming could do them?" Bai Jiu's voice came from behind.

Ah...she hasn't left yet? [Meng Ming]

"So amazing..." Bai Jiu sighed in praise. "Actually, I've done these kinds of questions before, yet there were still many I wasn't able to do."

"Aiya." Meng Ming hurriedly explained, "Not really, it was just a coincidence..."

Huang Qiao Yi quickly interjected, "As if it was a coincidence. If you can do it, you can do it...I wanted to tell this to you guys earlier, but I actually saw some news a few days ago that the English portion on the college entrance exam will go back to using these listening-type tests."

"AHHHH?!"

Despite her soft voice, all of the examinees that hadn't yet left had heard it!

"What? The college entrance exam has this new question-type?!"

"Not good, I need to hurry up and find some resources..."

"I definitely failed this time...I have to properly study this question-type!"

.....

"So it was like this, no wonder the school gave this kind of question. In that case, I should go and properly practice listening as well. Um..." Bai Jiu didn't say much more, and just lifted her bag and stood up to leave. "Tomorrow's exam is physics, right? That's a pretty hard subject for me, so I'm going to go and prepare for it now."

After watching her leave, Meng Ming opened his mouth to ask Huang Qiao Yi, "How do you think you did this time?"

Huang Qiao Yi started, wordlessly staring at Meng Ming.

"Hm? What's wrong?" Meng Ming looked at her, unsure of why she looked so shocked.

"Ah...it's nothing much. Just..." Huang Qiao Yi said in a baffled tone, "Brother Meng Ming has never asked me how I did before. This is the first time, so..."

Oh right! Meng Ming had just realized what he'd unconsciously blurted

out just now.

“It looks like Brother Meng Ming is assimilating more and more into the student circle!” Huang Qiao Yi laughed.

## Quiz 37: The Last 100 Points

The final exam would begin tomorrow. It was the night before, and Meng Ming was carefully estimating his overall points.

In English, the two of them had managed to get the exact same score, over 90 points;

The Math exam had 40 points worth of questions that none of the class had been able to answer. He wouldn't necessarily get the remaining 60 points either. However, Zhou Lun Yu had said himself that he hadn't finished the multiple choice, which meant he could at most get 52 points...;

The very first literature and language exam...was rather hard to gauge. He could get at least 52 points from the first part, but as for the latter part....

If, for the time being, it was said that Zhou Lun Yu had won, then he'd have at least 30 points more than Meng Ming.

If I want to beat him, I have to go on the offensive during the next exam, no matter what. Meng Ming had calculated a total—He needed to fight over the remaining 100 points in the last exam. If Zhou Lun Yu got more than 70 points on this exam, Meng Ming would definitely find it extremely difficult to win.

The physics exam had the same question types as the math exam. Aside from the multiple choice, there were also fill-in-the-blank and

calculations.

Meng Ming had originally wanted to consider and prepare various tactics for tomorrow, but he suddenly thought back to today's exam. His tactics today had succeeded, but he still didn't know anything about Zhou Lun Yu's hidden moves, so Meng Ming had no way of guarding against them. He knew clearly that he was only at the second level. Zhou Lun Yu's strength and experience in an exam were definitely greater than Meng Ming's.

He guessed that Zhou Lun Yu probably had a lot of different types of moves. Now he needed to consider how to obstruct that forcible stealing move.

Meng Ming went to lie down in his bed early that night. However, there were quite a few lights on in the nearby houses; most likely, these were students that were diligently studying for tomorrow's exam...

The next morning, Meng Ming woke up extremely early, and chatted with Huang Qiao Yi and her mother while eating breakfast.

"Little Qiao, it's really strange. I seemed to have dreamt that I was at a casino last night...it was originally about Blackjack, but then it suddenly became about betting dice..."

"Of course Meng Ming would change back and forth. I don't really like to dream," Huang Qiao Yi replied while eating.

"Do you think this is some kind of premonition?" Meng Ming was quite curious. He'd never had such dreams before.

Huang Qiao Yi had only vaguely heard of these kinds of things before. She only knew that even if it was some kind of premonition, trying to figure it out by oneself wouldn't do any good.

"I'm full, let's go to the exam site! Many students think senior high physics is difficult." Huang Qiao Yi returned to her room to change into the uniform. "I also share their sentiment."

Basically, Huang Qiao Yi didn't pay much mind to Meng Ming's delusions.

It's definitely some kind of premonition... For some reason, Meng Ming felt quite certain about this point.

They sat down in the packed exam site. The whole class was rejoicing about how they hadn't ever been late or missed an exam.

One of the exam regulations was: If one was 15 minutes late, they

weren't allowed to enter the exam site. Before 30 minutes of the exam was up, one could not leave. These were the rules that had been formed ages ago. Originally, it was to prevent people from leaving the site early in order to pass the answers to those that hadn't yet entered. But some C-types instead used even shadier techniques by taking advantage of this rule.

Meng Ming didn't pay any mind to these regulations. He believed that: As long as I don't arrive late or retreat early, it's fine. If I withdraw early, then my exam paper might be in danger.

As for the contents of senior high physics, they were definitely enough to make anyone's head swell.

Because literature and language was taught since primary school, everyone was already familiar with it. However, physics was a class that only started in junior high. After entering senior high, its level of difficulty would rise exponentially. Students that had just entered senior high would all find it hard to grow accustomed to.

However...

Why is the old man in such high spirits today....

Meng Ming discovered that the old man currently sitting at the proctor's seat had a dumb, radiant smile on his face. The other students were all immersed in their thoughts, seemingly repeating formulas in their heads in an attempt to memorize them. Nobody had noticed the old man's strange expression.



"It's about time to start..." The old man said.

All of the students lifted their heads, and stared at him with fixed gazes.

"....."

"....."

"....."

The old man still had that same smile on his face as he said, "You must do well..."

The examinees all felt chills in their hearts.

Let's first check the stationary on the desk... Meng Ming recalled yesterday, when he'd only discovered there had been no draft paper when he had needed it. Thus, he'd ended up being caught unprepared. It was best to organize the stationary first.

Eraser, one; draft paper, 3; blade, 1; pencils, 1, 2... Meng Ming searched over and over. ...Only 2? Meng Ming flipped through all his stationary

again, but he could only find two pencils.

They handed out one less pencil? That won't do...according to exam site regulations, I should notify the old man. Meng Ming's gaze landed on his classmates' desks. Oh? How come he also has 2?

Meng Ming scanned his surroundings, and discovered that all of the students only had two pencils!

Why did we suddenly lose one? Are they trying to be environmentally friendly?! Meng Ming felt uneasy. This meant that he'd lost  $\frac{1}{3}$  of his weapons!

Before he even had the time to think it over, the exam papers had already arrived. The fourth exam was about to begin!

"Alright. Everyone should begin to look over their exams seriously...." The old man passed the papers out, and the exam began!

The examinees all simultaneously lowered their heads, looking at their test papers.

.....

The tensed atmosphere in the exam site grew strange. It wasn't just quiet, but somber and desolate. Some students' faces had grown pale,

and some others had beads of cold sweat forming on their foreheads.

Meng Ming suddenly sensed there was something wrong with his surroundings. This kind of frightening atmosphere that enveloped the entire exam site seemed to permeate his body.

What, is this feeling...what's wrong with everyone?

He picked up his exam paper and looked at it.

He only saw the heading—

[Lin Xian Central Junior High Years 2XXX – 2XXX Annual First Semester Exam: Geography]

It's not physics?! This...this...was this the old man's idea?! When Meng Ming saw the test paper, he was greatly shocked.

Did the dream come true? ...Indeed, this exam tests a student's true strength. Meng Ming realized why the old man had been secretly laughing before. He also now understood why everyone had been so shocked after seeing the subject—it was because they couldn't have prepared for this exam at all. Everyone's studying had been wasted!

Only after the exam bell rang did the old man start distributing something else—a piece of stationary to accompany the test paper.

A fountain pen?

When it was placed on the desk, Meng Ming raised it to inspect it. He then casually scribbled on the draft paper. Black ink, writable.

Does a geography exam only allow writing answers with a fountain pen? Meng Ming flipped through the test paper and read all of the questions. Oh, the map-drawing questions in the middle...require a fountain pen.

It didn't matter what kind of questions were proposed! As long as the answers were written down, Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu could copy them.

Just as before, Zhou Lun Yu began to write the answers first.

There aren't any multiple choice questions this time! The majority of the questions are fill-in-the-blank... Meng Ming discovered that there wasn't a scantron, and there were two other answer sheets instead. One was for the answers to the fill-in-the-blanks, while the other was for other questions. The answer sheets had two sides each, for a total of four sides. These had to be handed in at the end of the exam. Aside from the map questions, there are still...two calculation questions.

The fill-in-the-blanks were worth 70 points, and the map questions were worth 10 points, while the two calculation questions were a total of

20 points.

Quite a few minutes had passed before Meng Ming finally managed to get a feel for the question type. During this period of time, Meng Ming hadn't seen Zhou Lun Yu make any signs of attack.

That makes sense. Zhou Lun Yu just needs to win this round, and he'll be able to hold his winning spot...with how calm he is, he probably already thought of how to make his red threads evade the continuous attacks from my Flaming Arrows and Blazewind Disks.

It had been a battle of pencils vs threads this whole time. Meng Ming hadn't gained any benefits from it at all. If this exam was the same, Meng Ming wouldn't be able to gain that many points even if he did end up winning this round.

Meng Ming thought: I must beat him by at least 30 points this time! Going against him head-on won't be enough; I need to think of a better method....

He seriously and carefully surveyed his surroundings once more.

There was the stationary on the desk, the formation layout of the seats, the four revolving surveillance cameras in the corners, the distances between each examinee, the windows, the vents, and the fact that this exam site was located on the third floor...was there anything new?

However, anything he could use he had already used ages ago: the tables' composition, the surveillance cameras above, and even the old

man's fake hair.

I keep feeling like I'm overlooking something...isn't this an exam site? There should be some more things. Red threads...

Meng Ming was momentarily unable to think of anything. Thus, he could only start observing Zhou Lun Yu, and check whether there'd be any new ideas from that. He saw the red threads wrapped around the surveillance cameras...Only one?!

A single red thread had cleanly landed and wrapped around the surveillance camera in the upper right hand corner. When he inspected Zhou Lun Yu's actions—he saw that Zhou Lun Yu's right hand was writing at very fast speeds; his left pinky pushed down on the single information-gathering thread. His other fingers were slightly raised, as if he was accumulating power and getting ready to let out a string of successive attacks at any moment!

Meng Ming realized what was going on with a single glance. Oh. He's concentrated all of his energy on that single red thread, sacrificing everything to protect it. As long as that thread remains intact, he'll definitely be able to gain a score that I can't possibly surpass!

This was the last, exceptionally good tactic that Zhou Lun Yu had decided to employ in this final exam.

...In other words, the target of this red thread has to be the person with the best geography grades in our class. Where?! Meng Ming followed the red thread, and immediately found his target.

To think that it's...the classmate sitting in front of me to the right. It's Zhang Chuan...So close to me...!

Was Meng Ming supposed to attack?

He hadn't imagined that the target, Zhang Chuan, who was sitting in front of Meng Ming on his right, would be so close. Meng Ming's seat already occupied an extremely favorable location.

I can't act blindly without thinking, I must act cautiously!

If he merely executed a simple attack, the result would be unfavorable after being blocked. All of Zhou Lun Yu's energy was currently completely focused on that red thread. Meng Ming's total points were at least 30 points behind Zhou Lun Yu's. Moreover, Meng Ming only had two pencils for this exam!

The seating is a bit advantageous, but the circumstances are still far from reassuring! However... Meng Ming still felt somewhat panicked. He thought that there was no reason to be nervous. There must be something that he hadn't thought of that made him feel so uncertain. Exactly what am I overlooking...?!

Despite the fact that the opposite party only had one red thread, Meng Ming still felt like he was at a disadvantage...how was he supposed to

contest those last 100 points?!

Meng Ming calmly swept his gaze across his surroundings once more. He then closed his eyes and recalled his previous thoughts.

—The Zhuge Style Cheating Technique required one to consider all of the elements in an area before concocting a plan.

All of the elements divided into Yin and Yang.

Qian was the heavens, Kun was the earth.

The heavens are Yang, the earth is Yin. —Yin alone never grows, while Yang alone never lengthens. Yin and Yang rely on each other, and they ebb and rise together. There is Yang within Yin, and Yin within Yang...

Yin and Yang blended together, forming the heavens, the earth, and the people.

.....?!

Meng Ming suddenly opened his eyes.

There was only that one red thread.

The stationary was lined up neatly on Meng Ming's desk. Two pencils, one fountain pen, one eraser, one blade, one test paper, two blank answer



sheets, and three pieces of draft paper. —No matter what the circumstances were, one could always turn defeat into victory; regardless of how hard it was, there would always be a hidden chance of success! Concentrate, and then concentrate even more. Whether the situation was advantageous or disadvantageous, one couldn't lower their guard!

Countless angles and possibilities floated inside Meng Ming's head...

I finally found it.

—It had been 30 minutes since the beginning of the exam. Meng Ming finished his reflection, and smiled confidently.

## Quiz 38: Imminent Peril

(TL: This is an idiom: 千钧一发 that literally translates to “Thousand Pounds Hang by a Thread”)

The second level of his flame manipulation could accurately control the intensity of a fire!

Right now, Meng Ming needed flames that could be contained within a small perimeter, but were still fierce enough!

Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Igniting Flames!

Meng Ming swiped a pencil across the desk, setting it ablaze. At the same time, he picked up the three pieces of draft paper, folded them over a few times, and then placed them on top of the flames to burn!

Zhou Lun Yu wasn't able to make heads or tails of this. What is Zhuge Meng Ming doing?! He burned his own draft paper, and even used up an entire pencil?

A slender yet dense smoke arose from Meng Ming's hands.

Smoke?! What exactly... Zhou Lun Yu became a bit more alert.

I can't let the smoke disperse. Meng Ming reached out to grab a page of the test paper, and fanned the newly formed smoke towards its target.

The target was—Zhang Chuan to his front right!

When Zhou Lun Yu saw which direction the smoke was going towards, he began to panic. Don't tell me, he's about to...

Meng Ming had already considered everything! He was full of confidence, and believed that he'd definitely succeed this time! —Zhou Lun Yu can concentrate all of his energy into defending against me, but he can't control Zhang Chuan!

The smoke floated around Zhang Chuan. He choked a bit, then coughed some more. But he was still completely focused on writing the answers, without any intention of stopping his pen!

If the smoke is not fierce enough...I'll strengthen it more! Meng Ming burned the eraser as well.

The thick, mixed smoke formed a yellow and black gas that rolled towards Zhang Chuan. This gas permeated both the eyes and nose, making it impossible to resist with only willpower. Zhang Chuan tossed his pen to the side, and closed his eyes as he was about to try using his test paper to fan away the smoke. His actions messed up the red thread tied around his pen!

Chance! Meng Ming picked up his pencil in preparation to attack.

Zhou Lun Yu immediately pulled at the thread with all of his fingers. I definitely won't let you get away with that!

They were about to start an all-out fight.

Meng Ming shot multiple arrows at Zhang Chuan's pencil shaft.

Even so, the arrows didn't manage to hit the red thread. The successive attacks instead continuously struck the pencil on Zhang Chuan's table!

What? What exactly is Zhuge Meng Ming's objective...? He hadn't attacked the red thread? Zhou Lun Yu's train of thought had suddenly been thrown into disarray by Meng Ming.

After receiving several hits, Zhang Chuan's pencil rolled to the desk's edge! Its location was extremely accurate—the pencil ended up being buried within the fog from just now!

So it was like that! His smoke actually had two uses. Zhou Lun Yu immediately saw through Meng Ming's intentions. You want to hide Zhang Chuan's pencils within the smoke, and make it impossible for me to determine the thread's whereabouts. Zhou Lun Yu straightened the thread. Hmph, of course I can locate where my own threads are!

Meng Ming didn't hesitate at all, and flung out a disk from the smoke. It was only a single disk, and it hadn't been lit by fire!

In an instant, the red thread was completely severed.

Zhou Lun Yu's red thread suddenly dropped off. He hadn't ever

imagined that Meng Ming would flawlessly attack so many times in succession—Zhou Lun Yu had only been able to figure out the red thread's location. But with the smoke shrouding it, he couldn't see the disk that Meng Ming had sent out at all!

I'm still not done! Meng Ming picked up the small blade pieces he'd split up earlier, and sent all of them flying at the surveillance cameras in the upper right and lower right corners. The blade pieces deeply embedded into the cracks between the cameras and the walls!

The arrangement was tight and the positions exact, making it impossible for Zhou Lun Yu to string his red thread targeted at Zhang Chuan around these cameras—if he wrapped it around the camera and pulled the thread taut, the red thread would immediately snap!

There are only that many blade pieces. The other surveillance cameras are far away from him, so they're easy to defend! Meng Ming had taken control of the entire area! His sudden suppression had made it impossible for Zhou Lun Yu to make any move.

At the same time, Meng Ming picked up the first page of his answer sheet—and copied the answers to all of the fill-in-the-blank questions.

It's only been a bit more than 30 minutes, but Zhang Chuan has already finished the fill-in-the-blanks. The other students haven't even finished half...that means that Zhou Lun Yu has probably already finished copying all of the fill-in-the-blanks as well...that's 70 points in total. There's still the last answer sheet. I can't let Zhou Lun Yu gain any more points!

When Zhang Chuan had picked up his answer sheet to fan the smoke

earlier, Meng Ming had used the Heavenly Eye Technique to copy all of the answers.

He'd paid too much attention to Zhou Lun Yu in the past, which had always led to him overlooking the other examinees' existences.

Zhang Chuan had already started working on the problems again. He flipped over the second page, but Meng Ming saw that there was nothing on it.

Strange, Zhang Chuan clearly wrote an answer just now. Meng Ming saw that the map drawing question on Zhang Chuan's test paper didn't have any traces of writing on it. The two calculation questions on either side hadn't been solved either.

Meng Ming felt that something was off.

He'd clearly seen Zhang Chuan move his pen, but why couldn't he see the answers? He picked up his test paper, and looked at the map drawing question.

[Question: Please use the fountain pen to draw out the correct line on the map.]

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Drawing out a line...? Meng Ming was taken aback. No wonder it requires a fountain pen! If one used a pencil to draw it, it'd be hard for the grader to read! Even with a fountain pen, Meng Ming was unable to

see that faint line of color on the paper with the distance between him and Zhang Chuan!

I can't see it...! Meng Ming made some calculations. Full points on the exam was 100, so if he couldn't get the 10 points from the map drawing question, he wouldn't be able to surpass Zhou Lun Yu, who'd already gotten 70 points.

It's fine, this was also within my calculations. If I want to win... Meng Ming had already considered this stage many times. The range of possibilities was shrinking now, and his thoughts were becoming more developed.

All he did was cut off one of my red threads. Is there any reason to be so arrogant?! Zhou Lun Yu knew that the two surveillance cameras on the right were no longer usable. Soon after, he stretched out more red threads towards the upper left camera.

Meng Ming noticed this action, but chose to let it go.

Not blocking me? Zhou Lun Yu found it very strange.

Of course. All you're going to do with that cast out red thread is continue wrapping it around Zhang Chuan's pen. Meng Ming had even accurately predicted this step. —The other students haven't even finished

the fill-in-the-blanks, so wrapping the red threads around their pens is useless.

Indeed, Zhou Lun Yu's target was still Zhang Chuan. However, he didn't wrap the thread around Zhang Chuan's pen. Instead, he left a space to avoid Meng Ming's successive skills from cutting it off again. He wanted to wait until the moment Zhang Chuan moved his pen and started writing on the answers sheet before wrapping the thread around it and copying!

The map drawing question had already passed, so Zhou Lun Yu couldn't copy it either. Now he was just betting on the last two calculation questions.

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Ha...

Time slowly passed. Meng Ming was still smiling confidently. It's still as expected. The sudden change in exam subject is for the sake of spacing apart examinee scores. These last two calculation questions will be very difficult, just like the math calculation questions!

Zhang Chuan had been scribbling away on the draft paper this whole time, but he hadn't gotten an answer yet.

After a dozen or so minutes, Zhang Chuan's eyes suddenly lit up!

He solved a question?! Zhou Lun Yu prepared to copy.



So fast? That won't do! Meng Ming picked up the eraser that had been burned to mush earlier, and taking advantage of the moment Zhou Lun Yu wasn't paying attention, threw a small part of it at Zhang Chuan's draft paper. The eraser mush slid across the draft paper, and stuck over a large area. Zhang Chuan's work had been passed over, and a large chunk of it was now erased!

Zhang Chuan started. He lifted his head to look around, but only saw everyone else immersed in solving the problems. There was nothing abnormal. According to the exam regulations, he could only gloomily start resolving the question.

Seeing Zhang Chuan start writing on his draft paper again, Zhou Lun Yu could only continue waiting.

After a couple minutes, Zhang Chuan managed to quickly resolve the question based on his previous train of thought. But when he was just about to copy it onto the answer sheet, he was interrupted by Meng Ming again!

It's not just a fight in physical techniques, but also a huge emphasis on mental state. —Meng Ming had already completely realized what he'd overlooked.

A long, long amount of time continued to be wasted like this. There were now only 15 minutes left until the end of the exam.

Most of the other students had also started the calculation questions by now.

Zhou Lun Yu saw that Zhang Chuan still hadn't written anything on his answer sheet after so long, and decided that it was best to not rely solely on him. Thus, Zhou Lun Yu began to spread his concentration onto other examinees. Just as he had done during the math exam, he started to carefully search the entire exam site for the answers!

That's right. As long as I fight him in a psychological battle...I'll be closer to victory! Meng Ming knew that Zhou Lun Yu's red threads had already circulated around multiple targets. While Zhou Lun Yu wasn't paying attention, Meng Ming finally allowed Zhang Chuan to start writing the problems!

There wasn't much time left, so Zhang Chuan's writing was very rushed! He quickly finished writing the first calculation answer, and then flipped the answer sheet over—

This is it!

Meng Ming saw it. He'd previously trained his ability to copy answers multiple times, and hurriedly memorized the solution!

Zhou Lun Yu also saw it! As expected, only Zhang Chuan can solve it! He didn't have the time to use his red threads; Zhang Chuan had already stopped writing that solution, so Zhou Lun Yu couldn't use his red threads to copy it!

Too late?! Zhou Lun Yu was alarmed.

Meng Ming hurriedly began moving his pen, and began to copy the solution onto his answer sheet!

Right now, only Zhuge Meng Ming was doing that problem! Zhou Lun Yu immediately used his left thumb to release a red thread! There's no time...I'll just have to do this! Zhou Lun Yu didn't loop the red thread around the surveillance camera. He tossed it with all his strength so that the red thread directly wrapped around Meng Ming's pencil—

He was going to copy Meng Ming's answer!

The red thread was pulled taut between the two of them.

Soon, Meng Ming had finished writing half, and Zhou Lun Yu had also copied half.

Does Zhuge Meng Ming think I'm still searching for answers? He probably got overly excited after finding and copying the only answer. Zhou Lun Yu lowered his head to copy Meng Ming's test paper.

Zhou Lun Yu took the bait. Meng Ming had calculated extremely accurately—For the sake of this question, Zhou Lun Yu could only act like such, just as expected! Meng Ming had even seen the red thread wrap around his own pencil.

Just as Zhou Lun Yu was about to finish copying, he vaguely felt something...the red thread seemed to have gotten heavier?

Drip.

This is...! A black dot suddenly appeared before Zhou Lun Yu's eyes. He saw that a drop of black substance fell from the tip of his thumb that was pulling red thread...another drop fell on his own answer sheet.

It's fountain pen ink!! What does Zhuge Meng Ming want to do? Zhou Lun Yu craned his head, and saw the pencil in Meng Ming's hand—its tail end had been burned to form a beautiful "cup" shape. It was filled with black ink that was squeezed out of the fountain pen. While writing, the pencil would tilt over, causing the ink to endlessly drip onto the red thread. Zhou Lun Yu suddenly discovered that his red thread was already soaking black. The ink had followed along the now black thread, passed over his own left thumb, and fell onto his answer sheet.

Aside from this, there was something even more eye-catching; it was a ball of flames quickly burning along the red thread now soaked in black ink! —Meng Ming had lit up the ink! The red thread was extremely thin, so the flames were advancing as fast as lightning! In a mere instant, they had already reached Zhou Lun Yu. The flames followed the path of ink, directly burning Zhou Lun Yu's answer sheet!

This! Wait a minute!

Zhou Lun Yu had no way of stopping it. His two answer sheets were instantly burned to ashes.

All of the stationary on Meng Ming's desk had been used up.

Using ink as...fuel? Zhou Lun Yu's paper had disappeared, all 100 points were gone! He thought back to how Meng Ming had used the fire to

create a thick smoke at first. He first cut the red thread, put up that blade formation, and made it impossible for me to copy the answers again and again, so that I would be forced to copy him...! Everything was a trap? This means that Zhuge Meng Ming had planned all of this from the beginning?!

Zhou Lun Yu was stunned.

Meng Ming had actually calculated such a complicated chain of events that morning!

It's really not a coincidence...? He said that no matter what the situation is, there's always some way of winning...that was actually true?! Zhou Lun Yu quickly and resolutely reached out his right hand. Don't think that this matter is so simple...! Zhuge Meng Ming's stationary is all used up. I've been prepared for this moment for ages...

When he'd been searching for answers to the calculation questions earlier, Zhou Lun Yu had left red threads in his right hand!

He knew that although Zhuge Meng Ming still had a pencil in his hand, there was still a huge weak point! If he accurately timed the Alternate Dimension Vacuum Blade...!

Hmph, you still want to attack?! As if that'll work! Meng Ming tightly gripped his pencil to protect it; his wrists pressed against the calculation questions answer sheet, guarding it firmly.

At that moment, the ending bell rang out. The exam had ended!

Perfect timing! Meng Ming was delighted. Once the exam ended, wasn't everything settled?!

Meng Ming suddenly remembered the examination regulations; he could only put his pencil down! —Crap!

Zhou Lun Yu knew this clearly: Examination Site Regulation #14: When the exam ends, the bell will ring, and no examinees can touch their stationary! But this bell doesn't necessarily represent the actual end of the exam.

All of their showdowns had been this way. No matter whether it was a contest or a duel, their true start and finish times were from the declaration of war until the results of the competition were released! As long as the test paper was still in one's hand, one had to look after it rigorously; as long as the person was still at the exam site, the test hadn't ended! Zhou Lun Yu understood this point well, but Meng Ming had only just reacted—

The true conclusion of the exam wasn't until the day the grades were announced!

Zhuge Meng Ming, you were careless!

Several Vacuum Blades were sent flying at Meng Ming! Meng Ming wanted to block, but he discovered that he couldn't touch his pencil anymore. His wrists were still pressed against the calculation question answer sheet to protect it, but the other sheet was defenseless. The Vacuum Blades streaked across the fill-in-the-blank answer sheet on his

desk. The blades flashed, and completely shredded it.

In the exam site, the pencil had its advantages, but it had its weak points as well. This was something that Zhou Lun Yu understood better than Meng Ming did.

Zhou Lun Yu didn't hand in any papers for this exam, while Meng Ming could only hand in the second sheet's single calculation question.

If the points were estimated—

In this final exam, Zhou Lun Yu had gotten 0 points, while Zhuge Meng Ming...had secured 10 points at most.

## Quiz 39: Temporarily Calm Conclusion

"Haha...my head has swelled up."

As soon as he walked out of the library, Meng Ming immediately let out a deep breath. "I'd already racked my brains to override him; I hadn't imagined that he'd still attack last minute..." Before, Meng Ming had assumed that calculating the end of the exam time would be enough.

"Brother Meng Ming..." Huang Qiao Yi was following next to him, unsure of what to say. In general, she was absolutely speechless in response to Meng Ming's cheating. She stuttered for a long while before finally saying, "Why did you guys have to fight with a 'you die, I live' mentality...in the end, neither of you got points."

The result of estimating points yesterday had already indicated that if Meng Ming wanted to beat Zhou Lun Yu, he was pressured to get at least 30 points. So Meng Ming explained, "There was no other choice, nothing else that I could do..."

But with Meng Ming's final mistake, it was possible that the result would be him not reaching his expected objective. "This means that my points probably aren't as high as his...moreover, I didn't get points from geography." Aside from this, Meng Ming recalled his bet with Zhou Lun Yu, "I'll have to listen to him..."

"Brother Meng Ming, you can't say that for sure yet!" Huang Qiao Yi cheered Meng Ming on and said, "The points haven't come out yet. Before that, there are still many possibilities! It's not necessarily impossible to beat him." This was originally a word of encouragement



normally exchanged between L-types, but Huang Qiao Yi said it to Meng Ming.

"Ahaha, that's right!" As soon as Meng Ming laughed, a huge figure blocked the two of them.

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The two of them slowly lifted their heads. They saw a human figure with a dark, overcast face. Only the top of his head emitted a strange glow.

Old baldie...?

Uncle Carron? Why is he like this...

"I say, you brat!!" Carron roared as he charged over to Meng Ming. His body was so large, his imposing manner so great. "Fighting in the exam site is fine, but...who told you to affect L-types from taking their test!!!"

"Eh....ah?" L-type? Was it Zhang Chuan? This surprised Meng Ming. "I..how did I...I at most just made him cough a bit, and dragged out some time! I didn't affect his answering!" What Meng Ming found stranger was how Carron seemed to know all of this...

"If you were just making him do things like cough, then it doesn't matter, but that's not all you did, right...?!" Carron's face was fierce-looking as he continued shouting at Meng Ming. "Why did you burn his test?!"

What...? Meng Ming's jaw dropped open.

Huang Qiao Yi had originally thought Meng Ming knew. Now she finally understood that Meng Ming actually hadn't noticed this at all while he'd been furiously staking his all. She softly told him, "Brother Meng Ming... you and Zhou Lun Yu weren't the only ones that didn't hand in complete papers....classmate Zhang Chuan, also only handed in one sheet..."

"Huh? What..." Meng Ming still didn't understand.

"What what!" Carron fiercely whacked Meng Ming on the head. "Just now, you also burned up one of his answer sheets!"

—That ink-soaked red thread, which had been pulled taut between Zhou Lu Yu and Meng Ming, had also passed through Zhang Chuan's desk. Zhang Chuan had been misfortunate enough to have black ink drip onto his second answer sheet from the soaking red thread as well...

"It was by accident!!" Meng Ming wanted to run away.

"You'd better pay more attention!!" Carron immediately began to chase after him with a murderous intent.

What! Even if Zhang Chuan had one sheet burned, he still had 70 points... Meng Ming still felt that his own situation was more tragic.

At that moment, a voice from the library called out to them.

"Meng Ming, Little Qiao!"

They looked back, and saw Lin Jing Xuan? And there was a female classmate next to him.

When Carron saw the female student, he immediately charged over and squatted down in front of her. He pressed his hands against her shoulders and his sunglasses glinted as he asked, "Daughter, how was the test? You didn't get injured, right?"

Father...didn't I say many times that you can't appear at school? Even if this place is the library... Seeing her father act so deranged and draw a bunch of students' gazes, Bai Jiu was embarrassed to death. She could only halfheartedly reply, "...I...It was ok. Why would I get injured...during a test..."

Carron stood up and sternly adjusted his sunglasses. He then said very articulately, "Daughter, let me tell you of the dangers at the exam site. That person called Zhuge Meng Ming..."

"You shut up!!" Meng Ming rushed over to stop him with a forced smile.

Afterwards, Carron turned around tearfully to say farewell.

Is there really no need for me to escort him? Huang Qiao Yi had actually hoped to go for a joyride and relax a bit after exams, but Carron had instead told them to go play. Also, "While you're at it, help me teach that brat Zhuge Meng Ming a lesson."

"Then what do we do now? Go home...?" Meng Ming asked for everyone's opinions. He'd overused his brain cells today, and was severalfold more tired than the L-types actually doing the problems, so he wanted to go home early and rest a bit.

"Going home now? No way, that won't do!" Lin Jing Xuan saw Meng Ming's intent on going home and hurriedly stopped him, "Since we just finished exams, we obviously need to summarize it."

"What...?"

Even Bai Jiu looked extremely excited.

Huang Qiao Yi secretly told Meng Ming that after a large exam was over, L-types typically held discussions and estimated scores.

In the end, it was decided that they'd go to a nearby fast-food place to eat lunch.

It was a two-story fast-food restaurant. The second floor was open-air, and there were umbrellas on top to shield them from the sun. This place was located near Lin Xian Library. There were normally many customers in the afternoon, especially today since the examinees from three of Lin Xian's classes had come to visit.

There was no need to attend classes that afternoon, so there was plenty of time. But the discussion topics made it impossible for Meng Ming to chime in.

"Math? I had absolutely no clue how to do those questions."

"Even Little Qiao couldn't do them? I asked many students strong at math, but not a single person knew them!"

"Yea....the geography calculation question as well. Are all senior high calculation questions so hard!"

"Have either of you two asked him?" Lin Jing Xuan suddenly pointed at Meng Ming and said, "Meng Ming, did you know how to do the calculation question? It can't be that even you..."

"Meng Ming...?"

Meng Ming's mind was wandering; he was tired.

After seeing his state, Lin Jing Xuan could only wave his hand in front of Meng Ming's eyes. Meng Ming immediately returned to his senses—"Ah?"

"Meng Ming, what are you thinking of? We're discussing the midterm exams." Lin Jing Xuan said.

Seeing that Lin Jing Xuan wanted to drag Meng Ming into the discussion as well, Huang Qiao Yi felt that the situation was taking a bad turn. She hurriedly suggested, "Haha, we've all finished already, so just forget it. There's no need to think about it any further. All we have to do is take extra lessons after our grades come out."

"Who says!" Lin Jing Xuan reminded Huang Qiao Yi, "This exam is related to whether or not we can get our student IDs! How could there not be pressure? Right, Meng Ming?"

"Ah, yea, ha! That's right, when exactly are the grades being posted?" Meng Ming didn't really know what they'd been discussing earlier, so he could only continue from the last thing said.

Huang Qiao Yi thought a bit. She seemed to have heard that, "It seems like it's not very fast. Grading so many people's tests requires time. They'll probably announce it next Monday, after the weekend passes."

Today was Thursday, so they'd have to wait for 3, 4 days for their scores.

"I really want to hurry up and find out my grades...I put so much effort

and time into preparing for this midterm, so I have to get my results," Bai Jiu said.

"No way!" Lin Jing Xuan shouted. "I'm scared of the exam grades! It's not just that I'm concerned about how low they are, but if I don't get my student ID, how am I supposed to tell my family..."

"Ah, that's true. Every time I get lower scores than expected, I'm depressed for a while..." Bai Jiu said. "But nobody in my family cares about my grades. It's just that I personally really want to know what I got..."

"All students in China are afraid of having their grades announced!" Lin Jing Xuan huffed, "Only you're unafraid..."

"I'm not afraid either," Huang Qiao Yi raised her hand.

"I want to know my grades too," Meng Ming said.

"You freaks..." Lin Jing Xuan could only lean to one side dizzily. Don't tell me that all students with good grades get anxious to know their grades...?!

Meng Ming continued his own analysis, "The points are probably relative. If nobody knew how to do the calculation questions on the math exam, then even if you don't pass, it doesn't count as doing badly."

"That's what you say, but the rankings within each year are still very important." Lin Jing Xuan argued, "The first exam here is already such a

difficult battle. With my type of mental capability...I expect my ranking to be on the lower end..."

Huang Qiao Yi urged everyone to stop thinking of scores. "I heard that student IDs aren't really handed out based on how high one's scores are. Speaking of which, have any of you seen the senior high student ID? What it's like? It's supposed to be uniform throughout China..."

The other three shook their heads.

"I haven't seen it either. I really want to hurry up and get a look..." Before Huang Qiao Yi had finished speaking, a strange laugh came from behind their table—

"Hehe...you guys want to see what the student ID looks like?"

That sound seemed to be somewhat familiar. The four of them lifted their heads, and immediately recognized—

"Jinsi Que?!"

"Why is it you!"

"That means, the other 3 people..."

As expected, there were three others behind Jinsi Que. The Three Missing One Quartet flashily made their appearance at the fast-food place!



“Hahaha!” Boss Ma Que walked up to the front and flaunted, “You want to see the student ID? As your seniors, we’ll show you! Here!” With a shua, he flashed his own student ID.

The three others also displayed theirs, frantically trying to look cool in the fast-food joint.

Meng Ming and the others all looked over at the student IDs and reveled at them. It was a delicate, magnetic card. There was a colorful picture of the person printed on them, as well as their name, their school, their school emblem, their student number, barcode, and even a label to defend against frauds.

The middle of the magnetic card also had various other data about the student, including their fingerprint.

“Hahaha! Are you shocked? Incidentally, it doesn’t say gender because male student IDs are light blue in color, while female student IDs are pale red,” Boss Ma Que wildly laughed. “This is the national, uniform—senior high student ID! Although we’re C-types, the four of us have extremely outstanding strength in terms of taking exams!”

Are they really that good...?

Why haven’t they repeated a year yet...?

Exactly how do they cheat...

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"How about it, you're shocked speechless, right?" Boss Ma Que continued to show off, "We're 120% sure that we didn't have any problems on this midterm. Just wait until our grades are announced with a bang! You guys must get your student IDs too!"

The people around them were all frightened by his cold, magnetic voice, and all swiveled their heads to look at him, greatly shocked by the Quartet's gorgeous poses.

Basically, everyone headed home after eating, but they were bugged by the Three Missing One Quartet en route for half the afternoon.

Today, all of the public exam sites returned to their normal operations.

That same day, the temperature began to drop. The students all wore additional layers of clothing as they waited for their grades.

# Quiz 40: Teacher Wang’s Derision

In the southern part of the country, it would rain whenever the temperature suddenly dropped. On the day of the list posting, many students were woken up early by the sound of thunder. They then rushed over to school with umbrellas and their backpacks to see their grades.

Lin Xian Central High was different from other buildings in the thunderstorm. The building’s color didn’t seem to grow any darker. It was as if the school building was covered by a raincoat, which gave the whole “even if it’s raining outside, it’s still sunny within the school” kind of feeling.

The entire school had finished midterms, so there were many lists. Because the hallways couldn’t possibly fit all of the people, the lists had all been neatly posted along a long display window outside of the school doors.

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“May I ask where the first year lists are?” The umbrella-holding Huang Qiao Yi loudly asked another student.

“What?!”

The lists for each year were located in different places. The display window was very long with many things on it, so it was hard to find anything specific.

"I said, first year lists!" Huang Qiao Yi's actions seemed somewhat hysterical, but her voice had been drowned out by the pouring rain.

"Can't hear you!" The other student seemed to copy her infectious actions as he yelled back at her.

Someone tapped Huang Qiao Yi on the shoulder and pointed at the lists—they were right next to her.

Huang Qiao Yi turned her head and immediately saw the first year lists. Aside from a huge group of students underneath the lists, Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu were also there.

She moodily thought: Brother Meng Ming found it first, yet didn't tell me...didn't we agree that whoever had found it would give the other person a shout?

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"Hehe, just wait and see how many points you lost by!" [Meng Ming]

"Hmph. No matter what, my points this time will definitely be higher than yours." [Zhou Lun Yu]

The two were standing underneath the lists and hadn't even seen their grades yet, but they had quite a bit to say.

"Look for your name. It'll definitely be behind mine!" [Meng Ming]

“My name doesn’t need to be looked for, it’s always in the top 3.” [Zhou Lun Yu]

Huang Qiao Yi quickly interjected, “Ok, ok, it doesn’t matter who’s first. Just hurry up and look at the lists....”

“Can’t hear you!!”

The entire year was ranked starting from first place downwards. It was as such:

Rank	Name	Lit. & Lang.		Math	English	
Geography	Total					
1	Jin Nai Nai	60	76	99.5	80	
315.5						
2	Huang Qiao Yi	91	56	97	70	314
3	Xu He	87	52	98	68	
305						
4	Zhang Mao Xiang	80	56	95.5	66	
297.5						
.....						

“Oi, you’re not in the top three.”

“Don’t be so proud of yourself, you’re not there either.”

.....

Rank	Name	Lit. & Lang.		Math	English	
Geography	Total					
27	Gao Yue	82	74	51	64	271
27	Liu Yu Qiong	80	44	80	67	
271						
29	Bai Jiu	91	40	69	69	
269						

.....

“Oi, you’re still not there.”

“What are you in such a rush for, keep looking.”

.....

Rank	Name	Lit. & Lang.		Math	English	
Geography	Total					
42	Duan He	51	51.5	81.5	73	
257						
43	Dong Da Wen	40	68	70	77	255
44	Sun Ge Ge	31	76	87.5	59	
253.5						

.....

“Sister Duan He? How did she get that math score...”

“You still have the mind to worry about others? You’re almost up.”

.....

Rank	Name	Lit. & Lang.		Math	English
Geography	Total				
49	Zhou Lun Yu	93	56	97	2
248					
50	Zhuge Meng Ming	81	60	97	8
246					

.....

“Didn’t I say it already? You can’t beat me.” Zhou Lun Yu said expressionlessly with his umbrella raised and his weight on one hip. He simply stood there with his head high and chest out.

“Stop acting so lofty! You have a subject with 0 points! ...Huh? ...Wait, hold on!!” Meng Ming then saw Zhou Lun Yu’s grade. He remembered that Zhou Lun Yu’s geography should’ve been 0 points; how had he suddenly gotten 2 points? Meng Ming hurriedly protested, “...Oi! Hey, how did you get 2 points!”

“How would I know, aren’t 2 points still points.” Zhou Lun Yu said confidently and righteously. However, he was also very puzzled.

“Only 2 points! Moreover, those 2 points are impossible for you to

have!"

"Winning by 2 points still means it's my victory. Either way, I beat you." Just like how he'd been back at the teahouse, Zhou Lun Yu seemed super pretentious on the outside. However, seeing that he was only ranked #49, he was actually feeling a bit down.

"You clearly acted shamelessly in that last round!" Meng Ming noisily argued.

Zhou Lun Yu replied, "It's not like I went against the exam site regulations. Even if I did and nobody caught it, it would count as my own strength. You're the one that just had to use pencils; who else can you blame?"

"You despicable...next time, I'll definitely think of a way to keep touching the pencil after the exam ends! ...But, how exactly did your 2 points...!" Meng Ming wanted to know what was up with those 2 points, even if he was on his dying breath. However, Zhou Lun Yu himself didn't know either.

They both clearly remembered that Zhou Lun Yu hadn't submitted a test. It was reasonable to say that the result of this duel should've been a tie.

Zhou Lun Yu couldn't be bothered to care about it so much. In the end, he was the one ranked higher than Meng Ming. "Either way, I already won. You have to comply with the bet!"



.....

Room 301 in Lin Xian Central High was filled with a mysterious atmosphere.

All the students could pretty much understand their scores. However, they kept feeling like there were some students whose grades didn't match their expectations, Zhou Lun Yu in particular. He was publicly known by everyone as the number one in the class, yet he'd ended up ranked #49.

Zhou Lun Yu could only helplessly endure the looks of contempt from his classmates. Originally, I could've easily gotten first place. It was all because of that Zhuge Meng Ming guy, making me lose over 70 points....

"Sire Zhu, Sire Zhu—"

Shi Yun, who was on Meng Ming's right, was in a very good mood. Shi Yun's total score wasn't that good; he seemed to be ranked lower than 100. However, he was still very happy. "The lowly me was able to get 83 points in literature and language, 2 points higher than Sire Zhu!"

Meng Ming felt goosebumps from hearing this guy's words, but he didn't know how to respond, so he could only tremble.

"Sire Zhu, how come your distinguished self's geography..."

"Don't ask..." Meng Ming was still vexed by it. My geography score...I'm

screwed, I'll be exposed as a C-type.

At some point, Teacher Wang had already appeared, fiercely standing in the front with her pointer in hand. With a bang, the sound of her pointer made everyone's minds turn numb. "Oho~" This time, she only said "ho" once. "Everyone did quite decently! On a whole, it was better than I'd expected!"

After that brief laugh, Teach Wang's expression completely changed. With a threatening cough, she said, "However, there's also a portion of the students whose grades are worse than expected!!"

Is she about to come at us... [Meng Ming]

Who cares what she says...I'll just ignore her.. [Zhou Lun Yu]

Huang Qiao Yi suddenly whispered to Meng Ming, "Brother Meng Ming, Lin Jing Xuan just told me...that in a time like this, you have to stand up if your name is called."

"No way..." Meng Ming whispered back. "I can't be punished while remaining seated...?"

"It's best if you stand up, and let some of her anger dissipate....otherwise, perhaps she'll get even more furious...."

Meng Ming swallowed hard, already mentally preparing himself to be yelled at. Teacher Wang loudly announced, "This is the first major exam since everyone has entered senior high. I can only predict people's

grades based on their everyday performances. However...some students did worse than I had anticipated! The most severe case is you, Huang Qiao Yi!"

What....?!?!?!?

The whole class uniformly turned their heads to the last row. Meng Ming stared blankly at first, before looking to his right in great astonishment. Huang Qiao Yi hadn't imagined that she'd be the first one to be called out, and was stunned into a daze. After a long time, she seemed to finally remember that this was supposed to be the time to stand up. With a whoosh, she hurriedly stood up from her seat.

"Why weren't you number 1?!" Teacher Wang inquired, cutting straight to the point.

"Eh..." How was she supposed to respond? Huang Qiao Yi was at a loss for words.

"We were able to draw such a good exam site, yet why was the number one rank taken away by a student from Class C!?" The pointer struck the table with another bang.

So this was what had bugged Teacher Wang...

As expected, it was her selfish motives...

Becoming the target of someone's frustration venting....Little Qiao is really unlucky.

Huang Qiao Yi was asked those two questions in succession, but she didn't know how to respond. This was the extent of her strength. She'd been pretty satisfied with herself, so why did she still have to answer such strange questions...

"Ah....mm." Huang Qiao Yi couldn't really explain, nor could she sit down. Moreover, she was still being stared at by dozens of pairs of eyes and the unyielding stare from that queen-like figure. She could only say, "...I was crammed into a corner during the exam, which felt so stifling that I began to panic..."

"Don't forget, the corner has the best fengshui!" Teacher Wang said, "It doesn't matter which subject it is, literature, math, English, or geography, if you had answered just one one more question, you would've been first!! Properly reflect on yourself, and sit back down!" After Huang Qiao Yi had gloomily sat down in her seat, Teacher Wang continued without end, "Aside from her, there are a few others that didn't reach the expected grades, particularly the two that got below 10 points in geography!!"

Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu had already washed their necks while waiting to be yelled at.

"To not even be able to get 10 points! —Zhou Lun Yu's previous style is one that everyone knows; he doesn't touch tests that he doesn't want to take, and gets the highest points on the ones he wants to do. However... did you have some kind of complaint towards the sudden change of subject to geography?! You didn't write a single word, and ended up dragging yourself down to only rank #49!"

Zhou Lun Yu didn't reply, and thought: She even knows that I didn't write a single word, so where exactly did those 2 points...

"Our grade's geography teacher was the one that suggested to change the exam to geography at the last minute. It was quite difficult for us to get the school to accept this! In the end, you purposely got 0 points instead. It was him that had suggested to change the subject, yet his own student had instead gotten 0 points. He was afraid the principal would scold him for this, so he forced himself to give you 2 free points....also, Zhuge Meng Ming!"

Meng Ming quickly stood up.

"You're even more unique than Zhou Lun Yu," Teacher Wang locked her gaze onto him. "To think that you only did the last calculation question! Each question is worth 10 points, and not a single student in the grade could do it, yet only you managed to get 8 points! But you left all of the other questions blank...why is that? Did you find the hard question interesting, and only put your effort into that, resulting in wasting the entire time given for the exam?!"

Meng Ming was at a loss for words. He looked at the even more speechless Zhang Chuang sitting in front...

There were some students that thought the same as Teacher Wang. There were others that began to think that due to the sudden change in subject to geography, all the physics challenges written against Meng Ming lost meaning, so he'd randomly done whatever because it no longer mattered.

“Zhuge Meng Ming, just because nobody challenged you in that subject, you don’t seriously take the exam?! If either of you had gotten the first 70 points, you would’ve been the first place in the grade!” Teacher Wang resentfully whacked her pointer three times in a row. “Alright, Zhuge Meng Ming seems to be a new student, so he doesn’t really understand the exams. Moreover, the geography teacher has a pretty high evaluation of you. Whenever he meets other teachers or students, he happily tells them that Zhuge Meng Ming solved out the hard problem he’d given. So...”

Classtime was almost up, so she didn’t continue picking out people to yell at.

“In short, our class wasn’t number one in our year. You guys just wait and watch what’ll happen in the afternoon class meeting, ohohohohohohoho!!!” Teacher Wang crazily laughed as she walked out of the classroom.

First place should depend on the class’s average score right....

Does being first in the year mean you get a lot of awards...?

Don’t tell me...it’s because the principal is good-looking?

Meng Ming let out a sigh of relief. Fortunately, he hadn’t been considered to be a C-type. However, his character among the students had become more prominent.

After Teacher Wang had left, the mysterious atmosphere in the

classroom had mostly faded. Everyone had originally been puzzled about Zhuge Meng Ming's and Zhou Lun Yu's geography scores, but now they finally understood.

Afterwards, with the diligent cooperation of the class monitor and the academic council members, they managed to calm down the extremely disturbed class. Nobody knew that because of Meng Ming's and Zhou Lun Yu's fight during the geography exam, the class had lost a total of 148 points in geography (Meng Ming's 70 pts + Zhou Lun Yu's 70 pts + Zhang Chuan's 8 pts). Getting the highest class average was no longer something they could hope for.

The midterm examinations ended chaotically with Teacher Wang's derisions.

Oh right, the matter hadn't ended yet.

Later, during literature and language class, the neurotic language teacher gave evaluations for this time's tests. He praised Zhou Lun Yu's essay that had gotten full marks, as well as....specially mentioned Meng Ming's essay: the writing had been very well organized, had a neat writing style, and the word count had been enough. Aside from the content not matching with the topic's demands, there weren't any other major issues.

"The essay was written very well. However, you must carefully read the topic next time." The language teacher emphasized strongly, "The topic this time was "Distance". I know everyone was upset with the topic, but don't get mad at me; this topic wasn't my idea. It was the young female teacher from the next class. The question specially demanded for the reader to be able to feel the distance just from reading the essay without

actually using one's mind to think...it's really strange."

Meng Ming picked up his language test, and saw that his essay had gotten 28 points. Huang Qiao Yi sighed in praise, "Wow! Brother Meng Ming, this is the first time you've written such a thing before, right... getting 28 points is really amazing."

Meng Ming hadn't ever imagined getting this kind of score on an essay. He'd thought that even if he'd gotten 0 points, it was something he couldn't do anything about. On the other hand, Zhou Lun Yu felt depressed as he thought: The essay is something that both Zhuge Meng Ming and I have to write ourselves. If the total score had dropped the essay part...He'd gotten a full score of 40 points on the essay. When he looked back, he saw that Meng Ming's head was still lowered, secretly smiling at his essay.

Hmph...you were just lucky! Zhou Lun Yu glared at Meng Ming.

Those 2 points of yours are what's actually luck...! Meng Ming glared back.

Zhou Lun Yu was getting more and more irritated. In the end, he finally stood up and burst out at Meng Ming, "Stop acting so proud of yourself, it's a fact that your essay only got 28 points!"

"Your 2 points clearly don't even count!"

"In short, you lost this time, so you have to listen to me."



"You two!" The neurotic language teacher was very mad. "Class hasn't ended yet! If you want to argue, do it outside!"

.....

"We've finally gotten our senior high IDs..." Bai Jiu stood on the bell tower, welcoming the cool breeze after the rain had passed. She took out her student ID and looked at it again and again. The pale red card had a pretty picture of her printed on it.

This was the highest place in the school. There were railings completely surrounding it, and four pillars supporting the large clock.

Huang Qiao Yi stood next to her, holding a student ID as well. "Phew... how dangerous. I barely got it."

"No way, you're number 2 in the entire grade. How could you not get one? Teacher Wang was just trying to scare you..."

"She let out her anger on us...she almost suppressed Brother Meng Ming's and Zhou Lun Yu's student IDs just because of their geography scores. It's a good thing that they were both in the top 50 of the grade, so they still got their student IDs in the end."

.....

Surveying Lin Xian from such a high place during the dusk after rainfall permeated a relaxing feeling in their hearts.

"...Huang Qiao Yi is really amazing, to have gotten number 2. You must have worked very hard."

"How do I respond to that, I guess you could say I did, haha..." She was too embarrassed to admit that she'd actually never been serious about her studies before.

"Mm, I've also tried my very best...from now on, I'll work even harder. I won't lose to you."

"Alright, whenever classmate Bai Jiu beats me, I'll hand over my spot—you can be together with Brother Meng Ming every day!"

"Ah..." Bai Jiu blushed as bright as the setting sun, and immediately tried to defend herself, "As, as if that's my reason..."

"Either way..." Huang Qiao Yi pulled out a letter from her bag, "I'll keep this letter of challenge you gave me for now. When Bai Jiu beats me next time..."

"Ah?" Bai Jiu had a question mark written all over her face, "Letter of challenge?"

Huang Qiao Yi had originally thought that Bai Jiu had written it. After hearing Bai Jiu ask, she quickly tore open the letter to read it.

"This wasn't written by classmate Bai Jiu"

Bai Jiu said that she'd never written such a thing.

"There's no name on it, and I'd thought only you would do something like this..."

Huang Qiao Yi re-read its contents and mulled over the handwriting for a bit. However, it didn't ring any bells.

"Whatever. In short, the midterm examinations have ended. Let's continue working hard in the future!"

## Quiz 41: Qing Xin Visit

A somewhat aged shopkeeper was standing at a counter, currently weighing out medicine for customers with a very archaic balance. An old, rusted metal rod had standard weights and supporting plates on both sides with invisible threads wrapped around them. His rough palms reached into the drawer of a large cabinet behind him, and withdrew many medicinal ingredients – placing them on top of the plate. He then skillfully adjusted the position of the weights, pouring the exact amount of medicine required into a paper bag. Then, he went to grab another bunch.

“Can it support itself?” The customer asked.

“Can what support itself? The standard weights?” The shopkeeper feigned confusion regarding the question, and casually chatted as he continued grabbing more medicine.

“You clearly know the intent of my question. Of course I’m asking if this Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Shop can support itself.” The customer knew that the shopkeeper didn’t want to respond, yet he still pushed the question. This had been asked by the visiting customer at least 10 times, but the shopkeeper always persevered and never said anything disheartening in response.

“Don’t worry, we don’t rely on giving medical advice and selling medicines as our only sources of income...” These words were said weakly without any strength.

The customer didn’t ask anymore. He knew that even if there were still

Black Lantern tea leaves, there weren't many left. That answer had been a hasty patch in order to avoid concerning the customer.

This place was a prayer hall. It looked like a very large hall with tables, chairs, and teapots. But in terms of people, there were only two figures present.

Only after the shopkeeper had tightly sealed the medicine bag and passed it to the customer did he say, "This is the last dose. Once the patient takes it, they'll be permanently cured."

The customer thanked the shopkeeper and turned around, about to leave. But just then, another man walked in; rather, it would be more accurate to say that he'd jogged in. He cut straight to the point and asked, "Shopkeeper, do you have 'Yilan root'?"

The shopkeeper reeled in shock at the mention of this medicine and replied, "I apologize, but it's been out of stock for over half a year."

"But, but...!" The customer requesting the medicine began to panic at the shopkeeper's response. "They said that only this place would have Yilan root. Why...then when would you have it?"

The shopkeeper solemnly answered, "I'm really very sorry, we also are in dire need of this medicine. However, we won't have it anytime soon. If you can, please go look for a doctor trained in Western medicine. Head west for four streets, then go south, and you'll be able to find a clinic there called Bozmann Clinic."

"Little Qiao, you've already driven for more than half an hour without stopping. Aren't you tired?" Meng Ming asked from the back seat. The front seat was currently occupied by Zhou Lun Yu—he needed to give directions.

The car was speeding down the highway.

Two weeks had passed since the end of the midterm exams and the temperature had dropped by quite a bit. Fortunately, there were two days of rest every weekend. Taking advantage of the fact that it was Friday evening, Zhou Lun Yu had forcefully dragged Meng Ming to Qing Xin. Qing Xin was in the center of the province, a city at the bottom of Mt. Qing Xiu. The Black Lantern tea leaves were from there.

"You lost. According to the agreement, you're now my subordinate." These had been Zhou Lun Yu's words back then.

Meng Ming was obviously dissatisfied; Zhou Lun Yu's 2 points had clearly been gained through a stroke of luck. But Meng Ming had indeed lost, and he couldn't go back on their agreement either. The reason Zhou Lun Yu had competed against Meng Ming during the midterm exam in the first place was because he had been forced to look to others for help. Since Zhou Lun Yu had willingly dragged Meng Ming here, it meant that Zhou Lun Yu had already internally recognized Meng Ming's strength. However, he was too embarrassed to say it directly, so he could only use the exam as an excuse.

Meng Ming had always believed that students were obviously supposed to help each other in times of need. Everyone knew of this unspoken rule, so Meng Ming simply tolerated it. I'll just regard this as going out for fun....

Later, Zhou Lun Yu had chosen a day to set out.

Huang Qiao Yi was still very concentrated on the road as she replied to Meng Ming that she wasn't tired. Their expected travel time in the car was only half an hour; she said that she could drive for three to four hours straight. Who knew where her endurance came from? Perhaps her mind was in an excited state right now because it had been quite difficult to get her mother to agree to lend the car to them.

"Did Zhou Lun Yu tell you guys why we're going to Qing Xin and why it has to be now?" Duan He asked. She was currently sitting next to Meng Ming in the back seat. She seemed to be wondering if there was anything fun to do in Qing Xin.

"Pushing that question to the side first, why did Sister Duan He want to come along too...?" Meng Ming twisted his head towards her, thinking that it was strange.

"Me?" Instead, she felt that Meng Ming's question was the one that was strange. "Zhou Lun Yu asked me ages ago, and I had just dumbly agreed."

"Asking so many people huh, it looks like you're not all that much after all." Meng Ming sneered at Zhou Lun Yu sitting in front of him.

"It's just two people, and you're just my subordinate." Zhou Lun Yu couldn't even be bothered to turn around. "Basically, I already have plans. Your actions must all follow my words."

Who's your subordinate...acting so smug about those lucky 2 points. How can you even act so arrogantly? [Meng Ming]

Compared to Brother Meng Ming, I find Zhou Lun Yu's thoughts even more unpredictable... [Huang Qiao Yi]

He's just not skilled enough at actively expressing himself... [Duan He]

Qing Xin was where Zhou Lun Yu's Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Shop was located. He gave a rough introduction of Qing Xin's situation—

North of Qing Xin City was Mt. Qing Xiu, which resulted in nearby cities all being elevated very high above sea level. Very dense clouds and mist surrounded the upper half of the mountain, and it wasn't a place that a typical person could pass through. There were many different types of rare and expensive medicinal ingredients on the mountain that other places didn't have. The mountain had precipices in every direction; if one wanted to enter the mountain, the only place that they could pass through was an alpine lake halfway up the mountain—Scarlet Dragon Pool. This was the only place one could find a relatively moderate level sloped road to climb upwards. The area that Scarlet Dragon Pool covered wasn't small, and a thick mist pervaded the water's surface. If one tried to take a boat from the southern shore, they'd easily get lost in the fog. Even if they managed to reach the northern shore, they wouldn't be able to actually land it. That's why one couldn't normally use a boat. Instead, the usually deep water became shallow every seasonal month (ie. February, May, August, and November). As the surface of the water fell in height, the mist enshrouding it would naturally thin out as well. This would reveal the wharfs on either shore, which made it possible to smoothly pass through the fog. It was currently November, which was why Zhou Lun Yu had chosen this time to go to Qing Xin.



“Why would the water level automatically go down during those times? Stop trying to scam us.” Meng Ming simply enjoyed going against Zhou Lun Yu.

“It doesn’t matter if you don’t believe me. It’s the truth.” Zhou Lun Yu said, “It must be some kind of natural phenomenon.”

Duan He thought it sounded pretty fun. Plus, there was tea for her to drink there, so she’d actually been anticipating this trip from the start.

The aforementioned tea was naturally Mt. Qing Xiu’s famous tea—Black Lantern. It grew differently than other tea trees; while it was called tea, it was actually a type of dark green plant that grew abundantly in Scarlet Dragon Pool, and was used in traditional Chinese medicine. The southern shore was closer to where the water flow was more rushed, so the plant didn’t grow there. One could only go gather the plants at the northern shore whenever the water levels dropped. When these tea leaves were soaked in cold water, there was no way they’d show any effect. Only hot water would be able to seep out the flavor. If the water grew cold, the tea leaves would return to their former state. In ancient times, it was said that the Black Lantern’s effects included relaxing the muscles, recuperating the soul, increasing one’s vital energy, and improving blood circulation.

However, because of a historical incident, nobody had come to cross the pond and collect the Black Lantern plants for more than half a year.

According to the legends, there was a Scarlet Dragon lying in this pool, depending on the Black Lantern plants to live. Many years ago, people had collected too much of the tea and ended up angering the dragon. In

order to protect the Black Lantern plants, the Scarlet Dragon had shot flames at their village, burning a large part of it into ashes.

In recent times, people had collected copious amounts of Black Lantern once more. As of half a year ago, people would see that dragon within the dense fog atop the pool from a distance every night! —Two red glows would constantly glide across the surface like a will-o-wisp. Those red lights were the furious eyes of the swimming Scarlet Dragon!

“Hmph, not like I’d believe there’s some kind of dragon in the lake.” Zhou Lun Yu said, “It’s most likely just some kind of natural phenomenon! The main point is that this past half a year, there’d still be people coming to forcefully gather the tea atop the pool whenever the seasonal months arrive. They’d still collect a large quantity of the tea leaves, but...”

“But what?”

“...The people gathering the leaves would always end up suffering heavy wounds all over their bodies.”

After that, people all began to believe that the Scarlet Dragon had definitely gotten angry again. Nowadays, no one ever dared to take the boat out.

“Nobody knows what’s really happening at the opposite bank, so the pool cannot be crossed anymore. There are many medicinal ingredients that we can no longer gather.” Zhou Lun Yu’s voice had been steady this whole time, but at this moment, he finally showed some concern. “There are many patients that need the medicine at the peak of Mt. Qing Xiu. This doesn’t only include Qing Xin’s people, as those from outside of the

city come to request medicine here as well. However, nobody is willing to bring us across the pool, so we can't retrieve the medicine..."

There was a written account of the ancient people: In order to quell the Scarlet Dragon's anger, the villagers had to remove all of the Black Lantern leaves blocking the mouths of teapots so it could pour out this body-relaxing and invigorating tea.

"What does that mean? All of the teapots in the village were blocked up by tea leaves?" Huang Qiao Yi asked.

"As if there's even a Scarlet Dragon; do you really believe the words of the ancient people?" Zhou Lun Yu replied.

It looked like he'd decided not to finish what he was originally going to say. Although he'd requested help, he clearly hadn't given any definite reason yet.

"Speaking of the ancient people, they said that the Black Lantern's effects included relaxing the muscles, recuperating the soul, increasing one's vital energy, and improving blood circulation?" Duan He asked. "I do indeed feel like the tea is very soothing to the body and mind, but increasing one's vital energy and improving blood circulation....I've never sensed any such capabilities from the tea whenever I drank it. I don't think my qi and blood have ever flowed more smoothly after drinking it."

"Do you really believe the words of the ancient people?"

Zhou Lun Yu asked again, sending everyone into a long period of silence.

"But I still have a question," Meng Ming said.

"What?"

"Zhou Lun Yu, what brand of shampoo do you use?"

None of your business...! Zhou Lun Yu ignored him.

Seeing Zhou Lun Yu pay him no mind, Meng Ming turned to ask Duan He, "I have another question. Sister Duan He, how did you get a score as miraculous as 51.5 points on the math exam?" Meng Ming asked another completely unrelated question.

"That's a secret." Duan He replied with her eyes closed.

"Hypnotizing the proctor? The students? Or perhaps the graders?"

"Just go to sleep!" Duan He suddenly opened her eyes and stared straight at Meng Ming. He gracefully garbled out a few notes before immediately collapsing on the car's seat and falling asleep.

Qing Xin City wasn't large, and it had few skyscrapers. As the sky gradually darkened, many surrounding windows began to light up. Every night, the place with the most intense lighting was a three-story building. Its second and third levels already had their lights on, and the

glow was brighter than those shining from the surrounding windows. This made it an extremely eye-catching sight. The lights on the first level were always on, regardless of whether it was day or night outside. These lights were on in order to display the black words on the white signboard outside of the building—Bozmann Clinic.

“Hey, Brother.”

A sentence of fluent English without any hint of a Chinese accent was heard. The speaker was a young man with Western features.

He and his older brother were currently energetically riding bikes, and talking as they pedaled.

“Brother, you still need to go to school tomorrow, so I’ll go to Father’s place to borrow the book.”

“Whatever you say, as long as there are no patients.”

These brothers looked quite similar to each other. In terms of age, the older brother looked a bit like a college student.

“Alright,” the younger brother said. “There’s quite a bit of homework these days, so even if there are no patients...”

“OK, we’ll talk about it more after we get home.”

The two bikes suddenly turned left, arriving at the building with the

brightest lights. They didn't slow down, and were just about to lean towards a spot before a car suddenly rushed straight towards them head-on from the road on the left! The car lights instantly flashed, and both the bikes and the car swerved to different sides, coming to complete stops.

They'd almost collided.

Amazing, to think we'd encounter this kind of car... [Younger brother]

The driver seems to be a girl too. [Older brother]

"It's ok, it's ok..." Inside the car, Huang Qiao Yi sighed in relief.

"Little Qiao, you must be tired, it's been 1.5 hours already..."

"This building's lighting is too bright, so I can't see the road clearly," Huang Qiao Yi explained. "Do you think we should go apologize to them? Hm...?"

Huang Qiao Yi realized that the two in front of them were actually foreigners.

"They're foreigners. Brother Meng Ming...it's best if you help go check them out." Huang Qiao Yi hadn't had much contact with foreigners before, so she wasn't very confident in dealing with them.

When Meng Ming looked outside, he saw that the two people were

indeed foreigners with light-colored hair.

"Isn't it precisely because you saw that the lights here were bright that you came to find a path..." Meng Ming tossed this comment at her before opening the door to get out of the car.

"Hello, are you ok?" Meng Ming asked the two brothers in English.

"We're ok, what about your side?" The older brother found it strange when he saw Meng Ming's appearance; how could a Chinese person this young be able to speak such authentic English? In addition to the fact that the car looked pretty advanced, he felt that these people didn't seem much like students.

"It should be ok," Meng Ming looked back, inspecting their surroundings as well. "Sorry, we didn't know that bikes would suddenly appear, and we ended up on the wrong path."

"Ah, it's no big deal," the older brother replied politely. "We also hadn't expected this, so we didn't slow down when we turned the corner."

Both sides were fine, and the matter was resolved just like that.

"My name is Zhuge Meng Ming." Meng Ming announced his name; in any case, it wasn't like anyone would recognize him in this kind of place.

"Sean Bozmann," the older brother said. He then stretched out a hand towards his younger brother, "This is my younger brother, Thomas."

"Bozmann? Oh..." Meng Ming looked up at the building next to him. The black words written on that white signboard already indicated where these two lived. Meng Ming said, "Doctors? Nice to meet you."

"No, no, we're both students," the older brother said. Although he used English, these words seemed to be spoken in a Chinese manner.

Since they were all students, Meng Ming didn't bother maintaining polite pretenses anymore. "Then, can I ask...do you guys know how to get to the Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Shop? Ha, the male classmate that was giving us directions randomly left just now, and told us to go find our own way. Who knows what he's thinking...we saw that the lights here were particularly bright, so we thought it'd be near here."

When the two Bozmann brothers heard 'Qing Xiu Hall,' they started.

"Eh...we know." Sean told him, "It's not far, just head east for four streets."

Meng Ming thanked him and got back into the car. Huang Qiao Yi and Duan He had thought an argument would break out; they hadn't imagined that the situation would be resolved so easily.

"They really just let us go like that? Foreigners are really too easy to speak to. They're not as narrow-minded as some other people..." Huang Qiao Yi sighed in relief.

Duan He replied, "The fact that this place has foreigners is strange.



During the last part of your conversation, I couldn't help but feel that there was something fishy...are they really the benevolent type?"

"They should be. I've seen quite a few foreigners...and I feel that those two must definitely be good people," Meng Ming said.

Before passing Bozmann Clinic, Zhou Lun Yu had declared that he'd get off, and had done exactly that. He'd already arrived at the place he was most anxious to visit. —It was a two story building, and he was currently in a pitch-black room on the second floor.

"How are you?" Zhou Lun Yu didn't turn on any lights, and asked this question in the darkness.

A male was lying on a bed like a sick person; it was Zhou Lun Yu's distant relative. There was nobody taking care of him. Zhou Lun Yu groped around in the dark to grab a chair, and lightly dragged it over to sit at the bedside.

"Mm, I'm fine." The voice coming from the male on the bed wasn't the least bit weak.

"Don't worry, November has already arrived. This time, I'll go to the mountain and gather the Yilan root," Zhou Lun Yu said.

This distant relative was called Qiao Shun Zhi. He had just turned 18 years old this year, and was currently a college examinee, as well as Zhou Lun Yu's senior.

"Thank you, but during the past two months that you were gone, the Scarlet Dragon still hasn't..."

"You know I don't believe in that." Zhou Lun Yu interrupted before Qiao Shun Zhi had finished speaking, and prevented the topic from being brought up again. "You're already in your last year of high school. If you continue on like this, how will you attend the exam? It doesn't matter how others try to obstruct me, I'll definitely cross the pool."

Qiao Shun Zhi knew that trying to persuade Zhou Lun Yu otherwise would be of no use. A few months ago, when Zhou Lun Yu had still been in Qing Xin, he had spent his entire time diligently trying to come up with ways to break the superstition of the Scarlet Dragon.

Qiao Shun Zhi said, "If you still don't believe it...you should go check out the pool tonight. Grandpa Zhong tells me every day that it's still the same as it was before." The final thing he said before Zhou Lun Yu left was—

"The Scarlet Dragon's eyes are still flashing."

## Quiz 42: Night Visit to Scarlet Dragon Pool

The chance encounter just now had allowed the driving Huang Qiao Yi to quickly find Qing Xiu Hall.

There weren't many people in front of Qing Xiu Hall, and there were only a few motor vehicles stopped by the streetside. As there was no parking lot, they were unsure of where to park at first. Just as they were stumped, a shopkeeper happened to walk out of the hall and greeted them. He then gestured at them to park the car on a small road to the right.

After the three had gotten out of the car, the shopkeeper immediately said, "You're Zhou Lun Yu's classmates, right? Welcome, haha." He laughed foolishly and introduced himself, "My last name is Zhong, and I'm the shopkeeper of Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Store."

"Oh, Shopkeeper Zhong, hehe..." Meng Ming's smile was somewhat dark. "There's a question that I've always wanted to ask, but Zhou Lun Yu was never willing to give an answer."

"Please ask away."

"What shampoo does he use?"

.....

Before they'd even entered the hall, Meng Ming had already started

fooling around. This put Shopkeeper Zhong at a loss for words. He could only reply, "Ahaha, you little rascal, you're pretty sharp. Come on then, please enter."

The silly exchange easily pushed away troublesome matters.

The hall was rather large, and, while there were quite a few night lights placed within, it still had a dusky appearance. Shopkeeper Zhong apologized and said that this place didn't usually have anyone come at night, so he could only invite them to rest in the hall to wait for Zhou Lun Yu to return. Afterwards, shopkeeper Zhong personally went to the front counter to steep the famous tea.

Soon afterwards, three cups of Black Lantern tea were brought over. Meng Ming immediately recalled their discussion in the car, and inspected the tea leaves. He asked, "The teapot and tea leaves all look normal. Shopkeeper Zhong, do you know of the Scarlet Dragon Pool?"

Shopkeeping Zhong said that he did.

Meng Ming asked directly, "Then you know that in order to quell the Scarlet Dragon's anger, one must 'retrieve all of the Black Lantern leaves blocking up the mouths of teapots. Infusing it will relax the body and soothe the mind'. What does this mean?"

Shopkeeper Zhong shook his head, and brought the teapot over for everyone to see.

He said, "I don't know about that. I've tried before to use Black Lantern leaves and block the teapot mouth, and even filled the entire teapot with the leaves. It seemed like...it had been to no avail."

Meng Ming took the teapot and carefully inspected it, but he didn't find anything in particular. The tea leaves were very normal, and didn't have any special effects.

Duan He took a sip of the tea and closed her eyes. After wholeheartedly experiencing it, she said, "It relaxes muscles and the mind, as well as improves blood circulation...drinking it does indeed give a very comfortable feeling. However, I don't think it's able to fill the body with vitality." She'd originally thought that tasting Black Lantern tea here at Qing Xin would be different from drinking it in Lin Xian, but the reality wasn't so. She was slightly disappointed.

"Hmph, didn't I say already? There's no reason to believe the words of the ancient people. You guys really thought that they were true?" Zhou Lun Yu stepped into the hall. "No point in dawdling around here. If you're interested, we might as well go to the Dragon Pool to check it out. — Those two so-called Scarlet Dragon's eyes are a pretty impressive sight."

Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Store was technically Zhou Lun Yu's home. Although the place was large, there weren't many people at all. Judging from the color of the sky, it wasn't that late yet. Zhou Lun Yu greeted Shopkeeper Zhong, and asked him to help prepare something in the room. He said that he'd bring his classmates on a night visit to Scarlet Dragon Pool.

Mt. Qing Xiu wasn't far, but Scarlet Dragon Pool was at a pretty high elevation, halfway up the mountain.

They had sat through a whole day of classes, and ridden in a car for 1.5 hours, which had been tiring enough. However, since Zhou Lun Yu hadn't visited the mountain in several months, he felt that it was still best to check for any discoveries. "If you guys don't want to come, then you don't have to."

"I'll go." Meng Ming placed down his tea cup and said, "I'm very interested in the eyes of that legend!"

"But...." Duan He pointed at Huang Qiao Yi beside her. Huang Qiao Yi was currently sprawled across the table, fast asleep with her hand still gripping her tea cup. "Drinking this tea makes you immediately relax and feel sleepy. If it really did effectively boost vitality, Little Qiao wouldn't have slept so easily..."

"Grandpa Zhong will bring her to rest, those that want to come, follow me," Zhou Lun Yu said, turning around to leave Qing Xiu Hall's door.

Meng Ming stood up, "Is Sister Duan He also coming?"

"Of course," Duan He said.

Around 9, three figures appeared on the long and narrow path in Mt. Qing Xiu.

This was the start of Qing Xin's winter season, so the wind blowing from the side was slightly chilly. The stone steps were uneven, and there were all types of weeds growing along the side of the road. There were also

some rusty chain handrails that had been renovated multiple times that appeared in front of their eyes. The moonlight gradually turned brighter, rising higher. The trees appeared more listless, and dead leaves covered the stone steps. If this place didn't feel like a deserted forest, perhaps it would've been more like a tourist scenic spot.

"Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Store," Duan He suddenly said. "Is also your home?"

Zhou Lun Yu nodded.

Ever since Duan He had first entered Qing Xin, she'd felt that the atmosphere was somehow off. However, Zhou Lun Yu had never clearly told everyone what was going on.

Just as she was about to speak, Meng Ming interjected, "It's not just because the medicines can't be retrieved that the Medicine Store is on the verge of closing down, right? Zhou Lun Yu, isn't there something else?"

Meng Ming helped ask the question for her.

Zhou Lun Yu knew that he'd have to tell them everything eventually, and saw that this was a pretty good time to do so. After a bit, he said: "Qing Xiu Hall was always known far and wide as a famous Medicine Store. Due to its existence, no public hospital in Qing Xin is in service. My parents' generation all went out to do medicine, leaving my older brother behind to take care of Qing Xiu Hall and use his status as a member of my family to take care of patients. My older brother's medical expertise was already enough for him to be completely independent."

Meng Ming interrupted again, "Then you as well?"

"I only know some basics about the body's meridians, not really anything about medicine." Zhou Lun Yu was annoyed by the interruption, and continued, "My older brother's name is Qiao Shun Zhi. He's already in his last year of high school, and will be taking the college entrance exam next year. However, starting from the beginning of this year, he's had a disease all the way up until now."

"What sickness does he have for even Qing Xiu Hall to be unable to cure him?"

"His facial skin cannot come into contact with UV rays. In other words, he can't go out under the sunlight. Because of this, he's unable to continue studying," Zhuo Lun Yu said. "This disease is something we've seen before, and are able to cure. However, it requires a famous and valuable medicinal ingredient on Mt. Qing Xiu—Yilan root."

At this point, a hint of breathlessness could be heard in Zhou Lun Yu's voice. "This kind of medicine doesn't exist anywhere else, this is the only place. But we just happened to be lacking supplies at that time, so we had to collect it by crossing the pool on the mountain. This was also when people began spreading rumors of the pool's Scarlet Dragon's fury, and told us not to cross over it no matter what. I obviously didn't believe in such things, and thus returned from Lin Xian. In the end, I also saw..."

"A dragon?"

"Mhm. That pair of red eyes constantly swimming about."



The air felt colder and colder.

Zhou Lun Yu said, "Even though I saw them, I still don't believe it. However, at that time, there was no longer anyone willing to bring me across the pool. I understood well that someone definitely wanted to harm Qiao Shun Zhi, and had purposely created this whole situation, inciting panic among the citizens as well."

Meng Ming interjected again, "Harm him? They wanted to crush Qing Xiu Hall?"

Once there were no longer medicinal ingredients available, Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Store would be unable to operate as usual. After over half a year, many patients that couldn't obtain cures would be forced to turn to other places and request for treatment. If this was really the case, Meng Ming's and Duan He's first reactions were the private clinic they'd encountered just earlier—Bozmann Clinic.

"That's not necessarily true, since Qing Xiu Hall can't be oppressed so easily. Back then, I went to investigate Qing Xin's number one junior high school where Qiao Shun Zhi studied, and learned about someone that wanted to harm him. He's definitely a C-type. I think his true objective..." Zhou Lun Yu lowered his head and slowly spat out, "...is the sole enrollment space for Qing Xin students to attend the Provincial University of Medicine."

As they traveled deeper into the mountain, the amount of plants began to lessen a bit, but the brightness level didn't increase. The moonlight was slowly being concealed by the clouds and mist on Mt. Qing Xiu. Whenever it managed to reflect off the ground, it revealed soft and moist soil.

"We're almost there, look on the right," Zhou Lun Yu reminded. "That's Mt. Qing Xiu Waterfall."

They discovered that they were currently standing next to a small pond. The rocky cliffs around them stretched high up in the air and leveled off. The corners all had quite a bit of green-colored moss growing on them.

"Waterfall?" Meng Ming found it strange. This whole time, he hadn't even heard the sound of water. Yet now he was suddenly told that there was a waterfall, yet he couldn't actually see it.

"The waterfall is over 100 meters tall, and the source it flows down from is the Scarlet Dragon Pool. If we continue walking upward, we'll reach Scarlet Dragon Pool," Zhou Lun Yu said.

"Where exactly is the water?" Meng Ming nagged incessantly.

Duan He explained, "It's November right now, so Scarlet Dragon Pool's water level has dropped; thus, the waterfall has also stopped flowing."

The leading Zhou Lun Yu said, "Almost there. Scarlet Dragon? Hmph..."

After stepping over the last step, they arrived at a crude, man-made cement platform. When one raised their head, they'd see a vast pool. In the distance, it could be seen that its water was entrapped on two sides by towering cliffs, leading directly to the mountain peak. One couldn't see any moonlight when looking upwards, but the moonlight shone through the clouds, gradually illuminating the entire surface of the pool.

This area was Mt. Qing Xiu's Scarlet Dragon Pool. Although it was nighttime, the two visitors were still deeply drawn into this enchanting scene.

There were descending steps ahead. Zhou Lun Yu first stepped over the platform, and then continued walking downwards.

He said, "Normally, one would be able to reach the waterside just by walking down a few steps. Now that the water level has dropped, one must walk down several meters to reach it. The dock is also down there."

The elevation here was still pretty high, and the chilliness around them increased. The trees surrounding the area were sparse, and there were some private speedboats tied by coarse ropes next to the dock. When one stood on the dock and looked straight at the waters underneath the moon, one could see the hazy fog in the distance.

Zhou Lun Yu never stopped staring straight ahead, and didn't speak for a long time. His gaze was locked on the space between the two cliffs, on the thick fog diffusing through the air atop the water.

"Look," He said. "Also...what kind of natural phenomenon is this exactly...!"

Meng Ming and Duan He stood behind him, looking out in the same direction.

They suddenly discovered that, in the distant waters between the cliffs, there was indeed a dragon swimming about! —Those two blurry, flashing red glows moving about in the fog were constantly and slowly gliding underneath the water. Although the dragon's body couldn't be clearly seen, its dazzling pair of eyes would fly from one end to the other, and occasionally return in a circle. The two eyes never once split apart. It was certain that there wasn't anything like a boat atop the water.

"What exactly..." Meng Ming didn't dare to believe that he'd actually seen two endlessly swimming red eyes!

Was it a natural phenomenon, or was it man-made?!

"You only see it at night? It's not there in the daytime?" Duan He asked.

"Of course. There's sunlight in the daytime, so how could you see any light within the fog?"

Meng Ming tossed out a suggestion, "It's probably some people pulling tricks on the opposite shore."

"That's impossible." Zhou Lun Yu walked up next to some boats, and

counted a total of six. "There are only six boats, and they all have owners. Without a boat, it's impossible to cross the pool. You must not even think of swimming; although there aren't any fish in the pool, the mud at the bottom..." He pointed next to the dock at the silt revealed by the shallow waters. "A single step into it will cause you to get trapped, and nobody will be able to save you. Moreover, that side of the pool is very dangerous. The fog is also thick, so you can't randomly stay there whenever you want."

They hadn't imagined that Scarlet Dragon Pool would be such a frightening pool.

"That means...that tea?"

"Grows in the silt on the opposite shore," Zhou Lun Yu said. "Humans can't go to collect it. It requires the use of red threads or some other kind of tool."

They all watched the red glows with a feeling that its existence was completely unfathomable. They'd come here to solve this kind of superstition? Zhou Lun Yu had mentioned that, as long as others believed it was fake, they'd be able to cross the pool. Duan He asked, "Zhou Lun Yu, you said before that the Provincial University of Medicine only accepts one person from Qing Xin. Does that mean that Qiao Shun Zhi had been planning on applying to this college?"

Zhou Lun Yu nodded, "That's right. His grades in Qing Xin are one of the best. As long as he takes the test, he'll definitely get in. Moreover, there aren't many that apply to that college, so as long as we investigate his few rivals...."

"Wait." Meng Ming interrupted once again. "Didn't you say just now that his medical expertise was already enough for him to take charge? Why does he still need to get into college?"

Both Zhou Lun Yu and Duan He immediately looked at Meng Ming with degrading looks for a long time. Meng Ming could only stare back blankly, with a vague feeling that their gazes held scorn...

"Are you dumb? If you don't graduate from college, who would come ask you to treat them?" [Duan He]

"This whole time, Qiao Shun Zhi's patients were all other people's patients. He'd hide in a room and use the suspended red threads to feel their pulses and determine their condition," Zhou Lun Yu explained. "The patients all thought that some other person was seeing the patient..."

The sound of a tree branch snapping came from behind them, shattering the night's silence.

"Someone's there?!" The three of them immediately turned around to look. There was indeed a figure standing behind a semi-thick tree trunk!

They'd been tailed?!

"They followed us...?"

Too suspicious! Zhou Lun Yu and Meng Ming both began to charge over. Realizing their location had been revealed, the black figure hurriedly began to flee towards the forest.

There was a pretty large distance between the two parties. In addition to the current time of the day, Zhou Lun Yu and Meng Ming would easily lose the suspicious figure if they didn't increase their speed!"

"Vacuum Whip!" Zhou Lun Yu's right hand waved to materialize a weapon, wanting to bind the person's feet. The black figure was very nimble, dodging behind a tree so that the Vacuum Whip wrapped around the tree instead. Now! Zhou Lun Yu suddenly yanked the whip back hard, cutting the entire tree in half!

"Flaming Arrow!"

Before the black figure could react, the tree had collapsed, and a burning branch suddenly flew over and burned his clothes!

It was amazing coordination born of mutual understanding. Their target was now clearly within sight!

Riiiip, the black figure suddenly ripped off the burning cloth and tossed it to the side, and continued to race towards the forest.

The inside of the forest was dangerous, so they could only stop their pursuit.

They'd only just come to look at Scarlet Dragon Pool, yet someone had followed them?! Meng Ming went over to extinguish the burning cloth

that had been ripped off, and gave it to the others to look at.

“What kind of clothing is this cloth from? Have you seen it before?”  
Duan He asked.

Zhou Lun Yu took the cloth and rubbed it, raising it to inspect it under the light for a while as well. He finally said, “As expected...”

He showed the cloth to everyone, then looked back at the red glow in the Dragon Pool. “That person just now saved us from quite a bit of work. This cloth...is the uniform from Qiao Shun Zhi’s school—Qing Xin Central High.



## Quiz 43: Infiltrating Qing Xin Central High

When they'd woken up the next morning, it was already past 9, and the sun's rays were bright. Huang Qiao Yi had prepared breakfast early in the morning, and called everyone to eat.

Zhou Lun Yu had originally planned to investigate all three of the major schools in Qing Xin, which is why he'd needed so many people to help him. But now, his target had already been set—Qing Xin Central High.

To Zhou Lun Yu, Qing Xin Central High had been the main target in the first place. Qiao Shun Zhi had studied there before, so there were obviously more people there that knew of his situation. In addition, this school's college admittance rate was much higher than the other two's.

"Search for: Qiao Shun Zhi's greatest competitive rival for the college entrance exam." It was obvious that only those that had the same ability to get into that college would be able to do something like this!

"But...investigate a school? Schools normally don't let outsiders in, so how do we investigate?"

"Today is Saturday, but the third years still have remedial classes. I've already prepared everything. As long as we pretend to be students there, we can directly enter when the school gates open in the afternoon." Zhou Lun Yu took out a bag of clothing, "These were distributed by my school back when I'd returned to Qing Xin at the beginning of the year."

It was Zhou Lun Yu's uniform from Qing Xin Central High! There were a

total of 3 sets, and they were obviously only the male uniform. Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu's physiques weren't that different, so Meng Ming didn't have any problems with putting it on.

Seeing this clothing, Huang Qiao Yi suddenly also wanted to go look around the school. Duan He chuckled, "Then go in dressed up as a male."

"Stop fooling around." Zhou Lun Yu said. "Getting caught for infiltrating the school isn't a joke. L-types should just stay behind and do their homework."

"Putting that aside first," Duan He asked. "Weren't you going to visit Qiao Shun Zhi's place in the morning to ask for exact details about the situation?"

Zhou Lun Yu thought about this for a bit. "I've asked him before. Based on his words, I'd suspected some people originally. But I don't know these students, so I can't say anything for sure. If I meet them today...then perhaps I'll be able to confirm."

He picked up the burnt cloth from yesterday. I must really thank him for shrinking our search range by so much.

Qiao Shun Zhi lived in a room on the second floor. This place was only several hundred meters away from Qing Xiu Hall. After going upstairs, they were met with complete darkness.

The window curtains were very thick, and the doors and windows were

all firmly locked, too. There really was no way for light to shine through.

Zhou Lun Yu pushed open the door and led his schoolmates in. He told Qiao Shun Zhi that they were just casually dropping by and would leave soon. Qiao Shun Zhi still sat up to talk to them. After some short conversations, Qiao Shun Zhi could only remember their names without knowing what they looked like. In this kind of place, it was hard to tell who was speaking unless one listened carefully.

"Oh? Are you all C-types?"

"Pretty much. But one girl is like you, an L-type."

"Haha, it doesn't matter what kind of students they are, I welcome them all. My name is Qiao Shun Zhi."

"Does this mean that Qiao Shun Zhi always stays here and never goes outside?"

"I can go take walks deep at night, but I still wear a cover." It seemed that Qiao Shun Zhi used the red threads to aid him with normal movements and to guide him as he walked.

"That's right. You brought up several people from your class before. Can you say anything more specific about them?" Zhou Lun Yu asked.

"My class? There were only 2...that meant to apply to the college entrance exam."

"They have to have around the same grades as you."

"Then it's only him. But...you want to suspect him? That's absolutely impossible."

"Who?"

"That foreigner, Sean Bozmann."

Him? Several people recalled their encounter with him before in front of the Bozmann Clinic.

He doesn't seem like a bad person.

"He can't possibly do anything on purpose, he's an L-type." Qiao Shun Zhi earnestly said to everyone, "I've known him since the first year of senior high. At that time, he was a third year, and we were extremely close. He always aspired to test into Provincial University of Medicine. But, regretfully, aside from chemistry, he wasn't doing very well in other subjects, and flunked for two years straight. In the end, we ended up being the same year. This ought to be his third time taking the exam."

"He repeated twice? And he still plans to test for that place?"

"Yes, because...we agreed on it before." Qiao Shun Zhi's voice gradually began to tremble, "Back when I was a first year and he was a third year, our friendship was already pretty deep. We're both learning medicine,

and have the same aspiration: Provincial University of Medicine.”

The atmosphere was silent as Qiao Shun Zhi slowly exhaled. He then continued, “We had made an agreement once that we’d have to meet again at that university, and continue to stay in contact there.”

Yet Sean was constantly re-testing?! In order to get into the agreed school, he remained diligent. But this time, he was the same grade as Qiao Shun Zhi, and that university only recruited one person...in that case...

“I can only go up against him. Fate is really peculiar...” Qiao Shun Zhi said. “Despite this, I believe that he is still respecting our agreement. I am, too.”

Qiao Shun Zhi suddenly realized that the atmosphere around him had become depressing. He hurriedly changed the mood and said, “Like I said, he’s definitely an L-type. From his family, he inherited techniques to manufacture medicines. These techniques are extremely exquisite, and he can definitely open his own business with it. Yet he still repeated two years, and eventually ended up becoming the same year as me.” He bitterly smiled and said, “During these several years that Sean has studied in China for, he’s never lost to anyone in chemistry, except for me.”

“What do you mean? Like exam grades?”

“Not just exam grades, lab showdowns as well.” Qiao Shun Zhi could tell that they still didn’t quite understand, and told them, “After your second and third years, you’ll be witnessing quite a few science-

specialized students having lab showdowns. Sean's hands-on ability is very strong. I've only gone against him once, and that resulted in a dangerous victory on my part with a purity 0.382% higher than his...That's why, I later suggested that he return to his country to study medicine. A future there would be much better than one from studying in China, and there'd be no need to mingle with us college examinees. But he was very determined, and was set on entering Provincial University of Medicine."

Sean did that just for that agreement?!

.....

In the end, Zhou Lun Yu told Qiao Shun Zhi about what had happened at the Scarlet Dragon Pool the previous night. When Qiao Shun Zhi heard this, he was completely flabbergasted. Everyone else exchanged a few short sentences before leaving. But this time, the discussion had cleared up quite a few matters.

They wanted to suspect Sean? Qiao Shun Zhi had already clearly pointed out that Sean was a hard-working L-type. Zhou Lun Yu still felt that the more this was the case, the more it needed to be checked out. — In short, the plans wouldn't be changed.

If he wants to go, then he should just go. Yet Zhou Lun Yu insists on finding some insufficient excuse.... [Meng Ming]

"The third years' specialized classes are in the afternoon. There's only one chemistry class. We can go in and take a look before discussing anything further." This was the reason behind Zhou Lun Yu preparing three sets of uniforms.

"Sorry." Duan Hu interjected. "Actually...I just thought of a place I would like to check out. How about having Little Qiao accompany you guys in the afternoon?"

"What joke are you trying to pull, this should be your first time coming to Qing Xin." Zhou Lun Yu couldn't understand why she'd suddenly want to visit some place, and was even more unwilling to mess up any of the original plans. "Even if you don't go, we can't let an L-type tag along."

"Doesn't Little Qiao really want to go? Just let her follow you then, it's not a big deal." Duan He's words seem to hint that she insisted on Little Qiao going.

At that time, Huang Qiao Yi looked at Zhou Lun Yu from behind with eyes filled with anticipation. Zhou Lun Yu could feel the gaze of fierce desire coming from behind him.

What is she doing, declaring she won't go last minute. Girls are really troublesome. Feeling the gaze behind him grow stronger and stronger, Zhou Lun Yu hurriedly said to Huang Qiao Yi without turning his back, "Alright, alright. You'll have to stick tight, and don't forget to do your hair up. You can't make any sound either."

Because the third year was split into specialized subjects, the entire

grade took classes together according to the subjects chosen by the students. That's why all of the students from various classes that would end up taking the chemistry college exam would gather in the same classroom. Zhou Lun Yu had attended Qing Xin Central High before, and he had already completely grasped the layout of the school. They went through the plans to infiltrate the school.

The first step was to calmly and naturally walk in through the front gates. Given that they wore the school uniform, the school's gate guards wouldn't deny their entrance.

The second step was to enter Room 511 on the fifth floor of the building. According to Qiao Shun Zhi, this was the third year's chemistry classroom. There were probably around 50 students, so it'd be easy to mingle in for the sake of their cause.

The third step was to stay in the class for the entire afternoon. In addition, there would definitely be class exercises assigned. They had to keep their eyes focused on the students' movements, and refer to the teacher's responses and his evaluations of the students during class. That way, they'd definitely be able to find the C-type.

A bit past 2 in the afternoon, Qing Xin Central High's school gates opened! Three fake third year students wearing male uniforms and carrying backpacks walked up to the gates.

When they looked into the reception room at the entrance of Qing Xin Central High, they saw that there was only one guard! He also had a very languid appearance, and was currently watering the single vased plant on the window ledge. Thus, the three prepared themselves...



Just go in. [Meng Ming]

Entering the school is very easy, the troubling place isn't here. [Zhou Lun Yu]

..... [Huang Qiao Yi]

They raised their bags and lifted their legs, about to cross through the gates. They had originally been certain that there wouldn't be a problem, but the moment they stepped through the gates, a frightening sound suddenly came from behind them—

"Freeze."

Fear shook their hearts, but their reactions were sharp. They completely ignored these words, and quickened their pace towards the inside of the school!

"Hey! I said wait a moment!"

A male wearing the Qing Xin Central High uniform blocked them, and lowered his head as he asked, "I say, are you guys third years?" Huang Qiao Yi immediately turned her face away to the side, trying to avoid being recognized as a female.

The guard that had been focused on watering the flowers just now suddenly heard this voice. He hurriedly placed his watering pot down

and turned to look at them.

"Of course we are." Meng Ming calmly replied.

"No, that's not right! I don't recall ever seeing you guys!" The male said confidently, "I know all the male students in our year!"

Now way, how did we encounter this kind of person as soon as we entered...

"Please, don't just go around running your mouth." Zhou Lun Yu retorted at Meng Ming. "We're clearly second years, yet you're pretending to be a third year."

The second years also had to take a remedial lesson over the weekend. He wanted to quickly get away from this sharp person.

"That makes even less sense!" The male student that was blocking them refused to let them go. "The second years don't take their class until tomorrow!"

Ah? [Zhou Lun Yu]

Oi, do you actually understand the situation?! [Meng Ming]

"Right now, only third years are allowed to enter the school!" The male student said.

As they were speaking, the guard had already stood up and begun walking over. Both parties were still speaking, completely overlooking the guard's approach.

"Hey, what's going on?" The guard questioned.

The guard's sudden appearance completely alarmed the three of them. Just as the male student was about to speak to the guard, an idea flashed through Zhou Lun Yu's mind. He loudly spoke first, "Brother Guard," he said as he pointed at the strange male student. "He said that he placed a minor explosive in the reception room's vase to tease you. He was telling us to wait here and watch the show."

"What?!" The guard was shocked.

Just as the male student was about to deny it, Zhou Lun Yu's finger secretly twitched. The sound of the reception room's vase shattering immediately followed.

Hearing this, everyone in the vicinity turned to look towards the reception room. The guard's mind froze, and that male student was even more taken aback! Just as he was about to explain, a large hand heavily pressed down on him. "Don't run!" The guard fiercely clutched the male student's hand and dragged him towards the reception room.

"Hey! I'm innocent!"

"You brat, get in here!" [Guard]

"Let's leave quickly!" Huang Qiao Yi was already beyond frightened, and was the first to run into the math building.

"Getting somebody else to do your dirty work. Did you already have this prepared?" [Meng Ming]

"Hmph, it was originally just for the guard. I hadn't imagined I'd be able to drive away two people at once." [Zhou Lun Yu]

Taking advantage of this chance, they practically bounded to the fifth floor of the math building. According to the standard numbering system, they easily found Room 511. It was a very normal room, with over 60 seats. They just managed to find spots to hide. There were quite a few students inside already. A middle-aged female teacher also stood at the front, preparing to teach the class.

"There are already so many students here...are you certain this is the chemistry classroom?" [Meng Ming]

"There's no mistake, let's go in." [Zhou Lun Yu]

They found empty seats in the back row and sat down. Meng Ming sat on the left, Zhou Lun Yu sat on the right, and the cross-dressed Huang Qiao Yi was stuck in the middle. They took out the class materials and notebooks to put on an act as they whispered to each other while waiting for class to start.

"If you don't do anything too eye-catching, the teacher shouldn't be able to discover us."

"But haven't we forgotten something?"

"What?"

"Isn't Sean in this class? Why haven't I seen anyone with light colored hair?"

"That's right, where is he?"

The class bell unyieldingly rang. The students in the classroom all sat down properly in their seats. The teacher also puffed out her chest and picked up a piece of chalk, prepared to begin.

"Oi! Did you make a mistake somewhere? Is this place the chemistry classroom or not?"

"How would I know! There shouldn't be a mistake!"

"Realizing now won't do anything, we no longer have the time to run!"

At that moment, the teacher standing in the front firmly declared, "Student Sean, how many times have I told you? This place isn't the same as your country, being tardy isn't allowed!"

They looked over at the door, and saw a male student with light colored hair standing at the door. He said, with very standard Mandarin, "Aiya, I'm very sorry. When I thought of how I'd meet you, the honorable teacher, today, I was so excited that I couldn't help but relish in that thought for a bit at home, which ended up holding up some time. Please, may I go to my seat?"

"What's he doing? Making us think we'd gone to the wrong place..."

"Comparable to our class's Shi Yun..."

"That's right, we've met him before. He was the one that had made an agreement with Qiao Shun Zhi, as well as being his competitor—Sean Bozmann."

Duan He, who'd left the rest of the group, had gone alone to the place she'd wanted to investigate. Relying on her memories of the previous night, she found this bright place. When she lifted her head, she could see those glowing black words on the white signboard: Bozmann Clinic.

## Quiz 44: The Minor Classroom Matter

There's only one bike parked outside the door. No matter what, I need to first confirm how many people are inside.

Duan He walked into the clinic, and saw a middle-aged male foreigner sitting at the front desk in doctor's attire. He was currently writing something in a notebook. Seeing someone pay a visit, the man politely invited her to sit, and used Chinese to ask her if she needed any help.

Duan He quickly scanned the surroundings. There were only two examination tables, a few chairs, and a suspension rack. There was also a small pharmacy inside. The table had a fountain pen and a computer monitor place on top, as well as a photo frame in the deepest corner.

It's a family photo. There's two golden-haired children, the father, who's a doctor, and the mother...

"Ah, I..." Duan He sat in front of the doctor and immediately said, "My eyes always feel tired, and they've also become bloodshot. I might also have puffiness under my eyes as well."

These were lies.

The doctor glanced at her face and asked, "Sorry, can you remove your makeup? I would like to check the area around your eyes. There's a sink and paper towels over there." He pointed at the area next to the pharmacy.

Duan He agreed, and stood up to walk to the sink. She continued her act and asked, "Are you here alone, Doctor?"

"No," the doctor's guard wasn't up at all as he replied. "I have two sons. The older one went to class, and the younger one is upstairs."

That is to say, there's only two of them here right now. Duan He used water to wipe clean the area around her eyes, and thought: Then it'll be easy to handle. She picked up a paper towel and lightly wiped her face, before covering her eyes with it and turning around to walk back to her seat. When the doctor walked over to continue his examination, Duan He suddenly dropped the paper towel to reveal her eyes!

In that instant, the doctor's consciousness was stolen away by Duan He's pupils.

Alright. Sit properly, and please honestly answer my questions. [Duan He]

The doctor obediently sat down. But, unexpectedly, right after giving that suggestion, the thuds of running could be heard as a male ran down from the stairs, "Dad, I still need that book..."

What bad timing. Duan He immediately changed her command! Use English to tell him that you're currently busy, and to return back in an hour.

"Thomas, I'm currently looking at a patient. You go up first, and you can do whatever in an hour," the doctor absent-mindedly said.



"Oh..." Thomas felt that something was off, but seeing that his father was currently peering intensely into the patient's eyes, he felt that he couldn't interrupt. After some hesitation, he finally ran back upstairs.

Right after having dealt with Thomas, another patient unexpectedly walked in through the door. "Doctor! I came back again, help me with my injection!"

What! Injection... Duan He was furious. She had admittedly forgotten that patients could still enter from the outside.

"Haha, this is the last shot." The patient placed a form down on the table and sat down on a chair, waiting for when the doctor was available.

So damn annoying....

Duan He thought of a couple of methods to deal with this:

Let the doctor give him the shot. But this would end up wasting her mental energy, and she might not be able to persevere for so long.

Personally give him the shot. She still needed to have the doctor in her grasp though, so this required quite a bit of energy as well.

Just chase him away. Dealing with two people spent just as much energy.

Then I'll just choose the most time-efficient method...you'd better obediently listen to me! Duan He turned around and fiercely glared at the patient, forcing him to slump into his chair and take a nap.

You can finally attend to me properly, Doctor. Duan He could finally concentrate entirely on the doctor. Having consumed so much energy, I can't last much longer...I'd better quickly ask about some things.

The third year classroom in Qing Xin Central High had a very heavy atmosphere. There was the threatening teacher at the front and the concentrated students in the classroom, and none of them had realized that another school's C-types were sitting at the back of the room. Their group used books and stationery to hide their faces as they all scanned the classroom, particularly at Sean sitting near the back.

The speech in the front had already gone on for 10 minutes, but none of the students showed any peculiar behavior. They only raised their heads to listen to the teacher, before burying their head once more to take notes, occasionally flipping through their books as well.

"Is there any use in us just coming to secretly listen to a class?" Meng Ming began to question their actions.

"Of course there is. The teacher can't possibly spend the entire afternoon talking by herself."

Eventually, after the teacher had repeatedly stressed the same content several times, some of the students began to show tiredness. This wasn't only because they'd spent all of their energy fiercely studying and memorizing for a week, but also because the teacher's words were all things that they'd heard numerous times before and had already grown cold and stale. Sean, in particular, was already beyond familiar with this information, seeing as he'd repeated for two years. It looked like he was

pretty much about to fall asleep.

The Lin Xian students were intruders, so they definitely didn't dare to doze off so easily. As time dragged on, they could tell that they were almost at their goal.

"Look, according to normal class rhythms, the teacher will soon come up with a way to stimulate the students' minds." [Zhou Lun Yu]

"You're pretty familiar with classroom education, huh." [Meng Ming]

"All Chinese students are..." [Huang Qiao Yi]

"Alright, next we'll do two problems." Their calculations were very accurate; the female teacher in the front prepared to give some class assignment to the students. Hearing this, the students all immediately, and uniformly, prepared their paper and pens like robots, their actions as orderly as marching soldiers.

"Will we also be like this in our third year...? [Huang Qiao Yi]

"We're C-types anyways, so there's no way we'd be like that..."

In just a moment, the problem was being projected onto a screen. Some students were copying the problem, others were rubbing their eyes, and some stared at it without moving their pens at all. Huang Qiao Yi stared at the problem, and then also smoothly wrote it down.

After the female teacher had displayed the question, she began to focus on the classroom's actions. "Hm? Am I hallucinating? It seems like there are some more students today..." The students were already numb to such boring jests, and only cared about writing the problem. None of them even bothered to look around. The teacher asked again, "Sean, why aren't you writing?"

Because Sean had been late and already wronged the teacher, the Lin Xian students all felt like a chance had arisen.

"My beloved and respected teacher," Sean stood up to say. "I've already done this question many times, it was a question from the final exam in the provincial standardized test five years ago.

"You can't do it again? ....Fine, then I'll ask you to come write it on the board. Let's see if you can write it from memory."

Sean really didn't want to, but, since the teacher had already told him to "write it from memory", he could only leisurely walk up to the front. He picked up a piece of white chalk, and, without even looking at the question, wrote the equations on the board.

"So, so amazing..." Huang Qiao Yi sighed in praise.

"Good thing we weren't asked to write it..." [Meng Ming]

"Even if I was asked to write it, I'd still be able to do it." [Zhou Lun Yu]

As Sean was writing beautiful English letters on the board, he would occasionally raise his head to look at the numbers in the problem. Like that, he easily finished the problem. He then looked up at the second problem. Just like before, he only skimmed it quickly before smiling and very confidently moving his chalk to write a new equation on the blackboard.

That fluent and swift answering made Huang Qiao Yi feel an indescribable admiration. She almost sighed out loud in astonishment—she didn't even know how to do the first problem! Of course, this was a third year question, and she was only in her first year. Sean's chalk smoothly wrote out row after row, and Huang Qiao Yi felt herself enjoying the graceful music coming from the problem-solving. But at the climax, the music piece suddenly stopped!

What?

He stopped?!

Sean suddenly seemed to have encountered a bottleneck.

The classroom's atmosphere grew heavier. Sean looked back at the problem on the screen, his eyebrows tightly knit together. The teacher at the front inwardly sniggered to herself; she had put a trap in the question!

Huang Qiao Yi immediately realized this. "This, this teacher used a technique to cause problems: 'Disrupting Mindset.'" She was very familiar with this kind of question.

"Disrupting Mindset?"

"What does that mean?"

Huang Qiao Yi wrote its definition on a piece of paper—

Disrupting Mindset: Students all do problems over and over again until they're familiar with them, so anyone can solve them. However, the teacher will suddenly change a minor detail that will completely change the solution process for the entire question! A tiny lapse can lead to a huge mistake. Those familiar with the original problem would all use their previous thought process to solve it, but that definitely won't lead to the correct answer. This kind of method to give out problems is pretty threatening to those L-types that trained with that kind of drilling, naval tactic strategy.

This question was one that Sean had done many times, which had led to his current thought process...

"What's wrong, Sean?" The teacher's female, sing-song voice resonated like that unfinished musical piece. "You can't do it?"

Sean faced the question he was unable to solve any further with a taut, helpless expression.

"Since you can't do it, would you like to invite another student to come try? There seems to be quite a few students here that can do it." A look at the teacher's face was enough for anyone to tell that she was clearly

doing this on purpose.

Sean didn't reply, and continued to think about this problem with his original method. He felt both tense and vexed...

"Class time is precious, don't waste it. Just now, you had said that you've done these kinds of questions many times, yet the result was?" The teacher finally found the chance to reprimand him, and her lecture didn't stop. "At your current state, can you still keep your place as first? Although Qiao Shun Zhi fell ill, the other students here are constantly improving. However, you have instead halted, without moving forward a single step. If any others come to compete against you, it wouldn't be strange if you lost at your current level."

It looks like there are quite a few people that come looking to compete against him. [Huang Qiao Yi]

After hearing the teacher's reprimands, Sean could no longer keep his calm.

"Don't think I can't write it...!" He forcefully spat out. His left hand then reached into his pocket, taking advantage of the moment the teacher was loudly announcing this to the rest of the class. With his back facing everyone, he quickly pulled out a pill-like thing and swallowed.

The other students in the class didn't notice, but the two C-types from Lin Xian had spotted this detail!

There's something odd there!

What did he eat just now?!

Sean's impatience quickly disappeared, and he soon calmed down completely. He raised his head to read the problem once more. In just a moment, it seemed like he'd seen through the whole solution! He raised the blackboard eraser, and wiped away his previous method in one swift movement, writing a new one in its place. Then, with this same method, he quickly wrote the whole solution process to the second problem as well, in a speed even faster than he'd written the first!

The teacher was stunned.

She hadn't imagined that Sean, who'd been familiar with the old problem, had smoothly solved this one...she only said that the answer was correct.

Sean walked away from the board, his eyes filled with an indescribable darkness. He returned to his seat and sat down, each of his actions serious and attentive, completely different from how he'd been before.

While Huang Qiao Yi was constantly worshiping him, Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu remained silent.

"Did you notice as well?"

"Yea, there's definitely something wrong with that drug."



The teacher in the front had originally prepared to explain this solution process, because she'd thought that Sean definitely would've been unable to solve it. But now, the solution was clearly written on the board, so, for a moment, she was at loss on what to talk about. She suspected that Sean had just coincidentally managed to solve it. According to this kind of education method, he couldn't have possibly come up with a new thought process.

"Next, I'll ask a student to talk about this problem and the thought process behind its solution." The teacher couldn't come up with anything to speak about, and she couldn't choose Sean again. Thus, she planned to check everyone else's thoughts. She raised her head and randomly swept a look around. "The one sitting in the middle of the back row, you explain it."

The one in the middle of the back row...

Little Qiao?!

How...! We've been super low-key this whole time, right?!

With cautious gazes, they saw that the teacher still had her head lowered, flipping through her own lesson plans. The students were all apathetically sitting in their seats, writing something. Everyone was indifferent. However, if the student chosen didn't stand up to answer, the classroom would very easily gain an unnatural air!

"What do we do...Little Qiao can't speak!" [Meng Ming]

“I can change her voice! Hurry up and draw others’ attentions away!”  
[Zhou Lun Yu]

He wanted Meng Ming to distract others...?

Zhou Lun Yu had a very good understanding of the human body’s meridians, and quickly wrapped some red threads around Huang Qiao Yi’s neck. Around the voice box, he created a fake Adam’s apple!

What do I do? Meng Ming reacted on the spot. Zhuge Style Cheating Technique—Blazing Wall!

A row of flames ignited, causing an invisible gas to appear in front of Huang Qiao Yi’s desk. This had the effect of distorting others’ visions...

“Oi, exactly what use is that supposed to serve?!” [Zhou Lun Yu]

“How would I know! Who asked you to say it so suddenly...” [Meng Ming]

“Eh...” Huang Qiao Yi tried making a sound. As expected, her voice had gotten a lot deeper.

“A bit louder, I can’t hear you,” the teacher said without raising her head.

It was only at that moment that they discovered another very important issue.

That's right, Little Qiao, she...

She doesn't know how to solve it...!

Where in the classroom were they supposed to find something like "the thought process behind the solution"? Once she was unable to reply, the teacher would continue questioning her. If that happened...

Sean, who felt that the class was boring, suddenly glanced back at them.

"Crap, he saw us."

"Danger, prepare to flee!"

Both of them stretched their hands into their backpack straps, already planning for the worst. Meng Ming's hand grasped a large pencil, inwardly thinking that if anything sudden happened, he'd quickly release a fire and take advantage of the disturbance to slip out.

"Let me say it." At that moment, Sean suddenly stood up to speak to the teacher!

This shocking action had actually saved them.

The teacher had actually wanted to hear Sean's thoughts, so she immediately agreed, shifting her focus entirely on Sean.

Thus, Sean slowly explained his thought process cleanly and clearly. The teacher had originally thought that Sean hadn't actually been able to solve the problem, so she became moody after hearing his thoughts. With the lack of a better option, the teacher could only temporarily let him go.

Sean sat down, and looked back once more. However, the three seats in the back were already completely empty.

"Phew, that scared me to death!"

They had run for their lives to the outside.

Although they'd only listened in on one chemistry class, their freeloading had allowed them the chance to discover something interesting...

It was a bit clearer now.

Zhou Lun Yu had already brought up the question. "Do you guys still think that Sean is truly an L-type?"

"Of course he is," Huang Qiao Yi replied. "Putting the last question

aside, he managed to answer the first question smoothly as well."

It was a good thing that Sean had saved them. For the moment, they would not discuss the reasons behind it.

Meng Ming asked, "Did that drug pass the standard inspections? A tranquilizer?"

"I don't think so. It seems to be a tranquilizer, and it seems to activate the mind's efficacy within a short period of time as well. Such a thing has never appeared in China before," Zhou Lun Yu said.

"In that case..." The conclusion had been reached, and it was enough to overthrow their previous judgments. "His answer at most confirms that he's part L-type. Or, it could be said that two years ago, no, he was an L-type during the four years he had earnestly spent studying in high school...but, during this year at least, it can be seen from his movements just now that he has done things only a C-type would do."

## Quiz 45: Declaring War

No one was around, just the walls and the school buildings. School hadn't let out yet, so if they left through the entrance, they'd definitely be seized by the guard. Zhou Lun Yu unconfidently told everyone that there was possibly a back door, so they furtively slipped to the back of the school.

Rather than a back door, the place they'd arrived might as well be the area behind a mountain. The further in they went, the wider the area was, and there were many trees. The muddy ground gradually became buried by sandy soil.

"That's right! There's indeed a path at the back of the school that leads to Mt. Qing Xiu. This is the forest square, where students occasionally hold activities..." Zhou Lun Yu said with more certainty after looking around.

That meant they should be able to leave, right?

They were full of hope, but just as they were planning to walk towards the mountain, they suddenly sensed a dangerous gaze from the square pointed towards them!

When they turned around, they saw a student wearing the Qing Xin uniform standing behind them!

Sean?!

Wasn't he in class just now, how...!

All of them were frozen, and they exchanged glances. None of them wanted to speak first.

The silence lasted for a long time. For some reason, traces of cold air seemed to be emitted between them. Eventually, Meng Ming's fluent English finally broke the impasse.

"Ah, Sean, why are you here?" Although this dialogue wasn't very appropriate, it was best to force some etiquette in after having met once before.

"Of course. We just got a break between classes to rest," Sean replied. He was, instead, using the accurate Mandarin he'd spoken in class! "I should be asking you guys, why are you here?"

Just as Meng Ming was about to speak, Zhou Lun Yu stepped forward to hold him back. After staring at Sean for a while, he opened his mouth to say, "We just walked into the wrong class."

"Stop beating around the bush." The break between classes was short, so Sean didn't want to waste time by idly chatting with them. "Are you guys...spies from other schools sent to scout out information? Which school?!"

They were unable to answer yet another question. Or it could be said that they had no clue how to respond.

“...Okay, let’s first put aside the question of what school you guys are from. First, I’d like to tell you all that even if you continue scouting around, it will be useless. Everyone here knows that the single spot in the Provincial University of Medicine will definitely be mine.”

“Hmph, you....” Having heard such arrogant lines, Zhou Lun Yu interjected, “Do you think you’re the best person in Qing Xin? I know someone even better than you.” Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi knew what Zhou Lun Yu was trying to get at. He was clearly talking about Qiao Shun Zhi, whose chemistry grades were even better than Sean’s.

“Oh? Is he from your school? Go ahead and tell me his name,” Sean asked. He seemed to have wanted to know this from the beginning, so he’d specifically come looking for them.

“I have no reason to tell you.” Zhou Lun Yu stopped talking, and called out for the others, about to turn around to continue walking into the mountains.

“Wait a minute!” Sean shouted at them. “Hurry up and tell me who that person is. Otherwise....” When they looked back, they saw that Sean had raised his hand to show the camera on his phone. “I’ve already taken pictures of your faces and the fact that you’re wearing the uniform. As long as I press send, you’ll be charged and reported for infiltrating another school to spy.”

The three of them immediately stopped in their tracks.

They hadn’t imagined that Sean would’ve prepared this!



Zhuge Meng Ming, are you ready? [Zhou Lun Yu]

Yea, destroy that cellphone before he presses send! [Meng Ming]

"Also, you'd better not think about using force. I've already sent these pictures to my brother." Sean added, "If anything happens, I'm sure you guys know what the consequences would be."

There was another moment of silence.

Who knew that the reason he'd saved us was...

He wanted to know who'd sent us. He believes that someone other than Qiao Shun Zhi is contesting for that position.

"How about it? It's just an exchange of information. There's no need to say that this person is the one who sent you to gather information." Sean seemed pretty practiced in this kind of matter. "I've never thought anyone here could beat me in chemistry, but after hearing what you've said, I think that I've been careless. As long as you tell me who this person is, I'll clear you of your crimes."

Zhou Lun Yu couldn't possibly say Qiao Shun Zhi's name. He was already down with illness; if he was brought up, Sean would know their true reason for coming!

For a moment, none of them knew how to respond. "Hmph," Zhou Lun Yu said to scare him. "He's very amazing, so there's absolutely no need to make us come gather information about you."

"So it was like that. Then, as long as you can prove he's stronger than me, there's no motive for you guys to infiltrate the school. These pictures wouldn't count as incriminating evidence either." Sean still pressed, "So you should first tell me who this person is."

"Tomorrow," Zhou Lun Yu said. "I'll bring him tomorrow."

Tomorrow? [Huang Qiao Yi]

You're joking...can we make it?! [Meng Ming]

Zhou Lun Yu thought that as long as they were able to get the Yilan root from the mountain top today, Qiao Shun Zhi would be able to start moving tomorrow!

"Tomorrow...is when the second years have supplementary lessons." Sean thought a bit before responding, "Then it's decided. I'll have a duel against him tomorrow! Right here." He pointed at the ground, indicating that he meant this forest square!

Duel?!

Competing in chemistry experiments?!

It was another terrifying proposal!

"Of course it's a duel. How else would I confirm that he's stronger than

me?" Sean asked.

There was indeed no better method. But it was so sudden, would Qiao Shun Zhi take up the challenge when he awoke tomorrow? Based on the understanding they'd gained the past two days, as well as what the chemistry teacher had said just now, nobody could beat Sean aside from Qiao Shun Zhi!

He said he wanted to duel....

Zhou Lun Yu said, "You want to have a duel with him? Hmph, you'll definitely lose."

Sean wasn't afraid of such measly words. Zhou Lun Yu believed that he should be able to make it and get Qiao Shun Zhi to come and go against Sean, so he even explicitly asked Sean about the rules.

Sean said, "Just like the rules we're used to, you can bring one assistant. The subject of the chemistry experiment will be decided by the teacher alone. After we've met up here tomorrow, we can announce it then." He said all this quite smoothly, and it looked like he had a lot of experience. Sean continued, "I'll tell the teacher and any interested students. Tomorrow at 10am sharp, we'll perform our experiments here!"

"Fine." Zhou Lun Yu immediately agreed after seeing Sean's arrogant appearance. "I'll pass on the message. Then..."

Sean knew what Zhou Lun Yu wanted to say. He forcefully said, "I'll keep the phone's contents. You'd better not joke around with me. If he wins, I

won't continue pursuing your identities, but I'll at least ask him his name. However, if I win, I'll be merciless with reporting your information-stealing crimes."

"He definitely won't lose to you," Zhou Lun Yu replied, before turning around to indicate his agreement.

Tomorrow morning at 10? They were pressed for time, so they didn't want to waste any bit of it, thus they left quickly.

"Infiltrating the school ended up being such a huge mistake..."

During their short interaction, they'd managed to dodge Sean's questions. However, this only served to drag it out a bit longer. They all knew that this matter basically hadn't been resolved at all! They'd already lost a large majority of the afternoon....

Tomorrow at 10am....

With no explanation needed, Zhou Lun Yu had to go and retrieve the medicinal plants from Scarlet Dragon Pool. He once again went around asking to borrow a boat. At this moment, Meng Ming suddenly received a text from Duan He. She said that she still had a matter she wanted to know about, so she would meet Meng Ming that night at Scarlet Dragon Pool's wharf.

The matter had begun to become more urgent. Could both the riddle of Scarlet Dragon Pool and Sean's duel be resolved in one go?!

"I already said, I can't!" This middle aged person's face was taut as he said, "Zhou Lun Yu, do you know of the results of going to that pool? I don't want to end up dead after reaching the opposite shore!"

"Just give me the boat, I can go myself. Isn't that ok?"

"No!"

Naturally, Zhou Lun Yu was rejected again and again by the speedboat owner. He walked out of the house with an indescribable expression. A duel tomorrow? As if. He couldn't even borrow a boat. After such a long time, even if they managed to get the Yilan root, being able to bring it back in time to decoct the herb into medicine to cure Qiao Shun Zhi would basically only happen in fantasy!

We have to return to Lin Xin tomorrow night...I promised that I'd definitely get the Yilan root before this...!

The sky began to darken. Zhou Lun Yu still hadn't gotten a boat.

If I really have to do this....Zhou Lun Yu had asked himself many times on his way back if he should adopt an unyielding attitude towards this. Time, duel, herb, Qiao Shun Zhi's illness...

...I've decided.

Zhou Lun Yu walked towards Scarlet Dragon Pool. He had decided to carve his own boat to cross the water.

It was night.

While the sky was bathed in darkness, Meng Ming sat alone at the wharf next to the mountain top's pool, quietly looking at the scarlet eyes amidst the mist.

The Zhuge Style Cheating Technique is really a strange and wonderful cheating technique. Those two red eyes were what Meng Ming had paid the most attention to since arriving. Why hasn't Sister Duan He come yet....

Meng Ming suddenly heard the sound of footsteps behind him, and he turned around to look.

"Zhou Lun Yu?"

Zhou Lun Yu wasn't surprised by the sight of Meng Ming, nor did he speak. He silently walked down to the wharf and walked past Meng Ming.

"What are you doing?" Meng Ming immediately asked after sensing that something wasn't quite right. Zhou Lun Yu still didn't pay him any mind, and directly walked down the wharf to grab the ropes tying the speedboat down. With two flicks of his fingers, he cut them all off.

"How could this kind of knot block me," Zhou Lun Yu coldly stated.

"Oi, without a motor, how do you plan on crossing? It's too dangerous."

"I can propel it." Zhou Lun Yu had a long rod in his hand. He looked at the two crimson dragon eyes flashing in the distant darkness without any trace of fear. He took a step into the light-colored boat and said, "That's definitely a scam. I'll go over and reveal the trick right now."

"There's no need," Meng Ming said. "I've already figured it out."

"Hm?"

This sentence finally made the constantly moving Zhou Lun Yu stop in his tracks. He turned around to stare at Meng Ming with doubt written all over his face.

Meng Ming continued, "Sister Duan He just messaged me about some important matters. She also told me to wait here for her."

Zhou Lun Yu skeptically stood there on his boat. Meng Ming sat back down on the dock in absolutely no rush.

"Where is she, then?" Zhou Lun Yu asked.

"She still hasn't gotten here, I guess. Let's wait a bit more."

Zhou Lun Yu could only step back onto the dock. "You said that you

already figured it out?"

"Mhm." Meng Ming confidently nodded.

"What use is that," Zhou Lun Yu was starting to have second thoughts. "Qiao Shun Zhi has to be able to get out tomorrow for everything to work out. I need to go retrieve the Yilan root now."

"It's like that, huh..." Meng Ming lifted his head. "Do you really think you'll make it if you go get the herb now?"

Meng Ming had hit the nail on the head, sending Zhou Lun Yu back into silence. He clearly knew that there wasn't enough time, but, because Qiao Shun Zhi had been confined in bed for so long, Zhou Lun Yu wanted to try his best...!

"Just now, I carefully thought of a better idea. Tomorrow, we'll just directly uncover their true faces." Meng Ming pointed at the distant glows, "As long as we catch their secret and convince everyone that those two blurry things are actually just a cheap scam, everything will work out! That way, people will escort us across the pool, and we won't have to go and duel against him either.

"You...!" Zhou Lun Yu finally realized that he'd been too impulsive. He calmed down as he repeated, "...Is that really possible?"

Thus, Meng Ming slowly and clearly stated his plans for tomorrow.

.....



The night quickly passed by. At around 2am, the sky was still dark. A male figure secretly appeared once more in the forest around Scarlet Dragon Pool's wharf without anyone else knowing. He was currently hiding in a very hard to find place, about to act. His movements were very quick, his actions agile. He had originally thought that nobody would find any traces of him, but, just then, he felt a hand lightly tap his shoulder from behind. He immediately turned around to look, and, in a split second, was pierced deeply by a penetrating gaze amidst the darkness.

"I've finally met you after having waited for so long. Please cooperate," Duan He smiled tiredly.

## Quiz 46: Forest Square

The second day finally came. As planned, the four from Lin Xian arrived once more at Qing Xin Central High at the arranged time. The weather was amazing and there was plenty of sunlight; however, they hadn't expected that the school gates would open and a tide of people would surge out.

"Strange...today should be the second year classes. Why are there so many people?" Huang Qiao Yi found it odd to see wave after wave of students enter the school. When listening to the voices, it seemed like they were all discussing the same thing—

"Third-year Sean is going to participate in another competition today! It seems to be with someone from another school."

"Yeah! I also heard about that. It's rare to see a duel with another school, so I decided yesterday that I just had to come watch!"

"What, you go and watch every duel that happens..."

"Isn't Sean the strongest at chemistry in our school? If he loses, he'll lose so much face."

"Hey! Don't talk nonsense. How could Sean lose! He's someone that's defeated me before!"

The whole school knew! Every student from each grade that was

interested in this subject had come to watch the battle.

“So...so many students came to watch...?” Huang Qiao Yi began to feel nervous for their Lin Xian group. In this kind of academic atmosphere, everyone would immediately learn of even a single breeze moving a blade of grass.

“Hmph, isn’t that great? We can publicly announce the matter to everyone,” Zhou Lun Yu said.

They passed through the crowd to walk towards the arranged location. It was behind Qing Xin Central High—the forest square. Its size wasn’t small, and there were quite a few spectating students leaning against the three walls and one side of the forest. There were also students sticking their heads out from classroom windows. There was a lone large, old tree in the center. Here, two large lab tables had been set up facing each other about 5 or 6 meters apart. The tables didn’t have anything on them, and there was a tall chair next to each one. The female chemistry teacher from yesterday was already sitting at a simple and crude referee seat that had been set up last minute. There was a large utensil cabinet next to her.

Sean had come particularly early today, and was already sitting down on the chair in his white lab coat. When he saw them come over, he waved in greeting. The surrounding students saw Sean’s movement, and immediately looked over in their direction, giving rise to a clamor.

Is this...welcoming the entering contestants... The four of them were at loss.

It’s a shame, but our contestant didn’t come. We didn’t come here for a

competition.

They walked up to Sean, who asked them, "Hm? Which one is the person you talked about?"

After the entire place had quieted down, Meng Ming replied, "He didn't come."

"Didn't come? But you guys said that this person was stronger than me, and would definitely come, no? Everyone heard this, and specially designed this venue to wait for this person," Sean asked.

"Speaking of venue, you guys can indeed set up gathering places very well." Meng Ming felt that this was the perfect chance. His expression suddenly changed and he loudly declared to all the students, "It's you who sealed off the opposite bank of Scarlet Dragon Pool! You made it impossible for Qiao Shun Zhi to retrieve medicine for curing his illness!"

..... !

The effect of this sentence was exactly as intended!

The loud square immediately turned silent after everyone heard this sentence. This made Sean freeze. He hadn't imagined that these people had actually come due to Qiao Shun Zhi's matter!

The spectating students didn't really understand the meaning behind these words.

"Hey, did you hear what he said just now?"

"Something about sealing off Scarlet Dragon Pool...?"

Sean laughed, "Haha! What are you saying, I sealed off Scarlet Dragon Pool? You must be joking."

"I'm not joking," Meng Ming said. "You made the two fake dragon eyes there, deceiving all the residents. This made everyone believe the legend to be true, thus not daring to retrieve medicinal plants there. After all this time, Qiao Shun Zhi's illness still hasn't been cured!"

"What exactly are you saying? It looks like you didn't just eavesdrop, but are also trying to slander me!" Sean said. "Do you have any evidence for these things you claim I've done?!"

Meng Ming tossed out a ripped piece of cloth.

"Hm?" Sean looked at it. "Haha, are you trying to say that this towel is mine?"

"No," Meng Ming pointed at one of the spectators behind Sean. "It's his."

Sean looked back. He hadn't imagined that the person Meng Ming was pointing to was his own younger brother standing amidst the crowd, Thomas.

"Your brother appeared at Scarlet Dragon Pool two nights ago! If you don't want to confirm or deny it...then ask your brother to take out all of his uniforms!" Meng Ming pointed at the torn cloth.

Sean was silent for a while.

"Okay..." He said. "Then let's just assume this is his clothing. What does that prove? That dragon isn't some kind of legend, everyone's seen it. It isn't fake..."

"It's fake."

Meng Ming's answers were so fluent and fast that Sean felt as if he was being choked. Compared to yesterday, the two sides' positions had suddenly changed!

"You...what do you want to say..." Sean coldly shouted. "You're saying that it's a fake dragon? You all look like strangers, have you even come here before? Scarlet Dragon Pool is a terrifying lake, how could it be fake!"

Meng Ming slowly moved his face to speak to Sean, "You guys used tools, things that are just as interesting."

"Tools? What tools are amazing enough to turn into a dragon and fly back and forth?"

"There's no such dragon at all, just those two blurry red glows in the mist. The tools may be able to deceive others, but it definitely cannot trick me!" Meng Ming shouted, anger showing in his voice. "That tool is something that belongs to the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique!"

"Cheating? What?"

Meng Ming said, "The two red eyes floating around were actually invented by Zhuge Kong Ming. It's the life-saving talisman he made when he'd been trapped in Pingyang—Kong Ming Light!"

"Oi...what exactly are they talking about?"

"There's still 2 minutes left until 10. Exactly what is the competition topic?!"

The surrounding people began to talk loudly, while the main subjects were still confronting each other. Sean had been pushed down by Meng Ming's imposing manner, and his body had begun to tremble.

"It's best if you guys just hurry up and confess," Meng Ming said. "This is clearly a type of criminal activity, harming a person by making him ill for a long time and unable to go outside."

"..." The white-clad Sean scanned the crowds of people currently watching them. Although the crucial point had been struck, he would never willingly concede to anything. Sean thought, he clearly still had incriminating evidence against these people in front of him, so there was absolutely no need to have any mercy!

"You guys!" He loudly announced. "Don't forget, we said before that someone would come and duel with me! If this doesn't happen, I'm sure you guys know well what the results will be!"

"Everything you guys have done will be completely made public, what will the aftermath to that be?" Meng Ming continued to pressure Sean.

Just then, 10am arrived. The surrounding students began to shout—

"Sean, good luck! I support you!"

"Don't lose to a person from another school!"

"Stop the small talk, hurry up and start. Let us witness your brilliant experiments!"

"Eh....?"

Hearing this, Sean, who'd originally been anxious, began to calm down. He discovered that the situation wasn't really as Meng Ming had described.



"Hah...haha, you guys can publicize it as much as you'd like. Look at these students," Sean finally came back to his senses and realized that he was actually standing on the lab floor. As long as he was there, he'd always have someone supporting him! "Grades are paramount in school! Only those with good grades have the qualification to speak! So what if you publicize something, there's no way these students would believe you!"

Sean realized that he actually had a huge advantage. He hadn't been confused by Meng Ming!

"Ah..." Meng Ming looked around to see that he was surrounded by Sean's supporters cheering him on. Even the teacher sitting at the referee seat felt disdain beyond contempt towards Meng Ming's group.

I hadn't thought that these people would actually help him! Meng Ming felt that the turn of events was far from encouraging.

What do we do! Sean isn't willing to admit it. At this rate...

"If you don't confess soon...you'll end up suffering more," Meng Ming threatened.

"What?" With so much support, Sean was somewhat unbridled. He knew that these people in front of him couldn't actually do anything to him. He said, "You want me to suffer? Where's the person you guys talked about, didn't he not come?!"

Qiao Shun Zhi was clearly still on his sick bed!

“Then I’ll go now and tell the teacher that the person you’d mentioned didn’t come.” Sean clearly knew that the person they had talked about was Qiao Shun Zhi. “Oh, no, he’s sick. The duel probably cannot be conducted, huh.” After he finished speaking, he turned around, preparing to walk towards the referee seat.

What, what does he plan on doing? Meng Ming thought: If both schools learn of our actions yesterday...

This won’t do, we need to quickly find Qiao Shun Zhi. Otherwise...! The others thought....

No. It doesn’t matter who it is. As long as they beat Sean, it’s fine!

“Wait a minute!” Meng Ming stopped him.

Sean turned around.

.....

“It’s me, I came to compete against you!” Meng Ming loudly declared.

He wanted to compete in Qiao Shun Zhi’s place?!

"Meng Ming? You..."

"Brother Meng Ming...are you speaking the truth?!"

Since they hadn't prepared for this, the two girls were extremely shocked at Meng Ming's proposal. Meng Ming lowered his head and whispered to them, "Isn't it just a competition? It's fine as long as I beat him. I just need to prove that he isn't the strongest..."

Despite facing the crowds all around him, Meng Ming wasn't anxious at all. He'd long since grown accustomed to such environments.

Sean said, "You? You're spouting nonsense again. Didn't the person you'd talked about before not come?"

Meng Ming didn't pay any mind to this, and simply said, "Didn't you say that only those with good grades had the qualifications to speak? As long as I defeat you, the students will all believe my words, right?"

"Stop trying to act brave," Sean sneered. He knew that this group was actually comprised of laymen. "I'm sure you're very clear about what will happen if I win. Despite this, you still want to go against me? Spare yourself from the effort..."

"You think I'm just acting brave?" Meng Ming strode up to the other lab table and picked up the prepared white lab coat. He confidently smiled at Sean and said, "No matter what, I can win. Or do you mean to say that you don't dare to go against me anymore?"

Meng Ming obviously wasn't just putting on a brave front. In the first place, the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique's secrets lay in not being alarmed by any external changes. No matter if his opponent was a powerful L-type or C-type, Meng Ming was confident that he could win.

The students were all anxiously waiting to watch the competition, so Sean couldn't possibly reject the challenge.

"Hmph, very good." Zhou Lun Yu was surprisingly very calm, and had remained silent the whole time. "There won't be any objections this way."

They had already decided to begin the contest. Zhou Lun Yu suddenly began to walk away—

"Where are you going?" Duan He hurriedly asked.

Zhou Lun Yu asked, "The original plan was to resolve this matter, and then go to Mt. Qing Xiu. Now, the plan has suddenly changed: Zhuge Meng Ming is competing. There's no time to wait for them to finish the experiment, I must immediately go up to that pool!" After dropping this sentence, Zhou Lun Yu ran out the back gates and left the school.

This was their last day in Qing Xin, so picking the medicinal plant was indeed a pressing matter. Zhou Lun Yu could only go now!

"Then let's begin!" Sean turned around to face the spectators and shouted, "Thomas!"

Hearing this, Thomas walked up. Sean declared to everyone, "I choose my younger brother as my assistant, he's a student of this school." He then said to Meng Ming, "What about you? Among those two female students, who do you choose?"

Meng Ming slowly turned around and grumbled, "Why did Zhou Lun Yu leave so quickly..."

"Even if he was here, he wouldn't be Brother Meng Ming's assistant..." Huang Qiao Yi sighed, but her eyes were filled with anticipation. She wanted to go up and help Meng Ming, but was quite afraid of the opponent. After all, the one they were facing was the person strongest at chemistry in Qing Xin!

"Zhou Lun Yu was willing to give up here and leave because he has confidence in you," Duan He told Meng Ming. After seeing Huang Qiao Yi's eager appearance, she said, "I've already been quite exhausted these past two days, so Little Qiao should come help you. I'll go and help Zhou Lun Yu for a bit," Duan He said as she walked towards the back gates. Without even glancing back at them, she followed in Zhou Lun Yu's tracks and left.

Only Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi were left.

Huang Qiao Yi swallowed hard to strengthen her nerves. She gathered her courage and stood next to Meng Ming. Seeing that the two had finished preparing, Sean said, "Her? Alright. In short, you two are here in place of Qiao Shun Zhi, right? If I defeat you two, it means that I'm also better than Qiao Shun Zhi!"

The spectating students finally began to anticipate the start of this contest. This feeling was like a boiling excitement that had formed from the frenzy. The female teacher sitting at the referee seat saw that they had finally finished negotiations, and each pair was standing properly at their lab table. The teacher immediately stood up, indicating that the competition was just about to start.

The female teacher picked up a small megaphone next to the referee chair and announced to everyone present, "Although it was a bit delayed, it is now time to prepare for the competition! Next, I will declare the subject of the match!"

It doesn't matter what the subject is! That bastard, Sean, is actually embezzling my family's Cheating Technique. Meng Ming stood in front of his table with complete concentration as he thought: I'll let him witness the genuine Zhuge Style Cheating Technique!

## Quiz 47: Water

"Brother Meng Ming, is this really fine?" Huang Qiao Yi was slightly concerned. She knew that Meng Ming had never performed an experiment before, and was worried that he'd leave things out. "It's best if you just let me do it..."

"It's not a problem. How could I possibly lose against that kind of person?!" Meng Ming thought that, first and foremost, his imposing manner couldn't lose to the opposite party's. It didn't matter what experiment they did. Either way, Huang Qiao Yi was watching from the side, so there shouldn't be any huge mistake.

If I want to win, I'll need to think of some more methods... Meng Ming pondered this for a bit. His opponent was Qing Xin's strongest chemistry student, moreover, a third year! Once the competition began, he'd have to first think of some way to disrupt the other party's experiment.

Neither of the lab tables had anything on them. The equipment was all stored in the cabinet next to the referee seat. The teacher announcing the experiment objective told the staff behind the scenes, "Please prepare and bring up the chemicals."

With this order, the gazes of the spectating students all turned to outside of the building's forest square exit—a few school staff members were currently bringing out a two-tier shelf. Each of the two layers had 10 reagent bottles, for a total of 20 bottles, all of which were filled with some colorless, clear fluid.

These were the reagents to be used for this competition.

After the shelf was moved to the center, the teacher used the megaphone to tell everyone present, "There are 10 types of colorless, clear fluids that I set up, with a total of 20 bottles. The ones on the top and bottom contain the exact same reagents! They're all numbered from left to right." She walked up to the shelf to point this out. "Basically, the top shelf's #1 reagent is the same as the bottom shelf's #1 reagent. In order to maintain the fairness of this competition, I'll let the competitors freely choose which reagents they want to use. Firstly, can both parties each choose two bottles on the top layer, then hand the same reagents on the bottom shelf to the other party? In other words, each side will have four bottles of unknown reagents, and they will have the exact same ones! Lastly, according to your choices, I'll choose another reagent bottle and hand it to both of you at the same time. We'll move away the rest of the reagents."

"So the competition contains 5 bottles of unknown reagents." Huang Qiao Yi understood it immediately. "It looks like the stuff in the bottles is all the same, but, in reality, the components are different. The opposite party has 5 bottles identical to ours."

"We don't know the contents of the bottles?" Meng Ming asked. "Then how do we do it?"

The teacher continued to announce, "This competition is subjective and changes according to the situation. Once both parties choose all of their reagents, I'll announce the objective. In addition, this objective is something that isn't in the textbooks. Does anyone have objections?"

"That's exactly what I wanted," Meng Ming and Sean said simultaneously.



Everyone agreed, so the teacher continued, "First, let's invite the guests to come choose a number!" She asked Meng Ming's side to choose first.

"Brother Meng Ming, which number do you want to choose?"

"They're all alike, either way we still don't know the objective..." Meng Ming casually called out, "#1."

As soon as he spoke, the assistants on both sides walked up to the shelf to bring over reagent #1 on the top and bottom shelves to their lab tables.

"I choose #10," Sean said.

In this way, Meng Ming chose #1 and #3, Sean chose #4 and #10. Now there were four bottles on each person's table.

"Alright!" The teacher said, "Everyone has finished choosing, so I'll choose the last bottle." She turned around and considered the chemicals that the two of them had chosen, then knocked the wood where #9 was—

"Bottle #9. Can the assistants please come and bring these over to their tables?"

After the assistants had moved the fifth bottle, the remaining reagents and the shelf were lifted away by the staff. The teacher returned to her

referee seat. Once she saw everyone's state, she prepared to announce the objective.

Huang Qiao Yi pointed at the five reagent bottles and said to Meng Ming, "We don't know what these chemicals are, so we need to first identify them."

"Identify? For what?" Meng Ming didn't understand at all.

"In other words, we need to figure out what exactly these five bottles contain," Huang Qiao Yi said. "Well, let's listen to the teacher's objective first."

The teacher cleared her throat, and the spectators gradually quieted down. Everyone was waiting for the objective that would require using these five bottles of reagents.

"This competition is on..." The teacher raised her megaphone and loudly declared, "Synthesis!"

Synthesis?!

Synthesis, or creating a product out of the available materials.

"There are 0.5L of fluid within each party's bottles! I ask both sides to do their utmost to use the five reagents on the tables to synthesize more products!" As the teacher said this, she fished out two 2L graduated cylinders from the equipment cabinet, and heavily placed them on the referee table. "As for how you'll be judged—after the end of the

experiment, I ask both sides to pour their completed products into these two graduated cylinders! After inspection, the victory will go to the one that has the greatest amount of product!”

“Competing in amounts.” Huang Qiao Yi said to Meng Ming, “It’s very simple, it’s a test of who can produce more.”

Meng Ming understood this point.

“Next, I’ll announce what you have to make.” After all the dramatic flair, she was finally informing them of this. The teacher cleared her throat again and declared, “The product you’ll have to make for this competition is—water!”

Water?!

Why is it...water?

The objective subdued everyone present! The two opposing sides, as well as the other students present, had never heard of a chemistry synthesis like this before—

“Synthesize water? I’ve only ever heard of synthesizing chemicals...”

“How do you synthesize water, it’s not stated in the books...”

“I understand, it’s probably pure water.”

Huang Qiao Yi and the opposing Sean and Thomas already understood the meaning of this objective—that's right, they needed to use these five colorless, clear fluids that had impurities dissolved in them to produce "pure water"! In more ordinary terms, they had to eliminate from these bottles any dissolved substances aside from water. Only Meng Ming was still confused. "What? Do these bottles not contain water..?"

Seeing that the surrounding people were slowly beginning to understand, the teacher continued to explain the rules.

"The rules are simple. First, you cannot use anything outside these reagent bottles; second, if you want any equipment, you can grab it from the equipment cabinet, but only the assistants can retrieve it; third, aside from retrieving equipment, you cannot leave the lab table; fourth, the allotted time is four hours! —If you want to go to the bathroom, quickly go now; once the competition starts, you will not be allowed to do so anymore!"

These were the rules. After Huang Qiao Yi thoroughly explained the content of the experiment to Meng Ming, Meng Ming still pondered it for a bit. He saw that there was a rusty, old water faucet on the lab table and asked, "You mean, we can't use this water?"

"That's right," Huang Qiao Yi twisted the faucet head. "However, these are lab tables that have been moved out from the labs inside, water doesn't flow through them..."

There was a large amount of various equipment inside the equipment cabinet, enough for them to use during the competition.

"Do we need to pour out the produced water into that graduated cylinder in the end?" Meng Ming asked Huang Qiao Yi as he pointed to the graduated cylinders on the referee table.

"Yes, but the water's purity will be examined," Huang Qiao Yi said. "If the water isn't pure, then it doesn't matter how much you make."

All the rules were clear; both sides of the competition and the spectators had all understood the content of the competition. At 10:15, the teacher formally declared, "The competition begins now!"

"I'll go get some beakers and test tubes first!" Huang Qiao Yi said, and immediately began to move towards the equipment cabinet. She and Thomas began to move almost simultaneously.

The tables only had those 5 bottles of unknown fluids, there were no other reagents. The reason for retrieving beakers and test tubes was to extract small amounts of these fluids mix them together. According to the resulting phenomena of the reaction, they would be able to identify the compositions.

While the two assistants were choosing equipment, Sean and Meng Ming began to interfere with each other.

"That girl's responses are pretty fast, huh," Sean said.

Meng Ming replied, "Of course. I hadn't imagined that your brother would be as fast as her."

"Ah, Thomas is a first year. It looks like you two are probably around his age too!" Sean actually figured out their grades in an instant. "You haven't learned anything, yet you still dare to come and compete."

Meng Ming was somewhat annoyed, "Age? You're already a fifth year, yet you have the nerve to be competing here!"

The two of them didn't move, but their mouths were nimble.

"Alright," Huang Qiao Yi rushed back carrying a bunch of beakers and test tubes, a large piece of label paper, pH test paper, and two test tube racks. She hurriedly said, "Do it quickly!" Her spirits were quite high; she seemed to greatly look forward to finding out the real contents of these reagents. "I'll identify them, Brother Meng Ming should just watch."

In any case, Meng Ming didn't know how to do anything, so he could only stand to the side and watch anxiously. He even loudly stated to the opposing Sean, "I won't act now, the first step will be completed by my assistant." He moved the chair to the side of the lab table and leisurely sat down, his hands provocatively crossed in front of his chest.

Sean had just planned on making a move, but instead got irritated by Meng Ming's attitude.

"You..." He placed the beaker in his hand down onto the table, and grabbed his own chair. With a "kua", he also sat down next to his lab table! "Thomas, you do the appraisal." —Sean wouldn't act either!

Meng Ming didn't continue speaking, and simply smiled confidently at

the person sitting across from him.

Thus, the two appraisers nimbly began their work.

The assistants' agile movements made the spectators hold their breaths. The two of them extracted and mixed the fluids with each other, pouring them between different apparatuses over and over again. Each time they finished one action, a label would be neatly stuck onto the glass apparatus; their movements were smooth and unhindered! No more than a few minutes later, Huang Qiao Yi's beakers, test tubes, and bottles had many identifying chemical formulas stuck on them. There were also many products from various reactions between the fluids. Some were different colors, others were things like precipitates. On the other hand, Thomas's side hadn't made any progress!

"Brother..." Thomas said in English.

"Don't ask me, do it yourself!" Sean shouted. Seeing how Meng Ming hadn't ever spoken a single word, how could he speak to Thomas?

Thomas was rebuffed 2-3 times in succession, but he still persisted in explaining to his brother, "Brother...it's not that I can't do it, but..."

"What exactly is wrong?" Hearing this, Sean could only turn around to look back at his lab table.

"I," Thomas picked up a beaker to show Sean. The beaker had some black, ashy rectangles on them. "These beakers seem to have problems. Not long after each label is stuck on, the paper will get burned off. I can't

remember which bottle is which at all..."

"What?!" Sean immediately stood up to inspect it. At this time, Meng Ming was still in his previous sitting posture, and his smile—

Brilliant Blossom in addition to Small Flaming Arrow. Every time you stick a label on, I burn it. Nobody can see my movements, hehe!

"Brother Meng Ming, I'm done!" Huang Qiao Yi's words made Meng Ming, who had been observing the other side the whole time, finally turn around. He stood up and looked at the test tubes filled with mixed fluids all over his lab table. Most of the five large bottles had labels that clearly indicated their compositions!

"It took quite a bit of time," Huang Qiao Yi wiped off some sweat. "I identified 4 bottles."

"What are they?" Meng Ming asked.

#1 is benzene ( $C_6H_6$ ), #3 is ammonium bicarbonate ( $NH_4HCO_3$ ), #4 is silver nitrate ( $AgNO_3$ ), #10 is hydrobromic acid ( $HBr$ ).

"What are all these..." Meng Ming was baffled.

"It doesn't matter, we need to hurry up and start!" Huang Qiao Yi was extremely focused. "Look, when #1 combines with any other fluid, two layers are formed." Huang Qiao Yi picked up the tube with two layers to show Meng Ming. "#1 is pure benzene, and cannot be mixed with water, just like oil. Benzene and water have absolutely no relationship, so it can



be said that #1 has absolutely no use in this experiment. Brother Meng Ming chose it in vain."

"Why does that matter, doesn't the opposite party also have this benzene? They can't use it either..."

"But, look at these other bottles." Huang Qiao Yi continued to explain, "They're chemical substances soluble in water. We have to remove these chemicals."

"Basically, we just have to withdraw the water in these bottles, right?" Meng Ming said.

"That's not all. I think that there's a more important part to this experiment!" Huang Qiao Yi said. "It's not just limited to the water inside these bottles. I discovered that some of these reagents produce water when combined! The method we need to use has to produce more water than present, then distill it to extract pure water."

Distillation—simply put, was heating up a solution to boil the water within into steam. By transporting it with tubing, the vapor would be condensed in another receptacle to form pure water.

"No wonder this requires four hours," Huang Qiao Yi sighed. "Even with four hours, we need to make the best use of it, because reagents 1, 3, 4, and 10 won't last for long periods of time. As time elapses, they'll slowly decompose, producing who knows what kind of waste. Then it would just become extremely troublesome."

“I understand.” After hearing this, Meng Ming thought to himself that he had to act quickly. “Then I’ll do the next part! But...” He turned around to look at the fifth reagent, bottle #9, that the teacher had chosen. “What is #9?”

“I...I don’t know.” Huang Qiao Yi had already swept through all the test tubes related to #9. “Fluid #9 didn’t have any clear, distinctive responses when mixed with any of the other reagents. I don’t know what’s in there.”

.....

At that moment, the teacher at the referee chair was somewhat shocked at the fact that Meng Ming’s side had determined the contents of the four reagent bottles so quickly. But she secretly smiled to herself at her seat—

The reagents you guys chose earlier were too easy to identify, so I decided to deliberately make things difficult. Heh, bottle #9 contains pure water~

The current situation (Identification process used negligible volume. L: measurement units, increasing).

Zhuge Meng Ming’s side	Sean Bozmann’s side
Benzene: 0.5L	?: 0.5L
Ammonium Bicarbonate: 0.5L	?: 0.5L
Silver Nitrate: 0.5L	?: 0.5L
Hydrobromic Acid: 0.5L	?: 0.5L

?: 0.5L

?: 0.5L

## Quiz 48: A Misstep

In the day, the fog at Scarlet Dragon Pool was clearly thicker. Zhou Lun Yu bounded halfway up the mountain, slightly short of breath, and directly entered the pier. Just as he loosened the ropes, Duan He, who'd caught up from behind, shouted at him to stop.

This time, nobody can stop me. Zhou Lun Yu didn't even turn around, and immediately stepped on the boat. Just then, he heard Duan He say, "Hey, I called someone to bring you over."

Thus, Zhou Lun Yu looked back.

Duan He was leading a local man down to the pier. She told Zhou Lun Yu, "I've already forcefully told him everything about this matter, and he's willing to bring you across the river." This man was currently carry some speedboat parts, as well as a motor.

"Ah," Zhou Lun Yu didn't have the time to say too many words of appreciation. "Hurry up and head out. Once we reach the opposite shore, you come back first. After I finish collecting the medicinal plant, come and pick me back up. I'll call you when the time comes."

Duan He nodded. She stood on the shore as she asked, "You're not concerned about the forest square competition?"

Only after the motorboat's owner had attached all the parts and started the engine did Zhou Lun Yu finally say, "If Zhuge Meng Ming loses, then he can jump into the lake and kill himself."

The motorboat entered Scarlet Dragon Pool, flying across to the northern side.

As Duan He watched the boat leave, she thought to herself: He thinks that Meng Ming can't possibly lose...? Suddenly, she felt a bit dizzy. Because she hadn't slept a lot last night, and she'd been using working hard non-stop recently, she was beyond exhausted. Really, I need to go back and sleep tons. You guys can resolve the rest...

"It must be him pulling tricks!" In the forest square, Sean looked over the apparatuses with burnt labels once more. He locked his gaze downwards, and, after careful deliberation, declared, "That person opposing us is...a C-type student."

"Then...then what do we do?!" Thomas began to panic.

"This is even better." Sean was instead relieved. "C-type...this means that he can't possibly produce water. His only possibility of doing so is if he steals our product!" Sean thought about it again, "As long as we take proper defense measures, everything will be completely fine."

Sean then scanned the appearances of the test tubes, beakers, and reagent bottles on the table before asking Thomas, "Do you remember which reagent bottles are mixed together in each test tube?"

"Yes." Thomas told Sean that he'd already finished all these procedures earlier.

"Then that's enough!"

Sean silently examined the dozen or so chemicals on the table. Just half a minute! Within this half minute, he was able to completely grasp the entire process without writing anything down. "There's no need for labels, I just need to use this," Sean used his finger to tap his temple. "To remember everything! From left to right, these bottles are: silver nitrate solution, ammonium bicarbonate solution, benzene, hydrobromic acid... and..."

Even after a long while, Sean couldn't figure out what it was. He could only say, "The other bottle...can be put aside until later."

Sean also didn't know that #9 was water.

As for Meng Ming's side...

"Brother Meng Ming, what are they saying?" Huang Qiao Yi had just returned from grabbing some more apparatuses, and had vaguely heard them. Meng Ming told her that the opposite party had probably already remembered what each chemical was; there was no need to pay them any mind.

"What did Little Qiao bring over?" Meng Ming asked, looking at the new items placed on the table.

"An alcohol lamp, a large beaker, and a tripod. These are used to heat the solutions," Huang Qiao Yi said, telling Meng Ming to pour the entire ammonium bicarbonate solution into the large beaker. This one bottle

couldn't, under any circumstances, be knocked over. "Firstly, you should heat this up. When ammonium bicarbonate decomposes, it will produce a lot of water!" Huang Qiao Yi said with certainty. As long as this step was completed, this ammonium bicarbonate solution would be able to produce about 0.5L of pure water!

Meng Ming followed Huang Qiao Yi's words, and lit up the alcohol lamp to heat the large beaker.

At the same time, Huang Qiao Yi took another three large beakers and dumped the silver nitrate and hydrobromic acid into separate beakers. She then set up a funnel on a filtration apparatus. "When these two chemicals are mixed and filtered, the silver and bromine can be eliminated. The remaining product, nitric acid, can also be placed into the large beaker."

At the moment, the opposite party had also begun the second step. They were currently pondering how to eliminate all the dissolved substances in these solutions. After careful deliberation, Sean began to execute actions that were different from Huang Qiao Yi's—he mixed the silver nitrate and ammonium bicarbonate together! During filtration, silver carbonate and ammonium nitrate were produced. The hydrobromic acid was then used to wash the silver carbonate, producing pure water!

That bottle #3 was the single step different between both sides' methods. The observing students all began to draw something on papers. Some of them agreed with the method Meng Ming's side was using, while others felt that Sean's method was more accurate. These details seemed minor, but they actually decided how much water would be produced overall!

Time passed slowly. Neither side stopped their work with the apparatuses.

"Brother Meng Ming, do they know what bottle #9 contains?" Huang Qiao Yi asked Meng Ming on the side.

"Probably not yet."

"Bottle #9 is quite weird. Should I use fire to burn it?" Huang Qiao Yi asked.

"Use fire to burn it? Why?"

"We can determine the metal ions in the bottle based on the color of the flame. If it's flammable, it might also be some insoluble substance like benzene, and produce carbon dioxide and water vapor like benzene does upon being heated..."

.....

"I don't understand at all....but, I wonder, doesn't this bottle contain water?" Meng Ming looked at bottle #9 and said this in disbelief.

Huang Qiao Yi stared at Meng Ming's face. She asked in an ineffable tone, "Why would it be water? The teacher asked us to produce water, so why would she give us water? What basis do you have..."

"Look..." Meng Ming curled his lip towards bottle #9. When Huang Qiao



Yi looked over, she saw that a spider was currently swimming happily within it.

"Ah! A creature that dropped in from a tree...don't contaminate our chemical!" She hurriedly used a glass rod to pick the spider out. The spider fell back to the ground without any abnormalities on its body, and continued to quickly crawl forwards.

"....."

If it was a chemical, that kind of small creature most likely wouldn't have survived.

"I told you, it's water." Meng Ming placed the emptied out breaker to one side, and continued to empty another.

After thinking this over, and looking back at the already labeled test tubes, Huang Qiao Yi excitedly said, "Really, is it really water? So you mean, the teacher was testing us on whether we could recognize water, and whether or not we dare to directly pour it into her graduated cylinder..."

"Exactly!" Meng Ming looked back at the opposite party, and saw that Sean was only fiddling with 3 bottles. He wasn't paying any mind to the experiment progress on Meng Ming's side. Meng Ming confidently said, "Little Qiao, lower your voice. They still don't know."

The operations on both sides quickly completed. The situation was as below:

Zhuge Meng Ming's side

Sean Bozmann's side

Benzene: 0.5L

Benzene: 0.5L

Water: 0.92L

Water: 0.48L

Nitric Acid: 0.98L

Ammonium Nitrate solution: 0.98L

?: 0.5L

The difference between the two were the nitric acid and ammonium nitrate solutions?!

At this moment, Sean told Thomas to go fetch large beakers, a tripod, and an alcohol lamp. What, what is he doing? Huang Qiao Yi checked the large bottles on the table and thought a bit; it felt like she'd made some mistake somewhere...but she had yet to discover where!

Sean set up the tripod and suddenly declared at Meng Ming, "Ha, you haven't yet realized that you guys have already lost!"

"What?" Meng Ming suddenly lifted his head at Sean's words.

"You guys directly heated ammonium bicarbonate earlier, right? After heating it, it decomposed into ammonia, water, and carbon dioxide!"

"That's right..." Huang Qiao Yi told Meng Ming that Sean's words were correct.

"But, your ammonia has already flown away! Yet our ammonia is still here, our ammonium nitrate solution!" Sean pointed at the bottle of solution that he was prepared to heat. "When you heat that, it will

produce even more water than you guys have. You've already lost your chance!"

When the surrounding students heard this, they immediately began to write out the equation on their papers. Huang Qiao Yi thought about it, and discovered that it was indeed so! —If the ammonium bicarbonate was changed to ammonium nitrate and then heated, it would indeed produce more water. However, this slight difference really didn't count much.

"It's fine, Brother Meng Ming. Although he's right, the result won't differ much. The amount of water produced can't be determined until after distillation." Huang Qiao Yi's words calmed Meng Ming down. Meng Ming immediately resisted against Sean, "Does that small bit make a difference? Don't forget, there's still the final step, distillation!" He was still very confident because Sean hadn't realized at all that there was 0.5L of water in their initial materials! That minor difference couldn't possibly make an impact on that 0.5L difference.

"That's true, but," Sean reminded them. "...Based on your methods, can you really get to the last step?"

Sean's words made Huang Qiao Yi more alarmed. Ah...don't tell me...! She suddenly discovered where her problem was!

"Based on your methods, that large beaker you produced should be nitric acid! How do you plan on distilling nitric acid solution?" Sean laughed.

All the students cried out 'oh' in realization! They all understood what

Sean was saying.

Huang Qiao Yi finally understood. Nitric acid was volatile, so this large beaker of solution couldn't be distilled to form pure water! —No matter how much nitric acid was distilled, it would remain as nitric acid!

The only things remaining on Meng Ming's table were benzene, water, and 0.98L of nitric acid that they couldn't eliminate. Nearly 1L of solution was completely wasted!

"Brother Meng Ming..." Huang Qiao Yi slowly said, her head lowered.

"What's wrong? Are his words right?" Meng Ming turned his head to the side and asked.

"I'm sorry." Her voice was so soft that Meng Ming pretty much couldn't hear her. Huang Qiao Yi's hands were on the lab table, her eyes looking like they'd quickly well up with tears.

Huang Qiao Yi hadn't thought that this would happen. She knew they had to be victorious, and had been completely immersed into the competition. However, because she'd been enjoying the thrill of the experiment, she'd been careless and instantly lost half of the product!

Sean's voice could be heard again, "You guys had better just admit defeat early, don't bother wasting your time. Distillation is extremely time-consuming."

Seeing that Huang Qiao Yi was on the verge of crying, Meng Ming

hurriedly comforted her. “Little Qiao, don’t worry!” “If we give up now, everything will be over.” “We’re just lacking 1L, we can catch up in an instant!”

Meng Ming did some calculations. If Sean didn’t discover that bottle #9 was water, there would only be around a 0.5L difference between them.

“Then, how do you plan on catching up?” Sean casually said, already starting to heat up his ammonium nitrate solution.

Meng Ming looked at their table, getting an idea of their current situation—there were only benzene, water, and nitric acid on the table. They didn’t react to each other at all. In other words, these chemicals no longer served any use.

Even the Zhuge Style Cheating Technique wasn’t enough to catch up to the other party...

Was it...?

Zhugé Meng Míng’s side	Sean Bozmann’s side
Benzene: 0.5L	Benzene: 0.5L
Water: 0.92L	Water: 0.48L
Nitric Acid: 0.98L [x] 0.98L (to become 0.96L of water)	Ammonium Nitrate solution:
	?: 0.5L

## Quiz 49: The Clever Use of Benzene

Yilan root, as the name implied, was a fungus type plant that naturally grew in the clouds and mist of the ravine. It wouldn't grow if the cliff wasn't steep, if there weren't cracks in the rock, or if there wasn't misty water. Despite the fact that Mt. Qing Xiu's environment was extremely suitable for its growth, a typical person couldn't possibly collect it. No matter how great one's vision was, they'd be no different from being blind while walking through this kind of foggy mountain path. They could only feel their way around with every step and slowly advance. A single inattentive step could possibly send them tumbling down the cliff.

Zhou Lun Yu's figure appeared amidst this fog. The steep and rugged rock slope didn't have stairs, so one could only climb up. When Zhou Lun Yu was young, Qiao Shun Zhi had brought him to scale this mountain before, but this was his first time entering alone. The surrounding rock pillars, plants, and the rock wall not too far away were all essential road signs. Some red threads were like a light that guided him through the darkness as he continued to advance further down the path.

This place; why is it even harder to walk through compared to before...!

He pushed aside rocks to find his way through the path, each step harder than the last. It was like trying to cross a single-logged bridge with his eyes closed.

To think that he moved around with a method like this every day...

He would occasionally hear a plane-like sound next to his ear, but when

he raised his head, he still couldn't see the sky.

The Yilan root's location was also very high up. It grew extremely close to the peak, along the rock walls of Mt. Qing Xiu's main peak. The only things there were clouds and mist, and the steep cliffs made climbing impossible. In order to reach the highest point, their ancestors had found a level spot amidst steep cliffs on Mt. Qing Xiu's peak while searching for a path. In a cave between the main peak and its next peak, they'd set up a rope bridge. Without saying, they had used the red silk threads technique.

Zhou Lun Yu's objective was the next peak's cave. After entering this cavehole, I'll still have to wander around so much....

A steep slope appeared before them, one that a human couldn't possibly climb up on foot.

I remember that the correct path is here... Zhou Lun Yu felt around the stones in front of him, probing his surroundings. He confirmed that this path was correct, and wrote a crude notation on the upper part of the rock.

Alright...Vacuum Whip! He brandished the long rope, and began to rock climb.

"Hahahahaha! How about it, can you do this?"

These bragging words were coming from Meng Ming's mouth. The forest square showdown had already gone on for quite a while. The

spectators' jaws had all dropped open, even the teacher was unable to stifle her laughter as she stared at Meng Ming's terrifying actions!

Meng Ming had used fire to directly burn the previously useless benzene! He also made the gas formed from the benzene combustion pass through a very long tube that led to the water in a large beaker in order to cool it. Huang Qiao Yi had said before: Burning benzene will produce carbon dioxide and water! This was the first ever case in the history of chemistry of someone producing water from benzene!

No, how is that possible! Sean stood across from Meng Ming, watching his actions. His face had boundless shock written all over it. "How can the flames be so mild while burning it like this!? It should be a violent inferno!"

Meng Ming's grasp over flames had reached the second level: no matter how flammable something was, he could regulate the intensity of the fire to the finest degree!

"Hey, that's a dangerous operation!" Sean pointed at Meng Ming and said to the teacher, "This isn't allowed in lab, he's breaking the rules!" There were indeed no such instances in the labs, the textbooks never allowed one to directly burn a substance within a glass either.

"Haha! Weren't the rules explained thoroughly earlier? There are a total of four, as long as I don't break any of those, it's fine!" Meng Ming laughed, and continued to burn the benzene, allowing it to slowly change into water.

At that moment, the judging teacher was extremely silent, and even



bewildered. Her thoughts wandered back and forth, and after pondering it for a good few minutes, she slowly said, "Mm...this, is indeed something I overlooked. The competition rules didn't explicitly state that one had to follow lab standards when working...moreover, there's no danger involved in how he's acting, so..."

Sean was speechless. He slowly turned around and blankly stared at Meng Ming's ridiculous movements. He could also sense the spectators all looking at Meng Ming in admiration—he had actually thought of this kind of method to produce water, too formidable!

Hmph, in that case... Sean looked to see that his own nitric acid was nearly completed. "Alright, so that I don't lose to him, I'll also burn the benzene."

He grabbed his own bottle #1 of benzene and dumped it all into the large beaker.

"You're going to burn it? If you can, just go ahead and try!" Meng Ming believed that Sean would definitely be unable to do it. He locked his gaze onto the beaker, and used his thumb to shoot a Small Blazewind Disk over at him, "I'll lend you some fire!"

With a boom, Sean's lab table ignited. The flames were fierce and uncontrollable, causing the two brothers to retreat a few steps in fear! This power was able to burn off all the benzene in just a dozen seconds, it was really too dangerous.

"Extinguish it!" Sean screamed.

"How do I extinguish the fire?!" Thomas was helpless.

"Idiot, use water!"

Splash, Thomas poured water on the benzene. Now that it was soaked, the fire was finally extinguished.

[Warning: Minors, please do not copy this. Adults, please do not try this alone.]...

"...Brother Meng Ming, they are using water." Huang Qiao Yi observed the movements on the opposite side.

"I wanted them to use up their water, that's why I burned their things." Meng Ming didn't pay any attention to the other side, and only concentrated on his non-standard experiment.

"It's not like that..." Huang Qiao Yi pulled at Meng Ming, gesturing at him to look over. Meng Ming could only raise his head to glance across.

"They used the water in bottle #9."

.....

"...Thomas, how did you know the substance in here could extinguish fire?" Sean asked in confusion.

"Impromptu feeling..." Thomas indifferently replied.

"When we poured it just now, the flames didn't seem to have any special changes."

"That's right, it's just like you said..."

"Bottle #9, which has 0.3L remaining, is water?"

"There's no mistake."

.....

Sean's side, due to their intuition during a moment of desperation, had discovered that bottle #9 contained water! He looked at the benzene beaker again, and saw that there was still 0.3L of water and benzene mixed together. This had already formed two layers.

"Brother Meng Ming helped them big time." [Huang Qiao Yi]

"It, it seems so...what is the current situation...?" [Meng Ming]

Zhuge Meng Ming's side	Sean Bozmann's side
Benzene: 0.5L	Benzene: 0.27L
[currently being burned into a small amount of water]	
Water: 0.92L	Water: 0.48L

Nitric Acid solution: 0.98L [x]  
heating ammonium nitrate]

Water: 0.96L [after

Water: 0.3L [spilled Bottle #9]

Sean had soon calculated his total volume of water as well and said, "Even if we don't do anything, our victory is settled."

Meng Ming's side was only burning benzene, it couldn't produce that much water. However, the spectators' gazes were still gathered on Meng Ming.

Time slowly passed. Sean felt somewhat upset; even the teacher laughed at him and said, "What? You think you won, so you won't do it anymore?"

He watched everyone's reactions. If he won like this, it wouldn't have any meaning to him at all. The students hadn't even noticed that he had already stopped his experiment. What else could Sean do? No, he'd bragged so much earlier...

That's right, I still need to burn benzene!

He still had around 0.3L of benzene left. If he could turn all of it into water, then this experiment would have no point to pick at!

Hmph, how can I let those amateurs steal the limelight, Sean thought.

The teacher understood Sean's intention well. "Alright, this is about the limit of your level. You can go pour your water into the graduated

cylinder, and I'll give you a score now so that it won't evaporate away."

Sean didn't listen to her. He said that he was going to burn the benzene, but there was no way he could burn it directly like Meng Ming was. However, he refused to let it end like that! He began to grow anxious.

"You guys," Sean couldn't stand the crowd's complete disinterest in his experiment, and loudly declared, "Watch, now it's my turn to change benzene into water!"

All the students were shocked, and looked over. What...?! Hearing this, Meng Ming and Huang Qiao Yi also raised their heads in curiosity to look over.

Sean racked his brains; he believed there had to be some solution. He remembered there was some instrument he could use that had made an impression on him before, but he just couldn't recall it! He looked at his own table, and scanned every single thing again, but was unable to find the train of thought he was looking for...however, his words just now had gathered everyone's gazes at him. If he didn't seize this chance...

I, I must think of something! This is the only way. Sean pulled out something from his clothes.

"Brother...!" Thomas noticed, and immediately wanted to stop him.

"Shut up." Sean swallowed the pill he'd pulled out.

Seeing the situation, Meng Ming hurriedly told Huang Qiao Yi, "Little Qiao, it's that drug...!" Before, Huang Qiao Yi had heard Meng Ming and Zhou Lun Yu discover this thing. She was also pondering exactly what kind of drug it could be! She saw Sean's expression grow darker, his gaze turning moderate. Compared to his previous fretful self, he seemed like a completely different person.

He was now very calm, extremely calm. In just a moment, he was able to come up with a way to burn benzene! He gently picked up the alcohol lamp on the table and said, "Watch carefully, you guys. I'm about to carry out the test to burn the benzene."

What is he going to do? Use the alcohol lamp to burn it?

Is he still staying he's heating the benzene?

The crowd didn't understand, and Huang Qiao Yi also focused on watching. To their surprise, Sean didn't light the alcohol lamp. Instead, he removed the lampwick and poured out the alcohol in it! Afterwards, everyone watched as he poured the benzene into the container!

Finally, he covered it with the lampwick, using the remaining alcohol to introduce the benzene into the center of the wick.

He'd switched the ethanol in the alcohol lamp for benzene—this was a benzene lamp!

Sean lit up the benzene lamp and used a gas tube to allow the gas to enter and cool down in the water! The flames the benzene lamp emitted

were extremely calm and mild. Immediately, the entire school burst into cheers and applause as loud as rolling thunder. Even the teacher couldn't help but sigh in praise at Sean's extraordinary ingenuity! The simple device had produced an unimaginable result!

Everyone's gazes were frozen on Sean's body.

"Like this, have we...completely lost?" Huang Qiao Yi felt extreme regret about this competition.

"I just knew that there was something wrong with that drug of his. How could one possibly use drugs to improve their thinking capabilities!" Meng Ming had been constantly thinking about this drug. He definitely wouldn't allow himself to lose to a person that used inferior methods like taking drugs. Furthermore, he wouldn't allow Huang Qiao Yi feel grieved from losing this competition!

At that moment, the judging teacher pulled out all the alcohol lamps from the equipment cabinet, and announced a new rule: #5, No more alcohol lamps from the cabinet. This was to prevent the contestants from burning the ethanol within the alcohol lamps and producing more water.

"Little Qiao."

".....?"

"Little Qiao, don't concede!" Meng Ming continued to encourage the depressed Huang Qiao Yi. "Who said we lost! There are still over two

hours of the competition left!”

“But, there are no more reagents...” Huang Qiao Yi saw that the benzene at their table had been completely burned up, and there were no other reagents left. “Without reagents, this nitric acid definitely cannot turn into water...”

“So what? Even if that bastard, Sean, uses a drug to boost his brain activity, he definitely can’t surpass me! Moreover,” Meng Ming forcefully reminded Huang Qiao Yi, “We still have reagents!” He looked over at the scattered test tubes and beakers on the table.

There was the single alcohol lamp, as well as the total of 0.1L of liquids within the test tubes that had been used for the identification process.

There’s pretty much nothing of use...

What to do...under these circumstances, could they still achieve victory?!

Meng Ming still believed firmly—Zhuge Style Cheating Technique. No matter what, there is always the chance to turn the tables and seize victory! I just need to think calmly, and I’ll definitely be able to figure out a way to win!

“Little Qiao, cheer up!” He said. “We definitely have a way to win!!”



Zhuge Meng Ming's side

Sean Bozmann's side

Water: 1.04L

Water: 1.74L

Nitric Acid solution: 0.98L [x]  
amount of water]

Benzene: 0.27L [will turn into a small

The sun had shifted to the area of sky above the peak. It was a warm afternoon, all of Qing Xin was currently eating lunch. The students in Qing Xin Central High's forest square had also gotten food, although there were also some students watching the competition that had forgotten to eat.

At the moment, there were some people that didn't have the chance to eat. The referee for the forest showdown accompanied them in their hunger, as well as the person endlessly using up their physical power to search for medicine on Mt. Qing Xin.

There was another person that had ignored lunch, and went straight to napping. Duan He had gone back to sleep in one of Qin Xiu Hall Medicine Store's inner rooms. However, she was suddenly awakened by shopkeeper Zhong knocking on the door.

"There's someone in the hall looking for you." As soon as he said this, shopkeeper Zhong retreated.

Duan He could only change her clothes and walk out to the hall. There, she saw a foreigner man in doctor's clothing sitting there, waiting for her.

It's him...!

Seeing Duan He walk out, the man put down his teacup and looked over at Duan He, softly commenting, "Your eye disease worsened."

"Ah..." Duan He could only smile.

"Okay," the man stood up to say, "Please tell me what information you fished out from my home."

## Quiz 50: The Examinee That Failed

Two hours passed very quickly. The moment the students in the forest square had waited for this whole time had finally come!

When the teacher announced the end of the competition, everyone's spirits lifted once more. Both sides' product of "water" was in their own beakers, and they were preparing to pour this into the graduated cylinders.

The teacher said, "Now, both sides may pour their products into these 2L graduated cylinders!"

"Wait a moment!" Sean suddenly stopped her.

Everyone looked at him, unsure of what new trick he was trying to pull. Sean continued to elaborate, "Can Teacher place each of these graduated cylinders on our lab tables, rather than on the referee seat?"

Everyone understood his words. He intended to maintain a distance between his product and Meng Ming to prevent falling for any tricks!

"Does the other party have any objections?" The teacher asked.

So unnecessary... Meng Ming didn't object, and nodded in affirmation.

"Thank you very much. Can Teacher first come to our side, then record

the volume of product we have?" Sean once again made a request.

The teacher brought the 2L graduated cylinder over to Sean's side. Sean carefully picked up the beaker and poured all the liquid it contained into the graduated cylinder. He then picked up another beaker and emptied that in as well.

Both beakers of liquid were water produced by Sean.

After they were poured out, the teacher checked the graduated cylinder measurement marking. "Oh, pretty much full. It looks around 1.8L." She pulled out a purity tester and used a pipette to drip some of Sean's product onto the tester, and opened it to look.

"There's no mistake, the purity level is very high. This is pure water." The teacher raised her megaphone and loudly announced, "The amount of product from this experiment is: 1.8L!"

The entire square was filled with enthusiastic applause. Extracting 1.8L of water from 2.5L of unknown fluids was extremely difficult!

After hearing this announcement, Sean hurriedly raised his graduated cylinder and with a whoosh, poured out all 1.8L of his product onto the ground. The students all jumped in shock at this action.

"Haha!" Sean laughed and said to the opposing Meng Ming, "Now you guys can't use my water."

"Sigh...why would we use your water." [Meng Ming]

"Brother Meng Ming, it's up to you now." [Huang Qiao Yi]

The teacher raised the other 2L graduated cylinder and walked up to Meng Ming's table, looking at the beaker on their table.

"Oh, you also have two beakers." She placed the graduated cylinder down on Meng Ming's lab table and asked him to pour out his water. Meng Ming very carefully poured the liquid in the first beaker into the graduated cylinder. He then raised the second one and held it against the graduated cylinder, very slowly pouring its contents out.

"Hey, can you hurry up!" Sean was a bit impatient. "If you pour out a whole beaker of stuff at a drop by drop pace, how long will it take for you to finish?! Either way, you're going to lose, might as well go faster!"

"Why are you so impatient! The last, most amazing thing obviously has to be done slowly." Meng Ming maintained his original speed and slowly turned over the large beaker of liquid.

"What's so amazing about it! You only have so little water, water..." Sean hadn't even finished speaking before he suddenly saw that the liquid being poured into Meng Ming's graduated cylinder was nearing the 1.8L mark! Moreover, there was still a lot of liquid in Meng Ming's beaker that hadn't been emptied yet!

What...the. Sean lost his voice, and could only blankly stare as he waited for Meng Ming to pour it out.

It was nearly 1.8L. The students were all holding their breaths, their gazes fixed on the rising liquid surface. Meng Ming's product had already passed the 1.8L mark, 1.9L...2.0L, it passed the measurement marking line! ...The liquid level was still rising. Gradually, it overflowed; the 2L graduated cylinder couldn't hold it! It flowed out of the graduated cylinder like spring water gushing out from the ground.

All the students were stunned. Meng Ming's beaker still had a small amount of liquid that he could no longer empty out.

"I still have this much!" Meng Ming raised the beaker in his hand to show the opposite party.

"Don't get excited too early," Sean roared. "Your liquid hasn't been tested yet!"

The teacher pulled out a new purity tester. She used the pipette to extract some of Meng Ming's product and drip it onto the tester.

After seeing the result, the teacher was also frozen in astonishment.

"It's...it's pure water!" The teacher lifted her megaphone and announced, "The product has been tested. Who had thought that it'd actually surpass 2L!"

There were no sounds of applause in the forest square. Instead, it was replaced by the entire school's cries of astonishment!

"No! How is that possible, he must've cheated!" Sean immediately

charged over to perform his own tests, but Meng Ming gently lifted the graduated cylinder and dumped all of the product onto the ground.

"You'd better not think of using mine either," Meng Ming said.

"Hmph!" Sean forcibly grabbed the beaker which still had some water remaining, and grabbed his own, personal water purity tester and poured the beaker's water straight onto it.

He turned it on and closed it, analyzed it, and the test results...

Sean fell silent. This beaker's liquid was indeed pure water.

Anyone with eyes could see it, the victor was extremely obvious.

Sean shakingly fell to the ground, paralyzed. No, impossible...! He'd actually lost to someone aside from Qiao Shun Zhi at a chemistry experiment!

"Hey, the matter hasn't ended yet!" Meng Ming declared. "Hurry up and tell everyone! The cheap tricks of the Scarlet Dragon Pool scam need to stop soon! Also..."

Sean forcibly covered Meng Ming's mouth.

After a period of silence, Sean sighed.

"I understand now..." His voice was very quiet. Sean had used the drug, yet he'd still lost the competition. He couldn't press on any longer. "As expected, no matter how many effective drugs I use, I can't exceed the boundary with my strength...I, I..."

The entire school had fallen completely silent, seemingly all looking at Sean.

He'd lost to a student from another school.

"Having failed to get into Provincial University of Medicine several times, I believed that my level had already reached its limit. However, by this year...aside from Qiao Shun Zhi, I had never encountered anyone better than me. I thought I'd seized it this time! Who knew that Qiao Shun Zhi would fall ill then, and...no, these things hadn't been my idea...!!"

Meng Ming interjected, "It was your father, right?"

Sean nodded and continued, "My father, in order to allow me—someone that'd flunked the Provincial University of Medicine exam time after time—to get in, he gave me a strange sedative. Mmm, it was only completed recently. Before, he suddenly saw Qiao Shun Zhi, who was a year below me, fall ill...right before the college entrance exam. He believed that if I still didn't get in this year, Qiao Shun Zhi would become resistance next year. Those tricks were all done by him..." Sean was extremely regretful, and his words were beginning to get messy. "He used a kind of floating lamp, and hired people to change them every morning in the wee hours. They'd use long ropes to tie the lamps to the shoreside, then let the lamps fly. A very feeble wind on Scarlet Dragon Pool would blow the lamps to the opposite side."



Sean's explanation wasn't sequential, but this was indeed the truth behind those two crimson dragon eyes.

The previous night, Dr. Bozmann had suddenly heard someone was looking for Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Store, and so he'd sent Thomas to go tail them. However, everything seemed to have been interrogated out of him by Duan He.

"And this kind of drug..."

Sean was just about to say, before a loud shout stopped him.

"Sean! You're just conceding like this?!" The sound was deep and powerful.

The students all looked towards the entrance and saw a foreign doctor appear in the forest square!

"Father?" Seeing this man, Sean immediately stood up.

It was Dr. Bozmann, Sean's and Thomas's family head. He strolled up to Sean and said, "You weren't afraid even after failing the exams twice in a row, and now all you've lost is a single experiment! What are you afraid

of?!"

Sean said, "No, I don't want to do this. No matter how hard I work, it's impossible for me to get into that university..."

Dr. Bozmann angrily shouted, "Nonsense! With that kind of drug, who can possibly beat you in the exam?!"

Meng Ming was just about to speak, but Duan He suddenly appeared behind Dr. Bozmann.

"No," she said to the doctor. "It's clearly written on your development data; you know very well the side effects of this tranquilizer!"

"So what?" The doctor's tone was serious as he said to everyone, "This is your China. For the sake of your exams, you are willing to do everything, including cheat! I just used some drugs, and performed some slight tricks!"

"You, just for that purpose...?"

"This is all for the sake of allowing my son to get into the university he wanted to attend! What's so wrong about it? Isn't this just your so-called 'cheating?' I'm just imitating it!"

Meng Ming immediately retorted, "Imitate? What you're doing can't be called cheating at all."

The doctor hatefully glared at Meng Ming. He didn't believe a little demon's opinion.

Meng Ming said, "Even cheating cannot be used outside the school to bewitch people's hearts, and such methods definitely cannot be used to harm others." What upset Meng Ming was how they'd made it impossible for Qiao Shun Zhi to recover from his illness, and made it impossible for Qing Xiu Hall Medicine Store to collect medicinal plants. "Why must you take this kind of harmful drug?! If you have the ability, you should properly display it and use it to contest with others at the exam site. Let me tell you, cheating also relies on true skill!"

"You!" Dr. Bozmann wanted to grab Meng Ming, but he was immediately stopped by Sean. "Father, I think that he's right." Sean stopped before continuing, "Ever since I started studying in China, all the C-types and L-types I've met were all the same. Their great efforts and struggles during exams earned them grades and scores. There definitely aren't any students that would harm others behind the scenes during an exam. In terms of L-types, I definitely cannot compare to Qiao Shun Zhi; in terms of C-types..."

Sean turned around and walked up to Meng Ming. "It looks like I can't compare to you. Your words are absolutely right." This time, he used English to speak as he stretched out his right hand, "Cheating also requires real skill."

Meng Ming had just planned on shaking his hand, but a student wearing the Qing Xin Central High uniform amidst the crowd flashed in Meng Ming's vision. He stood there, stunned.

Sean also looked behind him. At the sight of the student, his jaw

dropped.

Qiao Shun Zhi?!

He...heard everything?

This student was wearing a thick cover on his face, and he knew that they'd already noticed him. He shifted his body and began to walk up to them step by step.

Everything was silent. He stood in front of the stage, and was also unable to speak for a while.

Finally, he took the initiative to say, "So...this was all the work of you guys, Sean..."

Sean wanted to explain, but his throat seemed to be blocked, and he was unable to speak.

Nobody could see Qiao Shun Zhi's expression.

"Sorry, Zhuge Meng Ming," Qiao Shun Zhi said to Meng Ming. "Not only was I unable to help you guys during the competition, you guys helped me instead."

"No need for apology," Meng Ming hurriedly said. "Moreover, you shouldn't blame Sean. He didn't want to do any of this."

Qiao Shun Zhi tilted his head and said, "But, we'd made an agreement before. Yet for the sake of fighting against me for that placing, he..."

Meng Ming caught Duan He's gaze, and immediately told Qiao Shun Zhi, "Sean indeed wanted to fight for this placing, but he definitely didn't wish for you to remain ill in bed...he wished to have a proper contest against you on the exam site! Because he didn't want to attend university to learn how to manufacture medicine. Sister Duan He has looked over all of Sean's notes before and..."

After hearing this, Sean immediately returned to his senses, planning on preventing them from continuing, but Meng Ming didn't stop.

"Sean wants to learn...Eastern medicine!"

.....

Everyone present was frozen in shock.

.....

"Isn't...his home one that manufactures Western medicine?"

"Why go learn Eastern medicine, this can't be possible!"

The discussions broke out one after another. Qiao Shun Zhi didn't understand the reason either.

Sean didn't refute it at all, and just blankly stared at his own father.

"Is that really true?" Dr. Bozmann's expression finally changed. He said, "I want you to tell me with your own mouth!"

Sean nodded.

"Sean, didn't I request for you to attend university to learn pharmaceutical chemistry?! As long as you learn that well, you can do anything you want. You can go do research, open your own clinic, work in a hospital, anything. The future prospects are boundless." Dr. Bozmann was beginning to grow angry, "Why do you...I thought the reason you'd insisted on staying in China was because you wanted to learn another country's medicine manufacturing techniques but...you actually say that you want to learn some Eastern medicine thing!"

"No, Father. I've always wanted to learn Eastern medicine," Sean didn't avoid the question.

"Ha, ha, hmph..." Hearing this, Dr. Bozmann could only self-mockingly say, "I went through a lot of trouble to do so many things...came up with all these ways to help you get into the university, yet it turns out that you wanted to learn a field with so little future prospects..."

"No, it doesn't lack future prospects...!" His volume suddenly increased. "If we had let Mother go see an Eastern doctor back then, maybe..." Here, Sean's volume suddenly grew softer and softer.

Everyone was still listening.

A few years ago, when Sean had come to China to study, he'd never had his own opinions. He had just diligently studied, and went through all academic journals and publications. He'd lived his life however he pleased. He'd often discovered from the books and newspapers that, no matter how many medicines one invented, there were still many incurable illnesses, as well as new types of illnesses being born.

One afternoon, a student suddenly collapsed from heatstroke at the school entrance. At that time, Sean had just happened to be present. Thus, all the students' gazes had gathered at this little doctor. However, Sean only knew how to administer shots and use medicine. He didn't have any tools on hand...the him at the time could only blankly stand there, completely unable to do anything.

At that moment, Qiao Shun Zhi had appeared...

He'd only pressed down upon certain parts of the body, yet the person had regained consciousness?!

His curiosity had grown greater and greater, and Sean had stepped forward to ask about this result.

Finally, the two students studying medicine got to know each other and become friends. They both knew that the other person aspired to get into university, so they'd made that agreement. The two had become friends and rivals. With Qiao Shun Zhi as a goal, Sean pursued his studies even more seriously, day after day, year after year. However, the maturing Sean constantly realized that, no matter how much and how great of an effort he put into his studies, he couldn't catch up to this younger classmate

studying Eastern medicine.

The more he thought this, the more magical he felt Eastern medicine was.

It was then that Sean had decided to learn the techniques of Eastern medicine.

"If I master my own medical techniques, and properly learn Eastern medicine...if..." Sean's mind was flooded with his fanciful dreams from back then. A huge pile of stuff had been squeezed into his brain, unable to escape.

—He wanted to become stronger.

A person that wanted to learn Eastern medicine would obstruct Qing Xiu Hall's path for collecting medicinal plants? This was absolutely not what Sean desired!

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Qiao Shun Zhi and everyone present understood. It turned out that while Sean had been studying, he'd been lying to his own father, lying to everyone, even lying to himself this whole time. Thus, Sean hadn't returned to his home country, persevering and persevering some more in China. Behind the scenes of his several years of exam failures, he'd actually been carrying such huge pressure.



The students all believed that even if Sean continued to fail the exam, he'd never be discouraged!

At this moment, Qiao Shun Zhi suddenly asked, "Um, what about Zhou Lun Yu? Why isn't he here?"

Meng Ming told him that Zhou Lun Yu had already gone to collect medicinal plants on Mt. Qing Xiu.

Hearing this, Sean suddenly shouted, "I almost forgot! It's dangerous over there at Mt. Qing Xiu!"

"What's wrong?"

"Last time when we went to the opposite bank, we discovered something," Sean said fearfully. "There were some vicious, wild beasts living in the mist. I couldn't distinguish what kind of animals they were! In order to make everyone believe in the Scarlet Dragon legend, Father drew those wild beasts to the only road up the mountain. Every time someone passed, the wild beasts would defend themselves and beat the person black and blue."

Not good.

"Call Zhou Lun Yu!" Duan He immediately whipped out her phone, yet only got a "no signal" as a reply.

"There's no signal...on that mountain."

"Crap, we have to hurry up and find him!" Meng Ming hurriedly took a step forward, wanting to race towards Scarlet Dragon Pool.

"Brother Meng Ming, I'm also coming!" Huang Qiao Yi also followed. Duan He also needed to go to the wharf, as she had to call over the person steering the boat.

"Wait a moment, bring me!" Qiao Shun Zhi said.

"You? Forget it!" Meng Ming couldn't let a person that had difficulty moving follow along.

"Right now, it's you bringing me, but..." Qiao Shun Zhi caught up. "Once we're at that opposite bank of the pool, you'll be unable to see, just like me. I'll have to be the one to lead the way."

